

WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

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ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE

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FUTURE POSSIBILITIES.

THE future has possibilities the bare suggestion of which at present almost takes our breath away. The marvelous unfoldment of this young nation of ours is arresting the attention of the world, and other lands are beginning to ask what the final outcome is to be. The general trend of opinion among the leading thinkers of civilized peoples is not unflattering to American vanity.

In a recent magazine article, that well-known Englishman, William T. Stead, makes the surprising prediction that "one by one the various colonies of Great Britain will gravitate to the United States, and eventually there will come a reunion of the whole English-speaking race in some great American federation."

What would not such a federation mean to the world—its civilization, to commerce, to democratic freedom, and to Christianity? Tyranny could not stand before it; the darkness of superstition would fade in the light of its glorious day, and the whole fabric of government would undergo a change that would tend to the betterment and more rapid advance of the race.

Beyond a doubt the enlightened world is doing more earnest thinking than it has ever done before in view of what has been termed our "aggressive Americanism," and the results which may spring from it. Mr. Stead, although he has never severed his allegiance to the mother country, is outspoken upon this subject. In a recent number of the Pacific we find the following sentiments called forth by the article of Mr. Stead to which we have alluded:

"He declares that only superficial observers have concluded that the war in South Africa has consolidated the British Empire; that it has in reality shaken it to the very center. The colonies have seen a few untrained farmers withstand the boasted power of what had been supposed to be one of the greatest military nations of the world. Thus has been shown not only Great Britain's weakness, but it has made plain to the various colonies that they are not nearly so much in need of the protection of Britain's fleets as they have all along supposed themselves to be.

"Reciprocity, backed by the ever-increasing wealth of the United States, is another magnet which, in Mr. Stead's opinion, will draw the British colonies toward an American federation.

"Other noted Britons, although they have not had in mind any such federation as Mr. Stead predicts, have marked how power has settled in the American republic, and have talked of and mourned over what might have been if George III had not blundered and driven our forefathers to that revolution which resulted in the severance of relations with the mother country. Lord Rosebery said recently that if it had not been for that blunder the seat of power for the English-speaking race would have been gradually transferred from London to Washington, and that brilliant, indeed, would have been the record of the united people, and splendid also their prospects for the future, as they pushed on in their career.

"While this prediction by Mr. Stead will at first startle the reader, careful consideration will indicate that it is not without considerable foundation. Really, there is not much now to bind the colonies to the islands in the Atlantic. There will be less as the years go by. Without them the empire would be feeble, indeed; and with them even the probabilities are that Great Britain will, before the end of the present century, be much inferior as a world power to several of the great nations of the earth.

"Just now, perhaps, the American people are not ready to welcome into the Union ten or twelve States away

out in the Atlantic and the Pacific, though the people are of their own tongue and high up in the scale of civilization. But when we have solved our problems in the Philippines, in Porto Rico, and in Cuba, and when wireless telegraphy and airships have further annihilated distance, we may be ready. Thanks to Mr. Stead for so bravely suggesting this federation, and for so plain a presentation of the fact that the center of the English-speaking race, despite the blunder of George III, has been transferred from along by the Thames to the Potomac."

"In view of such possibilities we may well ask, What has not God in store for the American people? What is to be its great and final mission to the world? With enlightened Christianity as its corner-stone, a federation like this of which Mr. Stead speaks would be one which would make the powers of evil tremble, and through which Right might yet rule the world.

And such union is no more preposterous than much that has already taken place in the history of the world. To many the talk of such union may seem idle now, but no earnest thinker will for one moment assert that it is impossible of realization. And once let it be realized, we shall not fail to perceive that God is at the helm and subduing all nations unto Himself.

CALIFORNIA EXPLORATION.

THE Indian trail through the lonely forest, or winding along the mountain, points to the presence of a vanished race, and nature in her solitudes, with sighing winds and leaf whisperings, seems to keep a minor strain for the companions of her primitive past. Many unfathomable intuitions of this time are believed by philosophers to have received their initiative impulse from the forces of ancestral days.

Something of the enthusiasm of the forest races who sleep in the shadow of the foothills of the Far West may be seen in the work of her representative scientists. Among the number whom California claims by right of loyal service are the late Dr. Joseph Le Conte, and Clarence King. Mr. King passed away with the closing year. The accomplished geologist and mining engineer joined the California survey in 1863. In company with Prof. William H. Brewer he studied the Northern Sierras and the regions about Mount Shasta. Later he discovered and named Mount Whitney and Mount Tyndall. The understanding of the mountains, valleys, precipices and abysses of the West affords seemingly unconquerable conditions, but the author's explorations, his "Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada," and his various publications on systematic geology have helped to establish high standards of knowledge of the western mountains, as Le Conte also led popular thought to the various formative eras, and the metamorphism of the great chains of the North American Cordilleras.

The old lava streams of the Sierra and the Cascade ranges, the examples of mountain sculpture, the life histories of the silurian plants, the shadows of the coal ferns, the ridges, peaks and cañons, all that contribute to the magnificent scenery of the Pacific boundaries, were shown from the lofty vantage of that general knowledge which involves familiarity with the fundamental theories of other departments of science.

The leaders of cosmic study in their earnest search for truth have pictured that time when the ocean stood above our continent, with the story written in the marine deposits of the fossiliferous rocks. They have presented the fascinating theme of glacier motion from diverse standpoints; they have delved down into the central axis for the secrets of the leading phenomena of the crystalline rocks, and have recognized in the mountains the theaters of greatest activity of all points of erosion and igneous action. Yet however wonderful the paths along the ancient river beds, the impressions of mountain fissures, dikes and veins, even with the opening of the gold of the mines the observer must first be won by another view.

The splendid era of scientific achievement which infuses its vital spirit into the hour has something of the quality of the nomadic enthusiasm of the primitive races. One has but to remember André as an example, and other men of genius who have striven to learn the secrets of the universe, the reciprocity of action which exists in the material world and the laws that govern the forms and substances of the phenomena of life. The study of the impulses which have dominated such characters as those of Le Conte, King, Edison, Tesla, Marconi, and others might shed new light on that untary life which flows from the star to the atom. The impressions, intuitions and self-questionings would afford wonderful insight into the vitalizing power of enthusiasm and those vast ranges of sympathy in scientific work, which are as mysterious and yet as real and beautiful as the flow of the tides. The scientific publications of the hour, as the Popular Science Monthly and the Scientific American, afford pages of brilliant idealism, written in that spirit of Tyndall when he paused in his description of the Jungfrau to tell of the sun, keeping the vigor of a thousand worlds, raising aloft the waters which cut the ravines, planting the glaciers on the mountains, and "giving gravity a plough to open out the mountains."

Art and literature are familiar with the story of those men who have sought mountain cloisters to plant their immortal pictures, Fra Angelico and Raphael, and St. Paul on the peaks of Arabia. Have demonstrated the possible exaltations of solitude. The Gaelic poem, accredited to Ossian, told of the glory of the mists and glooms of the mountain tops, and the voices of old ocean beating on its leagues of rocks. But the mountains have a greater significance than the discoveries of

science and the interpretations of poets, to lift the hearts of mankind to the heights of righteousness.

On this Sunday morning many dwellers on the Pacific Slope look from beds of pain or sorrow of existence and may find it difficult to be poised in the midst of the low levels of life with allient receptivity those heaven-sent the watcher may gain new strength of interpretation of the beauty of nature and little obscure act of charity, courage or loyalty in the chronicles of worldly record, carry the breath of divine impulse, and translation of God to some hampered soul. Many attitudes of earth are unable to study the beauty with the power of the scholar and poet, but they may give the world grander interpretation, duty and self-surrender.

However lonely one's estate, the reviewer come every day to Mounts of Transfiguration, template the values of which the pinnacles of tain mists and overhanging stars are symbols, promise of the Psalmist may have a new mountains shall bring peace to the people."

OUR MOUNTAINS.

Our grand old mountains, how they lift
Unto the skies! Like rosy petals lie
The soft red clouds of sunset on their crown,
And in the morn the golden sun for a
Moment seems to stay his swift uprising,
And shines like some wondrous Kohinoor
Upon their lofty summits, while Day's shining
Of glimmering sunbeams falls like a mantle
Round their shoulders. They commune with
When night is here, and Silence dreams upon
Their breast. The moon climbs upward and
Her secrets to them, and the winds weave
Their symphonies and sing of power.
Hand in hand with Time they stand and wait
Agon pass and smile at change; see nations
Rise and perish while their rocky fronts remain
As changeless as the stars. Oh, type of the
Eternal are they, in their enduring
Strength and majesty, and they speak to us
Of Him who spoke and it was done, and who
Is now and ever shall be, and they are
Time's alphabet of the Eternal One,
And His wondrous signature of power.

ELIZA

CURRENT EDITORIAL COMMENT.

There is no assurance that America is not the usual quota of anarchists into its population a shipload of immigrants reaches the Washington Star.

No sooner does the Kaiser prove that he is the United States than he is called upon to his affection for England. Some of the Kaiser keep him busy.—[New York Mail and Express.]

A Mississippi man has entered a protest against being hanged on the same gallows with a negro. He was born and bred a gentleman, and rather than suffer this humiliation he would be hanged at all. The protest will strike the owners as entirely reasonable.—[Kansas City Star.]

Prince Victor, fourth in succession to the throne, is about to renounce his royal rights for an American girl. If she is up to the standard she is worth many times the price of ever becoming a King.—[Omaha Bee.]

The Californians have reduced the raising of a science. They have elevated horticulture to a learned profession—almost to a "fine art." The beautiful displays of California fruits in the eastern cities often suggest. The handling of commercial end of the industry lags behind the especially the transportation to market.—[Commercial.]

So long as the United States government offer free education to all applicants the Navy is quite right in asking Congress to send naval college cadets who resign before the term of service pay for their tuition. The practice simply enables them to acquire an education free of cost and without rendering any service.—[Philadelphia Ledger.]

SOME QUININE DATA.

The druggist on the next corner charges you a dozen two-grain capsules of quinine. The middle of the block charges 7 cents. Both are houses. Now, let's see. An ounce of quinine dealer 31 cents. Each ounce contains 480 grains. Scientific for 240 two-grain capsules, or twenty over the counter for \$1.40 to \$2. Capsules are a pound, and there are enough in a pound to many ounces of quinine. The quinine the drug for \$2 costs him (capsules included) 32 cents making, therefore, a profit of over 500 per cent. is actually a household necessity.

It is no exaggeration to say that quinine is in numerous localities it is eaten as regularly as Men and women pour it into the palm of the hand and toss it down their throats. Oh, and then my! The government might regulate the quinine English government does in India, where more necessary than meat. Quinine is sold at rural postoffice in India at the rate of five grains farthing. That is, ten grains for a cent, or 100 grains, retail. In Bengal alone 1,440,000 packets are sold annually. The government exports 350,000 worth of quinine every year, Col. King, superintendent of the Royal Botanic in Calcutta, has introduced its cultivation in India there are now 4,000,000 trees in Bengal.—[The Press.]

Uncle Sam in Samoa. By Frank G. Carpenter.



SOME OF OUR NEW COUSINS.

ABOUT OUR NEW ISLANDS IN THE CENTRAL PACIFIC.

From Our Own Correspondent.

GIVE you my notes concerning Apia, the capital of the German colony in Samoa, as they were written on the ground. I came here from New Zealand en route for San Francisco. The ships start from Sydney and call at New Zealand and the Samoan and Hawaiian Islands on the way. It is now four days since I left Honolulu, and it will take me four days more to get to Honolulu.

Steaming is delightful down here along the equator. We have nothing but sunshine, and such glorious sunshine. As we coasted the Island of Savai, the largest of the Samoan group, the air was fresh and the wind strong enough to make it cool and pleasant. The sea was a steel blue, with silvery white caps dancing upon it between us and the shore, and the sky was full of white, smoky clouds. Savai makes me think of the Hawaiian Islands. It is long and volcanic, but its volcanic characteristics are hidden in verdure. As we sailed it seemed like a great hill of the shape of a horse shoe, the ends of the shoe sloping down to the water. Steaming this we soon reached the Island of Upolu, on the north coast of which Apia is situated. Both Upolu and Savai now belong to Germany, all the rest of the Islands having been given up to the United States.

German Samoa.

The Germans, in their greed for more land, were glad to take the two larger islands. Out here it is thought that we got the best of the bargain. Both Savai and Upolu together are not as large as Rhode Island, and they are of little value outside their harbors, which are excellent. Savai is forty-seven miles long and twenty miles wide, and Upolu is much smaller. Both islands are mountainous, fertile and well watered. Like

Tutula, they have been built up by the coral polyps, aided by volcanoes.

As I came into the harbor of Apia the tide was low, and I could see a great garden or bed of coral rising up out of the water. Here and there along the shore were signs of cultivation. There were groves of coconut trees, and further up the mountains plantations of cacao. In the green jungle on the hills I could see here and there a patch of chocolate brown, where the ground had been cleared for new cacao farms. Just back of Apia the white villa of Robert Louis Stevenson showed out, and above it rose mountain after mountain of different shades of green or blue, covered by the vegetation and the clouds.

The country looked very beautiful in the tropical sunlight. The sky was full of fleecy masses. Here the shadows turned the sea to green, and there to navy blue, while upon the land they made a mass of light and shade, added by the fresh, green crops shining out of the old green forest. Close to the water's edge were what from our steamer looked like vast cornfields, which the captain said were coconut orchards, containing tens of thousands of trees, loaded with millions of nuts.

Quite a business is done here in copra. The coconuts are gathered, split open and the meat taken out. This is cut into strips of about four by six inches, and dried in the sun, when it shrinks to about half that size and is known as copra. After drying it is packed in burlap sacks, each containing about seventy pounds, and thus shipped to Europe and the United States. It sells here for about two cents a pound, and in Liverpool or San Francisco for about three cents a pound.

A Look at Apia.

I am much disappointed in Apia. From Robert Louis Stevenson's letters and the fuss which the town has made in the international history of the recent past, I expected to find it a city. It is a shabby little village of 350 foreigners. There are 200 British and 150 Germans,

with a few Americans and French for good measure. The town is right on the sea, and it runs around the harbor. It is made up of bungalow-shaped buildings roofed with galvanized iron. A great crowd of Samoans came down to greet the steamer, and the whole population of foreigners was out for the same purpose.

I went up to the Tivoli Hotel and have made this my headquarters during my stay. The town itself is easily exhausted. It has a half dozen business houses, engaged in shipping cacao and copra and in furnishing the natives with different kinds of fancy goods, cottons and tinned stuffs. There are two photographers, a lot of Consuls and a baker's dozen or so of German officials. The Germans are now doing the bulk of the trade, and they are gradually gobbling up the plantations.

I rode up to Robert Louis Stevenson's home. It now belongs to a German, and the cacao plantation upon which he sweat so profusely was bought at half price by a German planter. The planter has materially added to the house and is fast destroying all vestiges of Stevenson. He has a sign over the gate in half a dozen languages beginning "Eingang verboten" and going on to say in English, French and Samoan, that strangers are prohibited from coming inside the gate. Robert Louis Stevenson's tomb is overgrown with weeds and the pilgrimages to it from the incoming ships are less every year.

Among the Samoans.

I have been taken around over the Island of Upolu by one of the Samoan chiefs. I was introduced to him in his house, a kind of thatched shack not far from Apia. He was half naked when I came into the house, but he dressed himself in my presence and went about with me. I find that he speaks good English. He knows the islands well, and is very intelligent, as are all the natives I have so far met.

With my friend the chief I visited many of the Samoan villages. They are made up of huts walled and roofed with thatch. It is not necessary that the walls be tight, as it is always warm here, and the more air



A
Maori
Girl



Making Kava in Samoa



One of Our Towns in Samoa



Our new Steel Wharf at Pago Pago Bay

You can get the better. The usual sleeping place is the floor, and this is also the sitting place.

The conditions are just about the same in Tutulla and Manua as here, and what I write about Upolu will do equally well for our islands. The people sleep on grass mats, which they lay on the ground. They use as pillows a little stick of bamboo, mounted on four short legs, which raises their heads well off the floor. The Samoans are a cleanly people. They are always bathing. You see them everywhere in the water, both women and men. They wade about waist-deep in the streams, swim together in the surf and splash one another, acting more like boys in swimming than like men and women.

Uncle Sam's Samoan Daughters.

I like the Samoan girls, and I think Uncle Sam has materially added to his gallery of American beauties by the acquisition of Tutulla and Manua. Manua, you know, is an island of ours a little beyond Tutulla, which is noted for its pretty girls. The Samoan women have beautiful forms. They are straighter than the statue of Venus in the Capitoline Museum in Rome, and they are as plump and as well formed as the Venus de Medici. They have a rich chestnut-brown complexion, large, soulful eyes, which are full of smiles, and luxuriant black hair, which they often bleach to a bright red by the use of lime and other things.

Both women and men are full of good nature. Especially in Tutulla, where they have not been spoiled by foreigners, they are gentle, kind and easily governed.

Our government steamer has been in port here during my stay and its officers have given me much about things in our part of the Samoan Islands. They tell me that the Tutullans already consider themselves American citizens. They have sworn allegiance to the United States and hurrah for the Stars and Stripes as enthusiastically as we do on the Fourth of July. The government has brought quiet to the island. It has for years been torn up with wars among the different tribes, but the naval officials have required that all the guns be given up and the people are now, figuratively speaking, turning their swords into pruning hooks.

How We Govern the Samoans.

We are ruling the Samoans after the Dutch method: that is, we are allowing them to govern themselves and working through their chiefs. Every village is a little republic, with its own chief, who is in most cases a hereditary ruler. These chiefs have been made the Governors of their villages and all work is done through them. Our naval officials sit behind the chiefs and pull the strings and the people think they are ruling themselves. In this way schools have been established and some of the old customs have been abolished. The government desires to encourage education as far as possible and missionary work is respected. At present the islands have a revenue of \$7500 a year, the taxes being paid in copra.

Fortune Making in Samoa.

I have been asked to investigate the chances for Americans to make fortunes in the Samoan Islands. Robert Louis Stevenson tried it and failed. He made about \$20,000 a year out of his books, but as far as I can learn not a cent out of copra. The islands have an excellent climate. It is good for consumptives, and if the consumptive be anything else than an impractical newspaper or literary man he might make money at coconut raising or cacao planting. There are men who have cacao plantations on Upolu who are making money.

Cacao plants are those which produce the seeds from which chocolate is made. They are planted here in rows about fourteen feet apart and sometimes closer. About 200 rows can be grown upon an acre. It takes four years before the trees come into bearing, and after that time, if properly cared for, they are profitable. One Samoan planter named Moors has netted \$1200 a year from sixty acres, and there are others who have done equally as well.

Mr. Moors has 3000 trees set out at Pago Pago and he expects to set out more. Some of the native chiefs have plantations and there is a man named Caruthers who netted \$900 from less than eight acres of cacao in 1899. Mr. Moors says that two-thirds of all the land in the Samoan Islands is suitable for the growth of cacao.

I am not sure as to prices of lands on Tutulla, but I doubt not they could be bought very cheap. Back in the country land is leased as low as twenty-five cents per acre, and about Apia good lands are sold at from \$15 to \$50 per acre. It costs about \$50 an acre to clear the jungle and set out a plantation; but small crops can be raised between the trees and if well handled the plantation will pay in a short time.

As to coconuts I think there is a good deal of money in raising them almost anywhere out in the Pacific. The lands near the coast of almost all the islands will produce good trees and a good coconut plantation will yield a dollar a tree every year. This is so especially in the Philippines where, if properly handled, they will yield more.

Our Island of Manua.

I have a photograph recently taken of the village of Manua, on our island of Manua. This is the island next largest to Tutulla. We have altogether four or five islands out here; they are Tutulla, Manua, Ofu and Oloa. Manua contains about twenty square miles. It is mountainous and surrounded by coral reefs. The mountains are about a half mile in height, but the land rises so gradually that the whole island can be cultivated. The Manuans are much the same as the Tutullans. They number altogether about 2000, but they are out of the line of ocean steamship travel and are more interesting than the Samoans of other islands. They have had missionaries for the last seventy years and are Christians. They have churches and schools and live peacefully under their King. They produce enough food for themselves and sell enough copra to buy what they want in other ways. The American officers say that coconut and banana plantations are be-

ing put out on all our islands and that they will soon increase in production and wealth. They have nothing but good to say of the people.

They Drink Kava.

It is interesting to hear naval officers tell their experiences in these out-of-the-way islands. They were received in great state by the King of Manua, who treated them to kava before he discussed business with them. He had his chiefs with him, and his wife, the Queen, sat beside him during the audience. The kava was brought in by the belle of the island in a cup fastened to a branch of coconut palm. It was first given to the King, who handed it back to her, whereupon she filled it and again gave it to His Majesty. He drank some of it, first pouring some on the ground. After this it was presented to Commander Tilley and the other officers, and they drank it, although they knew very well how it was made.

Chewed by Pretty Girls.

The preparation of kava is much the same as that of chicha in Bolivia. Chicha is a beer made of corn, the grains of which are chewed up by Indian girls and expectorated into a pot in which they are left to ferment. Kava comes from a root grown in the Pacific Islands, and the Kava roots are chewed up by pretty Samoan girls and made into a drink after the following manner: The kava is first washed and then cut up into little cubes. Then a young girl, preferably a pretty girl, after washing her hands and rinsing her mouth, begins to work. She puts one cube of kava into her mouth and chews it vigorously. When it is well masticated she adds another and another until she has within her lips and cheeks a mass of masticated fiber as big as an egg.

This she takes out and lays in a large flat bowl and then begins to form another egg. She keeps on making eggs until all the root is chewed. Then water is poured into the bowl and the girl begins to knead the fibrous mass under it. Finally the juice goes out of the fiber into the water. It is strained through other fiber until it is clear. It is now of a milky color and it tastes for all the world like a mixture of soap suds and bitters. It is not an intoxicant, but when taken in excess it goes to your knees, rendering you unable to walk straight for a time. The drink is used in all the islands of the Pacific, and here in Samoa anyone who is making kava has the right to ask any girl who is passing, no matter who she may be, to come in and chew for him.

Missions in Samoa.

I understand that the London Missionary Society is doing much good throughout all parts of Samoa. It has been working here for almost three generations and it now claims 27,000 converts. There are also Roman Catholic missionaries on some of the islands, and altogether the people are religious. It seems to me that the average mortality among the natives of many of the islands of the Pacific is far higher than among the foreigners. It is the foreigners who bring in the whiskey, and the average beach-combing trader is not a man to be respected, although there are high-class business men scattered through the various archipelagoes.

The London Missionary Society has done a great deal of work in the Fiji, the Tongas and other islands. It has organized a girls' high school in our possessions recently, and it is doing much to elevate the people.

There are a number of improvements going on about Pago Pago Bay. A steel pier is being built, and coal sheds have been erected. The pier was, I understand, first put down upon coral rock instead of bed rock. After a time the rock broke through and it is said that a large part of the work will have to be done over again. The harbor of Pago Pago is by far the best on the islands, and it will probably be the chief coaling place for the steamers which cross this part of the Pacific, taking the place which Apia has now.

Apia, Samoa.

[Copyright, 1904, by Frank G. Carpenter.]

AS THE CARPENTER SAW IT.

The carpenter looked like a man with no nonsense about him, and he behaved accordingly. It was a small job the laying of a plank walk from the back door to the street, but he planned it carefully, did it thoroughly, and wasted neither time nor lumber. The woman of the house watched him with delight, and the man of the house complimented him.

"Yes," the carpenter answered, meditatively. "There are some queer people handling tools these days. I heard about four interesting specimens a few weeks ago. In fact, I did the cleaning up after them."

"It was a nice house they were at work on. It hadn't been occupied for quite a while, and when the owner found a good tenant there was considerable repairing to be done. The mechanics were notified in plenty of season, but they came to work just when they got ready."

"First was the paper hanger. He papered one room, did some patching—and upset a bucket of paste in the bathtub and stole a coil of lead pipe from the cellar."

"Next came the painter. He painted the floor of a room and touched up some woodwork. Then he went off and got drunk. He carried away a key to the house, and his step ladder and paints are there yet."

"The glazier had three panes of glass to set. He came and set one, and took the measure of the other two. A week afterward he brought the two, but one of them turned out to be too large, and to set the other he needed a long ladder. He started down to the shop to get the ladder and a glass-cutter—and it was seventeen days before he appeared again, and then they had to send for him."

"The plumber was the best of the lot, yet he made such a job of relaying the floors he had ripped up that they had to get me to fix things shipshape."

"For all the work there was in it, that house might have been put in repair in less than a week, but the way those fellows fiddled around, it was upset for a month. And they were constantly bragging about being 'union men,' too. Next time that owner and them

OPTIMISM'S EMPIRE.

AN ODE.

[Respectfully inscribed to the song-bird whose responsive to the inspiration of our native skies and taint, vales and wilds, foliage and flowers, abundance of variety, generosity and freedom, have borne the joyful and vivid conception of California's climate.]

By SCOTT R. SHERWOOD.

I.

Land blest of soil and radiant of sky,
The ranchman's and the herder's paradise,
The grazer's home, the apiarist's hive,
Of horticulture the domain elect:
Earth's orchard, orangery and winery,
Prolific garden of the epicure;
Astronomy's retreat and vantage ground,
Health's font and thought's recuperative realm;
Proud Eldorado of the centuries;
Bright State of promise and expectancy—
Where Optimism bides and flourishes,
And all the elements of nature blend
To utilize man's work and energy
And his reflections guide toward higher
sublime—
We lay our grateful tribute at thy feet!

Thy glories sing we, CALIFORNIA!
Thou Mecca for the pilgrim of all
In quest of life's invigorating pulse,
Productive ground environed by the picturesque,
To effort and to hope incentive giving,
Thy sons bequeathing freedom to pursue
And reap the pleasures and rewards of life,
Secure from disaffection's murmuring—
Unfettered by the sorrows dwell with crown

II.

'Twas fitting, to the sky's transparent
And to the novelty of thy fresh charms,
First greeting the surprised invader's eye,
By peaceful arts thy conquest should come,
That Spanish blood and Aborigine's
In kinship mingled 'mid the genial sands
To smooth the pathway toward enlightenment

Thine is the climate objective; aye, the dawn
Of the celestial spirits for abode,
When, transiently descending from on high,
To make observance of our sphere's progress,
They bring with them and leave behind
The light, and aroma, and warmth of heaven

Thy grandeur qualify thee for the sun
Of their oft visitations here! Thy bold
And snow-capped peaks that captivate the soul

To lead it into moods of worshipful
Thy breadth of plain, to which indigence
The plants, trees, grass of every latitude;
Thy inexhaustive growth, luxuriant—
Adapted to all needs of man and beast;
Thy ocean fringe—of rare variety,
From boulder'd cliff to gently sloping shore,
Thy climate equable; thy golden dome,
All beckon, inadequately, their grace!

Whence, hither the immortal flock to bask
Their kindly sessions in the fortresses
Of the Sierras—benisons of wealth
Insuring from thy produce and thy mien

III.

Thy fertile soil and undimmed canopy,
Blest CALIFORNIA! bespeak content
And satisfy all rational desires;
But the profusion is not limited
To what the pleased senses may absorb

Below thy surface opportunities,
Hid from thy flawless, unflinch'd, as pathless
Outspreads the opulence a world could buy
For annex to our own, if we might wish.

From thy sea's border, through the ocean
waste,
Beneath thy sands and ledges, in rich veins,
All minerals and ores of worth dost thou
Hold, generously, for distribution
Among the willing and adventuresome
Endeavorers to their development

IV.

Yet, so'er dowered, great as thy former
stride,
Thy destiny is only sung or hap'd
In nursery numbers: for thou'rt still a child—
Thou' child of fortune and performance great

Phenomenal and rapid as thy growth,
The marvels thou hast wrought will pale and
fade
Before the story which, soon, thou'lt tell
Of Empire's march.

Aye, CALIFORNIA!
Thy Statehood's hundredth tally of the year
Shall find within thy borders concentrate
The world's best govern'd industries and war
Her highest standard intellectual,
Her broadest dispensation charity,
And nearest liberty attained by Man,
Collectively, in tribe or polity
Of legend's mention or by minstrel sung!

tenants hear anybody talking about 'the rights of man' what kind of a face do you suppose they'll make?

"I'm a union man myself. All the more reason, I say, why I should have some pride about keeping my commitments and doing good work. I don't have to argue until another one hatches. I stick to business and my own sticks to me."

"If I had my way, the unions wouldn't say a word about higher wages or shorter hours for the next five years. The level-headed man would just spend the time educating the hotchens and trying to breed a science into the loafers and shirkers. If we could do the matter of wages and hours would settle itself."

(Yonah's Companion.)

CURIOUS COMMUNITY.

"HAPPY VALLEY" IN WHICH A COMPANY OF AZTECS LIVE.

From a Special Correspondent.

CITY OF MEXICO, Jan. 20.—When Johnnys wrote his "Happy Valley" he had no idea that such a place existed. His Utopia was an ideal never to be realized even in his book. But over here in Mexico, in a country of which the great Englishman knew nothing, that valley existed, had existed for generations and still exists. Here a small tribe of the Aztecs live on the banks and some of them in the houses which their forefathers built before the Spaniards came. For some centuries they were never disturbed by Cortez. During all the centuries of Spanish rule they enjoyed the same freedom from molestation. Today they are still there. The Mexican government allows them the same immunity. So long as they pay the trifling federal taxes it leaves them to do as they please. They make these payments willingly, for they recognize the government and regard it as a protector. But they are the law; they make and enforce their own. They have their own petty civil officials. They grow their own produce. They weave and make their own woolen clothes. They sell little and buy less. For more than a hundred years, as long back as there is any clear record, none of their land has been bought or sold. It has descended by birthright from father to son and from son to grandson. In this feudal, Arcadian life there is of trifling account. No one is rich and no one is poor. An equality of comfort and content exists which seems impossible, so near an ideal is it. And yet it has existed and has existed for centuries. Will the end of civilization and progress which is changing all Mexico end it? It would be a pity if it should.

The simple, peaceful life—lazy, indolent, unprogressive if you like to call it so—is going on right here in the Valley of Mexico in the little village of San Geronimo. There, talking the Nahuatl, or Aztec, language as their native one, these Indians live and enjoy life, only looking curiously, now and then, at the big city near them and wondering at the changes they see.

It is remarkable that in a spot so close to the center of some of the revolutions and to the capital which fighting armies have invaded and ravaged, these people should have lived free from the tempests of war which have passed on all sides. Yet that has been their good luck and how they have done it would be a good subject for investigation by some of the scientists who make a business of studying the whys and wherefores of civilization.

Island of Tepetate.

In a little tributary valley of the great one, in a fold of the mountains which rise precipitously thousands of feet from the home of this little community. It is a small village, for there are not more than two hundred houses and, possibly, fifteen hundred persons dwelling there. The buildings are built of tepetate, the volcanic stone with which the entire valley abounds. The houses are heavy, semi-cylindrical red tile. The thickness of the walls—some of them are more than three feet—and the heavy roofs give an appearance of solidity and immovability to the buildings which warrants the belief that they will last for as many years to come as they have lasted in the past.

Around each house are plots of ground varying in size, but none is of less than two acres; none is more than ten. These the owners raise the corn and beans and fresh vegetables for their own use as well as the small surplus which they send to market. Back of the houses are pens where are kept the domestic animals and to which the goats and sheep and cattle are driven nightly from the grazing lands outside the village. Also outside the village, but not so far away are other fields where the old days cotton and sugar-cane were raised. But in the last 200 years nature seems to have lowered the temperature of the Valley of Mexico and now these crops are confined to the lower lands. But the old is made use of as of old and cornfields and orchards have replaced the former products.

Around each of the lots—for all the land is subdivided into tiny parcels—are great thick walls of the same tepetate which is used in constructing the houses. These walls mark the boundaries which were laid out generations ago, and since their first stone was put in place have been no change.

Inside the houses everything is of a most primitive sort. The national dishes of tortillas and frijoles, with plenty of chile and a little meat, is the diet, year in and year out, of the occupants. To be sure they have plenty of fruit to afford them a change, for nature has been good to them in this way and there is hardly a day in the year when they cannot find fresh strawberries in their gardens, or green peas, beans, aguacates, lettuce, green onions, fresh tomatoes, radishes, cucumbers, the flower of the squash, which is a great favorite, and, in fact, all the summer produce of northern zones. With these there is no lack of variety, and with sugar-cane, coconuts, or coconuts for dulces after meals, they are well off.

As has been said, so far as any practical interference by the government is concerned, these people live absolutely independent of all outside restraint. They recognize the Mexican government as they have recognized all others which preceded the present one, but as they do not interfere with it they do not see why it should interfere with them. And it does not save in the collection of the regular federal tax which the villagers pay willingly enough. Aside from this they do about as they please. They have their own priest and they choose their own village officials. These are more for ornament and honor than anything else, for there is little for them to do. It is stated by the priest, and the fact is

borne out by the village records, that there has not been a crime of violence in the village in more than ten years. As for theft, such a thing is absolutely unknown and all squabbles about land are rendered impossible by the boundary fences with which no one thinks of meddling.

Their History Destroyed.

How these Indians came to the little valley where they have remained all these hundreds of years is largely a matter of legend with them now. All the old records of their life and wanderings were destroyed by the priests who converted them to Christianity soon after Cortez began converting the rest of Mexico. But according to the story as it is told among the members of the community they formed one of seven tribes which, wandering down from the north long before the Spaniards came, finally reached the Valley of Mexico. When they found this place, sheltered from mountain storms, filled with lakes and with a wonderfully fertile soil, they decided to settle here. The other tribes took first choice of the lands. Most of them wanted to be near some of the lakes and they preempted for themselves the land along their shores. But there were not enough lakes to go around, and this tribe, small in numbers and not as warlike as the others, was forced to take what was left by its companions. So they searched the valley and finally finding this retired nook, miles from the settlements of the others, they took it as their own. There was plenty of water for irrigation from the mountain streams and the soil was as fertile as they could desire. So they decided that fate had picked out the place for them and they made their homes there. The volcanic stone with which the valley abounded was easily quarried and they set out to build houses. Each person took as much land as he wanted, for there was no reason why they should stint themselves. Even before their homes were built and their land enclosed they had begun raising crops; the fertility of the soil and the number of the mountain streams which afforded abundant water for irrigation making the task an easy one.

They had brought no herds with them but gradually they acquired a few goats and afterward some cattle. These they pastured in the recesses of the valley nearest the mountain where there was no danger of their straying. In a few months they have made for themselves all they needed to satisfy their desires. Then they settled down into the lazy, indolent life which they still lead.

With no strong liking for the other tribes with which they had made the long journey from the north, with nothing to gain from them and an indistinct fear that association with them might be for their own injury these Aztecs kept to themselves and did nothing to let their old companions know that they were in the valley. Miles of land separated them and they felt that it was a good thing.

Bought Their Peace.

For many years the other tribes paid no attention to this lost one. They were too busy making homes on the borders of the lakes they had chosen, fighting back the frequent invasions which destroyed their buildings, and with warring on each other, to bother to look up the peaceful community which had made its home in the other end of the valley. This went on until one of the tribes, victorious, had formed the Aztec empire. Then the ruler decided that he could not allow an independent tribe to exist in the same valley with him. So he sent some of his forces against the peaceful settlers. They made no opposition to the soldiers and when their leaders were taken before the Aztec Emperor they willingly agreed to pay the tribute he demanded in return for the freedom he promised. This payment of the tribute continued until the Spaniards came. The tribesmen took no part in the defense of their country against the forces of Cortez and it is likely that it was on that account that they were left alone by him. All that he demanded of them was that they pay him, as they had paid their old Emperor, the annual tribute. This they did.

Year after year, to whichever government happened to be in power, sometimes to each side of the warring revolutionary parties these villagers have paid tribute. It is not a flattering record for them that they have submitted without resistance to the dominion of any force which happened to come along. But it certainly brought them peace and in their minds peace and freedom from war was worth much more than the tribute they were compelled to pay. And, besides that, their subjection was merely nominal. In reality they enjoyed more freedom than did the citizens of the governing nation, for they made their own laws and did as they pleased. Now they still do it. They pay their taxes to the Republic of Mexico as they paid it to the Empire of the Moctezumas, and afterward to the kingdom of Spain. And they are perfectly happy and the government is satisfied.

And that gives another question for the students of political economy and practical life to answer; that is whether peace at a moderate price is not more conducive to happiness than absolute independence at the cost of long and bloody wars. F. F. THOMPSON.

RAILROAD BUILDING.

An official compilation shows that there has been no diminution in the amount of railroad building in the United States during the past year, the total being over 5000 miles of track, the best of any year since 1890, when 5000 miles were laid. During the first seven years of the decade the prevailing depression prevented extensions, but with the return of prosperity in 1897 the railroad builders resumed activity, until in 1901 the tracks laid almost equaled the record of eleven years ago.

It has frequently been said that the railroads are the best barometers of trade activity. These returns would appear to prove it. The resumption of railroad construction upon an impressive scale will also have its effects upon industries in which Pittsburgh is so vitally interested, and with the extensions projected for the coming year the total construction should equal or exceed that of 1890.—[Pittsburgh Dispatch.

THE AYE-AYE.

STRANGE LITTLE ANIMALS FROM MADAGASCAR ALLIED TO THE LEMURS.

[Philadelphia Times:] The Aye-Aye, zoologists call it *Chiromys madagascariensis*, is one of those animals that do not fit well into the accepted system of classification. It is a native of Madagascar, and when it was first brought to the attention of European naturalists in 1789, through a specimen received in Paris, it was thought to be some kind of a squirrel. Subsequent investigation, however, soon proved this conclusion to be incorrect. Since then it has been referred to the lemurs, with which group it agrees more nearly than with any other, though it presents some striking differences with it, one of which is that it has only eighteen teeth in all, while the other lemurs have from thirty-two to thirty-six; and another is its remarkably attenuated middle finger, a character not possessed by any of its supposed relatives.

The ordinary name, aye-aye, of this creature, is supposed to be an adaptation of the name it is known by to the natives, but some travelers say this is a mistake, that the words "hai-hai" uttered upon the sight of one, from which aye-aye is derived, signify surprise, wonderment, and are used because the animal, being shy, is rare even to them, and is, moreover regarded with considerable superstitious awe. However this may be, the name has been accepted as the common English one for it.

The aye-aye has somewhat the appearance of a large dark-colored squirrel, and is about the size of a cat. The head and face are short and rounded, and it has large eyes which are furnished with a membrane that can be drawn across them from one side. It is essentially nocturnal in its habits, remaining curled up during the daytime and only venturing abroad at night, being in this respect like most, but not all of the lemurs. There is nothing specially remarkable about its structure in general, with the exception of that of its forepaws or hands. These are unusually elongated, and are provided with a curious slender middle finger, as before mentioned.

This finger has attracted the attention of the celebrated English zoologist, E. Lydekker, who has apparently been looking for such characters, on account



THE AYE-AYE.

of the difficulty of explaining its existence on the theory of "natural selection." The use the aye-aye makes of it has been explained by those who have had an opportunity of observing the creature in its native forests or in captivity. According to them, the animal subsists largely on wood-boring insect larvae, and, being endowed with a very acute sense of hearing, it is able to locate where one of these is at work by the sound, when it at once commences with its powerful front teeth to gnaw away the wood until it opens up the tunnel of the burrowing larva. This done, it thrusts in this attenuated finger either to locate the larva or drag it out, or for both purposes. "It is easy to conceive," says Prof. Lydekker, in a recent number of Knowledge, "how the ancestors of the horse may have lost their lateral toes by disuse, but how an ancestral aye-aye gradually reduced the size of its middle finger till it assumed the attenuated proportions of its existing representative is very hard to understand, seeing that a slight diminution in the caliber of this digit would be of little or no advantage. Some much more potent cause than 'natural selection' seems necessary in this, as in many other instances."

The animal is very restricted in distribution. Its chief habitat is the great forest clothing the eastern border of the great central plateau of the island. Here it wanders about at night in pairs, never appearing to associate with others of its fellows than its partner. It builds—that is, the female does—in the fork of a tree a regular nest made of carefully-rolled-up leaves of one particular kind of tree, which it lines with small twigs and dry leaves. The nest is apparently only used as a nursery. The slender middle finger, it has also been noticed, is applied, in addition to the use already described, to combing the hair and cleaning the eyes and mouth. While performing these operations, it is said, the animal suspends itself head-downward from a bough by its hind feet.

EDUCATION IN CUBA.

THE REFORMS BEING EFFECTED UNDER
AMERICAN AUTHORITY.

From a Special Correspondent.

HAVANA (Cuba) Jan. 9.—The most important feature of reform that has been accomplished in Cuba under the United States military government, is the work of the Board of Public Instruction. The Spanish authorities paid practically no attention to this essential feature of public work, during their long reign, and all matters pertaining to education had fallen to the lowest level. There was not a single schoolhouse on the entire island. There were no high schools. What few teachers there were eked out a poverty-stricken existence from the pursuit of their profession. In regard to institutes the situation was no better. The course of instruction was imperfect and of no practical value to young persons with life before them. The operations of these institutes were marked by a most brazen and shameful traffic in certificates. It was an open secret that for a money consideration anyone could procure a diploma, and it is a fact that hundreds of supposed graduates were turned out equipped with bachelor degrees who were not even competent to write a properly worded letter. The university was a sad commentary on the name. It had absolutely no effect on public culture. Its faculty was composed of privileged office-holders, many of whom lived in Spain and were represented by cheap substitutes, who performed the work as best they could, while those who drew the salaries never came near.

Illiteracy General.

Such indifference and neglect could have but one result. More than two-thirds of the population of Cuba is

practiced upon them, and when they were elevated to positions of trust, they naturally took it that their turn had come. By the prompt dismissal of every offender, Gov. Wood has gradually brought them to the understanding that a new order of affairs is in effect, and that as long as he is in authority, honesty must be the rule and not the exception.

The Lack of Buildings.

Great difficulty was encountered in securing suitable buildings that would answer the purpose of schoolrooms. These structures were rented from private individuals, and hundreds of tons of fixtures and supplies were manufactured with which to equip them. As fast as they could be employed, competent teachers were secured and put to work. The textbooks that are being used are translations of those in use in the schools of the United States. Only the elementary studies were introduced, for the double reason that all pupils, irrespective of age, had to be started from the lowest grades, and teachers who were qualified to teach the higher branches were not available. A few departures have been made from the systems prevailing in the United States. About a year ago, kindergarten departments, for pupils between the ages of 4 and 6, were introduced in the schools of Havana, and the experiment has proven so satisfactory that the idea will be followed in all the schools of the island at once. The introduction of the manual training idea has also met with so much success that it is the intention of the authorities to extend this branch of learning as fast as the equipment and instructors can be provided. The manual work in Cuba is in charge of an instructor from Sweden, which is the center of that kind of study. All branches of trades and labor are taught in the free schools of the rural districts of that country. The system is being gradually adopted in the United States, Massachusetts devoting more attention to it than any other State. On account of the experimental nature of the undertaking, only the simpler branches have been attempted in Cuba.

Seeing that the people of the island were so unaccus-

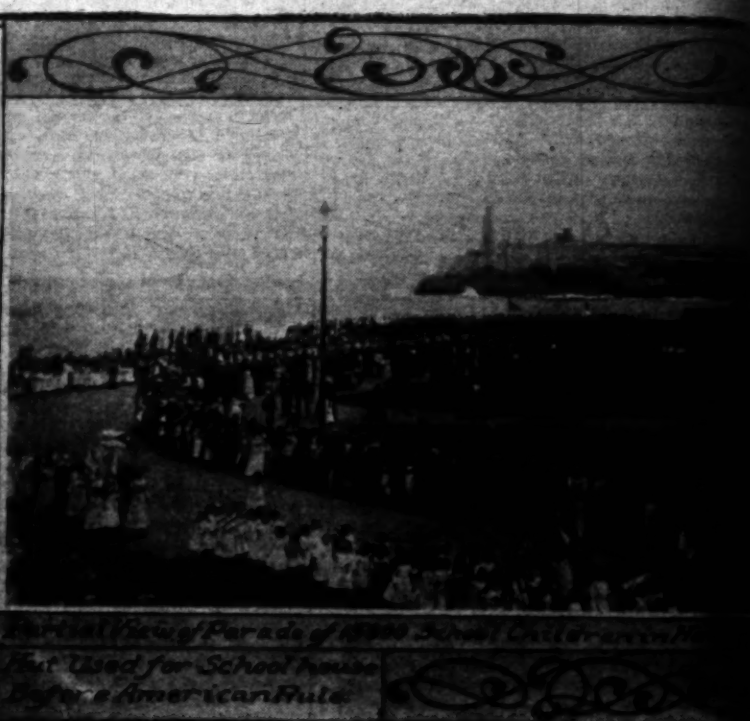
all giving vent to their full vocal powers wrestled with the knotty problems of the day. One happened in a small town or village, and visit the school, one did not have to inquire unless one was as deaf as a post. This custom has been done away with. For awhile Cubans could not get over the idea that they must work with their minds, but it is easy to teach young new tricks.

The Color Line.

There are two facts in connection with the work in Cuba that are contrary to general opinion. Often seen the statement in print or heard by word of mouth, that there are no color lines drawn in Cuba. This is a mistake. There is no objection against the mixing of the races is not as true in the Southern States, but there is more to be said subject than is generally supposed. The schools have been repeatedly importuned to provide schools for the white and black children, but existing circumstances such provision would be impossible. It has also been currently reported that sentiment was against free schools in Cuba, whatever obstacles had been placed in the way, organization had been prompted by this sentiment. There are no indications to warrant such a statement. Stances are numerous where priests have been served on the school boards, and these men, without exception, lived up to the full requirements of the authorities. Radical Protestants have clamored for removal, but so long as they are the choice of the constituents and follow the letter of the law, there can be no excuse for their dismissal. The military government has not interfered with the church in the least, the church has returned the compliment. All the children of the island are Catholics. There is no kind in any country where the Spanish flag is as long as it did in Cuba.

An Efficient Commissioner.

The Commissioner of Public Schools of the



illiterate. In some portions of the island only one out of every six of the population can read or write. Recognizing the fact that ignorance is the stumbling block in the pathway of progress, the American authorities have labored unceasingly to clear the way, and they have made a brave beginning. Nearly four thousand public schools have been established. The institutes have been reorganized. The university thoroughly overhauled and competent instructors installed. The number of pupils receiving instruction has been increased from 20,000 to 150,000, and the number is growing daily as the people become awakened to the necessity and advantages of education.

The task that confronted the Board of Instruction at the beginning of its labors can scarcely be realized by those unacquainted with the conditions existing at the time. There were no school buildings, no books, no fixtures or competent teachers. In addition to all this, there was no school law, and no public sentiment to encourage and sustain the movement. The people were not hostile, but simply knew nothing about such things. The gentlemen composing the board hardly knew where to begin. They had no foundation to work on and no precedent to follow—they had to cut their garment out of whole cloth. A school law, patterned in most respects after the educational code of Ohio, but not differing to any great extent from the laws of other States of the Union, was drafted and put into effect. The essential difference in this law was the vesting of discretionary powers with the military Governor instead of the school boards elected by the people, as well as the jurisdiction of expenditures. Owing to the inexperience of the natives in such matters, these departures were considered advisable, and subsequent events have shown the wisdom of the course. A great many removals have been made from time to time on account of the abuse of the privileges of office. The Spanish custom of office holding merely for the collection and enjoyment of the spoils connected therewith, had endured so long in Cuba that the idea seemed to have taken root in the minds of the people. It had been

tomed to the plan of education, the outcome of the wholesale reform that has been inaugurated among them has been awaited with a great amount of interest. The parents, as a rule, take very kindly to the idea, their only opposition being the foolish objection to the children going over a few blocks to attend. This is only true of the people living in the cities. In the country the children are going all the way from a quarter of a mile to three miles without complaint, while in the cities a great fuss is raised if the school is more than two or three blocks away. When pressed for a reason, the only one given is that the children cannot stand going so far. The argument that the little folks travel miles every day as they scamper about in the neighborhood at play, had evidently not occurred to them, or if it had, not forcibly enough to waive the objection. This complaint of distance is the one generally given the truant officers, when the latter go about their work of rounding up the delinquents.

The Children Apt Pupils.

The children enter very readily into their studies and prove apt pupils. The fact that the same alphabet and figures are used in both the English and Spanish languages, makes them apt pupils. They learn to write quickly. They can draw well, and excel in those studies which require an exercise of the memory. But they do not get along so well in grammar and mathematics as could be desired. The girls soon become expert with the needle, and the boys show an aptitude for the use of tools that is very gratifying to the exponents of the manual training feature. The little folks had one habit that gave the authorities a great amount of trouble. It seems it was the Spanish custom to allow the pupils to study their lessons aloud, and although the greater portion of the pupils now enrolled had never been in a schoolroom before the present ones were established by the military government, they all had the idea that the more noise they could make with their mouths the faster they could learn their lessons. Imagine the effect of a room filled with lusty-lunged youngsters, and

young soldier who is not yet 30 years of age, is Matthew E. Hanna, and he is a native of the State of Ohio. He was taught school in the Buckeye State before he came to Cuba to fight for a living. When Gen. Wood was governor of Santiago and went into the beleaguered city, he found himself sorely in need of capable men. Hanna was dying every day, and many of the officers were relieved on account of sickness. Young Hanna volunteered his services and told the general he would stay with him. He has kept his word. When the general finds his man he gives him the reins. Hanna was a school law and then had it enforced. He has a splendid record. This is shown by the fact that the percentage of attendance in the schools of the island is now over eighty. This is higher than the average throughout the Union. Massachusetts, which has a density of population of 333 to the square mile, is a little higher; in some portions of Cuba there are four or five inhabitants to the square mile, the most thickly-populated districts being Havana and Santiago. He is a wise man who profits by the experience of others, and the same is true of nations. The world has seen the end that came to Spain from neglecting her subjects to remain in ignorance, and now the United States has come to take a hand in the government of others, she has chosen a wise course in educating the children—the fighting stock of the future—and arming them with the speller and the reader. This is the sort of warfare that will make a nation great.

FREDERIC J. HANNA

If the Emperor William will come over on the launching of his new boat, the people will try to give him a good time. Of course we would not expect the gaudy splendor of a royal party, but we can show him a government and country that is like what his will come to in a comparatively short time.—[Washington Times.]

A NEW LIGHT.

PRODUCED BY THE GAS OF MERCURY AND INCANDESCENT CURRENT.

By a Special Contributor.

ONCE in a while it is given to the sons of the rich to ride out of the ranks and to distinguish themselves in the field of the might. Quite recently it was young Vanderbilt investing a locomotive. Just now it is young Hewitt, giving the world a new light. His invention is even more spectacular than that of Vanderbilt, for the effects of his invention will be more far-reaching. The interest invoked by such a man cannot be less than that inspired by the far-reaching effects of his invention. And to gauge the latter let it be said that he has succeeded in a field in which our best scientists have as yet produced nothing.

It is now more than four years since Peter Cooper began his experiments in Madison Square Garden. He opened his laboratory in the tower of the Garden just one floor under the gilded statue of Diana. The very prominence of the situation lent it a certain publicity. He wished not to be disturbed and no one would think of looking for the workshop of a scientist who was building that harbored horse shows, cycle races and spectacle plays. He labored with that patience which sooner or later claims the attention of the world. He produced the production of light without heat. He imitated the work of Tesla, of Edison, of Crookes. He believed their lead and having tested their experiments he soon made up his mind that they had not reached the uttermost limits of this department of electrical research. He was young and time was no object. He had abundant means, so money did not count. Occasionally the societies heard of him when he told of his progress he had made. To his friends he was a promising young scientist, who might do something great. Generally speaking, however, the public knew little of the young inventor in the tower.

"Some day" came with the new year. On the evening of Friday, the third of January, passers-by in front of the meeting hall of the New York Society of Electrical Engineers saw what appeared to be a column of light extending up and down the house front. The light came from a glass tube and it made the street as bright as day for a hundred feet in every direction. It was the invention of young Peter Cooper Hewitt. The meeting hall of the building was lighted by other tubes similar to the one in front and the speaker was even then within explaining to the society the nature of his discovery. The four tubes hanging in the hall illuminated it with a brilliancy of 100-candle power, and photographs of the assembled members were taken with the new light.

The Hewitt lamp, however, is so thoroughly adapted to day conditions that no special wiring is required. An special dynamo is necessary to operate it. It is attached to an incandescent light circuit now in use and it will glow as readily as an Edison lamp. It is many times the brilliancy. And yet the person using it is such a simple affair that one wonders how the brainy men of the scientific world have not thought of the idea long ago. It is actually a fact that the men not only experimented with this style, but carried lamps of the very size, shape and construction used by Mr. Hewitt and failing to produce desired effect, discarded the idea as impossible. The lamps used by Mr. Hewitt are in the shape of glass tubes from one to ten feet long and from one to four inches thick. There is a small amount of mercury in the tube and the current acting on the mercury generates a gas which yields an intense white light. It is necessary to attach a tube to an ordinary incandescent lamp circuit and it will light up. Mr. Hewitt considered the same difficulties as the other scientists. The tubes would not light up at first. But he thought there must be some underlying principle which could be discovered it would solve the difficulty. He finally put to the test of mathematics and worked it out algebraically just as Prof. Pupin worked out the principle of telephony. It took him four years, but the result was triumph, for the tube lighted up in the end.

A first visitor to the tower is surprised by two things; the intense scientific order that prevails and the brilliancy of the illumination. One of the tubes projects from the wall and you notice that it has a "tail" looking from the windows far over toward Broadway, the houses and the streets and the atmosphere appear reddish in hue. That is due to the color of the particular lamp which is lighted. Some one asks "if and you begin to see things from your accustomed view point or rather hue point. Mr. Hewitt goes forward. He is well favored physically and one would say about thirty-five years of age. In reply to questions he plunges at once into the subject of his lamps, but his attitude is more reticent than that of a scientist.

"This lamp," said the inventor pointing to a U-shaped tube, which hung by a string from the ceiling. "Is not a vacuum lamp in the sense that there is nothing in it. The air has been almost exhausted, but there is as you may see some mercury in the lower end of the tube. It is not possible to send a current of electricity through a complete vacuum. Something must be left to conduct the current. In this case it is mercury vapor. All substances may be rendered into a gaseous state if brought under the influence of more or less heat. When we try to pass a current through that tube, heat is generated to create a vapor or gas of mercury which fills the tube. The current passing through that vapor produces the illumination you now see."

Mr. Hewitt snapped a switch under another lamp which was attached to the wall. Immediately this tube glowed with a glare equal, as it seemed, to the light of the first lamp. "This lamp," he continued, "is operated on the in-

candescent lighting circuit of this building, the same circuit employed to light the ordinary 16-candle power bulb lamps, such as are everywhere in use. But the illuminating power is eight times that of the ordinary lamp. I have made lamps with diameter of bore less than one-eighth of an inch and as large as three inches, and from less than three inches in length, up to over ten feet, giving from less than 10-candle power up to fully 3000. Lamps of innumerable shapes and dimensions have been constructed and great variation of candle power for various diameters obtained and there appears to be no reason why lamps may not be made of any size and of any desired candle power, the only limitation being that of softening the glass when too many candle power per inch is produced.

"In the incandescent lamp the carbon filament is highly resistant to the electric current and the passage of the current heats the filament so that light is generated. In the new lamp the mercury vapor takes the place of the filament. Its resistance, however, is very much greater than the resistance of the carbon and when sufficient current is passed a much more brilliant light is produced. It was thought to be impossible to use the constant current because the very resistance of the vapor kept this current from passing through.

"I discovered a peculiar fact, however, and working therefrom solved the problem. I found that the resistance of the mercury vapor was only, as it were, momentary. That is, the moment any current at all was passed through the tube the current itself seemed gradually to break down the resistance until at last the resistance became so small that even a constant or incandescent current would light the tube. At present I use a small spark or induction coil to open the path immediately for the current. In short, if the current is turned into the tube ordinarily it will not light until a spark from the coil is first driven through to break down the resistance, to blaze a way, so to speak, for the current. Of course, the whole operation is instantaneous."

One of the spark coils was attached to the lamp on the wall and when Mr. Hewitt turned on the switch to light the lamp the snapping of the sparks could be heard. The intense whiteness of the light became the subject of comment. It has always been said that the tube lighting would be undesirable because of the absence of red rays. Mr. Hewitt was asked about this. He replied:

"The light produced by pure mercury gas comprises orange-yellow, lemon-yellow, green, blue, blue-violet; and although all shades of these colors may not be present, their absence would not be seriously felt were it not for the absence of the red. For some purposes the lack of the red in the spectrum is objectionable, but for many uses it is a positive advantage. For shop-work, draughting, reading and other work where the eye is called on for continued strain the absence of red is an advantage, for I have found light without the red much less tiring to the eye than with it. It is possible to transform some waves of this light, especially the yellow light, into red light, and thus in a measure to overcome this defect where required for general indoor illumination. A moderate amount of ordinary incandescent light interspersed with the mercury vapor electrically serves to supply the deficiency, and the mixture may be made most satisfactory.

"For street-lighting purposes the mercury light is available even without the red and it should be noticed that this light has a very great penetrating power and seems to be effective through greater distances than an equivalent amount of measured candle power from the ordinary incandescent lamp. This may be due to the fact that the waves of the red light are less penetrating than those waves which are present in the mercury light and hence the least valuable portion of the spectrum having such illuminating effects is omitted and the energy is practically expended in the more useful portions of the spectrum. I have made lamps in which this color objection has been overcome, sacrificing on some occasions the extremely high light efficiency obtained in this particular lamp. Without doubt lamps of this type will be produced whose light will be even more beautiful than this light is objectionable. The fact that different gases or vapors produce different colors opens the way for experimentation in this line. I have produced lamps of various colors. Hydrogen gas gives a large amount of red rays; so does nitrogen. I have made blue lamps and yellow. This feature of the color rays will be improved with time. There is a precedent in the Weisbach lamp which was very blue when it was first used and in the Nernst lamp which has also been improved. Even the Edison incandescent lamp was defective in its color quality when first invented."

In the opinions of many scientific men, the invention of the Hewitt lamp is the greatest electric-lighting achievement since the Edison lamp was given to the world. The cost of running the new light is now but one-eighth of that of the Edison lamp, power for power. It must therefore be more economical than gas; even as cheap as kerosene. The darkest parts of cities could be lighted as well and even more economically than their main streets. Lighthouses would be able to shed their rays many more miles out to sea than they do at present. The danger of collision between steamships will be minimized. In short there is almost no department of public or private life that would not be benefited by such an illuminant.

SMOKELESS SKIES.

SIMPLE MEANS SUGGESTED TO DISSIPATE SOOTY CLOUDS OF COAL.

[New York Tribune:] Not the least interesting feature of the St. Louis Exposition of 1903 will be the attempt to show the country how easily smoke may be dispensed with when soft coal is used. The managers intend that in the generation of the 20,000 or 25,000-horsepower which they will require coal shall be so burned as to emit no visible fumes. Furthermore, they will urge all railway companies running trains to the grounds to affix smoke-compressing devices to their lo-

comotives. This policy has been adopted at the instigation of a local nuisance abating society, and there is much reason for faith in its feasibility. In fact, both on railways and in stationary power plants it has of late been repeatedly demonstrated that the evil in question can be overcome by careful stoking, and without the use of special appliances to promote combustion.

Nevertheless, conservatism is ingrained in the human mind. The majority of the consumers of soft coal are incredulous. And it will take time and trouble to convince them. Hence "The American Machinist" remarks that if the St. Louis plan can be carried out strictly, "a service will be rendered to the country greater than such exhibitions are usually credited with." And the lesson is particularly needed in the West, which is unable to obtain anthracite except at prohibitive prices.

But there is another way to free a large community from smoke. All the power required for factories and the operation of street railways might be developed at a central station outside the city limits and be transmitted to the consumers in the form of electricity. One of the greatest movements of the age is toward the employment of electric motors to drive machinery of all kinds, in order to get rid of belts and shafting, and thus to save both space and power. Another advantage of the system is that the power may be conveniently brought from distant places where circumstances favor its cheap development, like Niagara or the slopes of the Sierra. Some of the electricity which San Francisco now uses is generated in the Yuba Valley, more than two hundred miles away. But all the streams in this country together are not sufficient to generate a tenth of the power actually needed. Hence fuel is an absolute necessity. It is not essential, though, that it should be burned at the precise spot where its output of energy is utilized.

When small consumers of power obtain it, like gas, water or current for lighting and driving electric fans, from a big producer, it should be much less expensive than when developed on the premises. Power costs less when generated on a large scale than on a small one. The coal consumption for the most economical marine engines is scarcely more than one pound a horse-power hour. A 20-horsepower engine in a back street machine shop would want anywhere from five to eight. And, inasmuch as real estate is cheaper in the suburbs than in town, the company which operated a great power plant would doubtless find it desirable to select a site five or ten miles from the heart of the city to which it ministered. And if it did not go there voluntarily, and there was any doubt on the score of smoke, then exclusion should be effected by prohibitive local ordinances.

THE GIRLS OF HOLLAND.

EDUCATED WITH THE BOYS AND GO INTO BUSINESS FOR THEMSELVES.

[London Humanitarian:] In Holland the mass of every class go to public schools and all mix together. Education begins at six years of age in the public schools, and at twelve a girl is examined and passes on for a five years' course in the higher burgher schools, of which Holland possesses seventy-two. The coeducation of the sexes is an admitted principle. In the primary schools boys and girls are brought up together, they learn side by side, and are on familiar terms from early childhood without the smallest ill result. A great point is made of languages, and no Dutch girl of the upper or middle classes is considered educated who cannot speak English, French and German more or less fluently.

Probably owing to the system of education in force, the women folk are inclined to grow up somewhat independent; we are told that the prejudice against women working for a livelihood has almost disappeared, and even rich women sometimes choose a profession. They include doctors, dentists, many of them first rate, photographers and gardeners. About 1000 girls hold posts as assistant chemists, some 3000 are nurses, trained in the White Cross homes, and on a par with the very best of their profession. A woman is curator of the National History Museum in Haarlem, and another holds the same post at Utrecht, while a third is head dispenser at a hospital in Amsterdam. The railway, post and telegraph offices are largely served by female clerks, who altogether outnumber the male.

Girls in Holland have a great deal of liberty. They pay calls, shop and go to parties at the houses of friends without a chaperone, walk and travel alone, cycle and have tennis and wheeling clubs in company with young men. They enjoy their fun and freedom, and are in no hurry to find husbands. Marriages are not arranged and the parents' consent is only asked after a proposal is made and accepted.

ORIGIN OF ABSINTHE.

Temperance people in Europe were recently much surprised at the discovery that the deadly absinthe was originally an extremely harmless medical remedy. It was a French physician who first used it. His name was Ordinaire and he was living as a refugee at Couvet, in Switzerland, at the close of the eighteenth century. Like many other country doctors at that time, he was also a druggist, and his favorite remedy was a certain elixir of absinthe, of which he alone had the secret. At his death he bequeathed the formula to his housekeeper, Mlle. Grandpierre, and she sold it to the daughters of Lieut. Henroid. They cultivated in their little garden the herbs necessary for concocting it, and after they had distilled a certain quantity of the liquid they sold it on commission to itinerant peddlers, who quickly disposed of it in the adjacent towns and villages. Finally, during the first decade of the nineteenth century, a wealthy distiller purchased the formula, and very soon afterward he placed on the market the modern absinthe, which differs greatly from the old medical remedy, since the latter contained no alcohol and very little absinthe. —[New York Herald.]

KING OF STORMS.

UNDER WHAT CONDITIONS THE BLIZZARD MOSTLY PREVAILS.

BY E. B. (FARMER) DUNN,
Former Weather Forecaster at New York.

WHILE "Old Boreas" sleeps in the heart of the icy north, industry and commerce move steadily on. Nothing, it would seem, could check this progress and demean the power of man. But in the frozen north there is often at this season an awakening of "Old Boreas" from his slumbers, and then he sends forth a blast that shrivels man and beast, demoralizes industries, obstructs the traffic of a continent and cuts off communication with the outer world. It is the "blizzard," and man is suddenly brought to realize its mighty power.

The blizzard, as defined, is a fierce wind, accompanied by a fine, cutting, drifting snow and intense cold. The term blizzard was formerly associated only with the winter conditions that usually prevail in the Northwest, but is now used to designate similar storms in the Eastern States. In the districts of the Southwest and Texas such a storm is known as a "norther." When there is an absence of snow in these latter sections a fine, blinding sand takes its place, and in many localities the blizzard is accompanied by both. The force and destructive character of the blizzard are demonstrated in many ways. Only recently the entire country east of the Rocky Mountains and from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico was brought within the grasp of this mighty monster from the North; lives were lost on land and sea, cattle perished by the thousands on the western plains, rivers overflowed their banks, railroads were blocked, telegraphic communication interrupted, and valuable gardens and fruit groves in the sunny South completely destroyed. South of the line of Georgia there was no snow,

regions be moving eastward, the cold winds will prevail principally in the lake regions and the northern part of the Atlantic States. If the low-pressure area is in the Central Mississippi Valley the blizzard winds will sweep southward into the central, western and well into the northern part of the Southern States.

The blizzard rages with its greatest fury, however, sweeping the country from north to south, and from east to west when the low-pressure center is on the West Gulf Coast. The wind blows from the north or from the northwest with velocities ranging from thirty to sixty miles an hour, while the temperature in the northwest, and thence south over the Central States to Texas, drops from 30 to 60 deg. in a few hours. The minimum temperatures in the Dakotas, Montana and Minnesota range from 10 to 50 deg. below zero; in the Central West 6 to 20 below, and the limit of zero frequently reaches to the center of Texas and east to Georgia. At such times the line of freezing weather and killing frosts passes to the Gulf of Mexico from Texas and cuts across Central Florida to the Atlantic Ocean.

The wind or "blizzard" condition, following storms from the southwest is expended principally in the northwest, the southwest and lake regions, and the cold is more intense in these districts and the Southern States than it is in the middle Atlantic districts.

The greatest severity of a "blizzard" is felt in the Middle Atlantic States when a storm of low pressure passes off the South Atlantic Coast or centers in this vicinity, as did the greatest "blizzard" in our history, that of March 12, 13 and 14, in the year 1838. On this occasion there was a union of two storms, one which came eastward from the North Pacific Ocean to a point north of Lake Ontario, there connecting by a trough of low pressure with a secondary storm on the coast of North Carolina. These two, and what appeared to be moderate depressions, drew together on the Atlantic Coast in a center reaching from Hatteras to Atlantic City. This happened on the night of March 11. By the morning of March 12 the storm center was just off the immediate coast of New York, its advance being re-

only the most severe, which occur in January and March, extend as far south as the Gulf of Mexico, reach the Atlantic. Their average time from Montana to the Atlantic Coast is from twenty to forty hours, and from the lake regions to the Atlantic Coast, twenty-four hours.

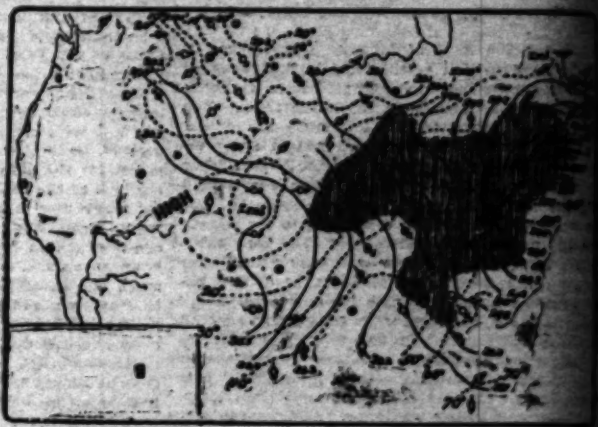
In these storms the wind over the western states frequently blow for days at a time with a force from forty to fifty miles an hour. Magnitude of the extremely low temperature of from 30 to 50 below zero, a person exposed could withstand the cold without the wind, but is likely to perish in a short time when the winds are high.

During the recent blizzard, December 22, 1902, swept the country, thousands of sheep were destroyed in Wyoming. The ranch men were unprepared, and great losses also occurred. Several people were frozen to death in the cold. The temperature fell so rapidly that the roads were blocked and frozen up. In the valleys of the East the storm was preceded by rains, causing washouts and destruction of crops. Cloudbursts inundated towns and villages in most of the States of the Appalachian system, resulting in a loss of more than half a million dollars were reported. Following the floods came the effects of snow, northwest gales and zero weather all over the northeast States, and freezing weather to the center of Florida, causing much damage to orange groves. Trains from all directions in the States were snow bound and traffic impeded. Thus the "blizzard" comes, leaving us to ponder on the powerful forces of nature.

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HORSES OF VENICE.

It is a popular joke to say that there are no horses in Venice, four over the portico of St. Mark's Cathedral and two bronze animals of horses, bestrode by Victor Emmanuel and the other Colonne. But this is a mistake. There are



but the sweep of the high winds and cold was equally disastrous to that section.

"Blizzards" find a birth place to the north of the boundary line of the United States. The most severe and extensive enter the country over Montana or North Dakota. They occasionally come down over Minnesota, or the Great Lakes. The latter, though they may be equally severe as those entering farther to the westward, are smaller in diameter, and they spread over the lake regions, Ohio Valley, Middle Atlantic and New England States only, while those coming from over the former States, as a general rule, spread over the entire country east of the Rocky Mountains. They first move directly southward, and, strange to say, while these storms of high winds and intense cold are the outcome of the development and movement of areas of abnormally high pressure (where the wind is thrown off from the center in all directions, with a motion similar to the movement of the hands of a watch,) their full force is not attained until the centers are within the bounds of the Northwest States, where the most intense cold of the journey is registered, and not infrequently touches from 50 to 60 deg. below zero. This feature is probably due to a more rapid nocturnal radiation than takes place farther north.

The movement of an area of high pressure, with the "blizzard" features attending, depends more or less upon the cyclonic or low pressure area preceding it relative to its intensity, position and movement.

The atmospheric waves making up all storm movements follow one another, like the waves of the ocean, only on a more gigantic scale. There may be anywhere from one to five of these atmospheric waves traversing the country at the same time, but of different force and dimensions; each struggling to secure an equilibrium; those of the high waves endeavoring to fill the comparative vacuum of the low areas. In both instances they are propagated to the eastward by the rotation of the earth.

The existing low pressure, which forms a vacuum or channel of light air, offers an inducement for the flow of the heavier, colder air toward its center. Thus it will be seen that the colder air from the high pressure readily starts for the place of lowest pressure. It is like rolling a ball down hill; the steeper the incline, the faster the ball will travel. The same with the wind. The greater the depth of the low pressure center, the more rapid and greater will be the volume of cold air rushing to fill it. The cold air and strong winds circle to the west, and finally to the south of the low pressure center, and follow in its track across the country. The intensity of wind and cold is confined to the northern or northwestern sides of the low-pressure or cyclonic center.

Should a preceding low-pressure center in the lake

tarded by an area of high pressure over the North Atlantic. At this point and time the storm was quite extensive, but diminished as the rotary power of the storm rapidly increased. Snow was falling thick and fast, and was being driven about by the high winds into banks from ten to twenty feet high at some points. The temperature was constantly falling, until at 10 p.m. of the 12th it reached four above zero. The storm continued with unabated fury throughout the 13th and 14th. On the morning of the 15th it diminished and the storm center located on the coast of Nova Scotia.

For three days the wind blew a gale from the northwest, with a fine, cutting, drifting snow, and the temperature near zero. Never had such a storm been experienced. In New York many perished in the streets, the city was completely cut off from the outer world, railways were tied up, telegraph communication interrupted and the city streets blocked. It was more than a week before traffic resumed a normal condition.

The cities immediately surrounding New York suffered heavily during this "blizzard," but none so severe as New York. The term "blizzard" first associated with this storm in the East now remains a household memory.

Figures Nos. 1 and 2 will serve to illustrate the movement of an area of high pressure possessing the characteristics of a "blizzard," forcing its way to the west and south of, and spreading over the country in the rear of an area of low-pressure or cyclonic disturbance of considerable rotary and progressive force.

In figure No. 1 the word "low" marks the center of the low-pressure area, this center having moved from the west Gulf Coast northeastward to its location, as shown in the Central Mississippi Valley. The dark area surrounding the center is the section of country over which rain or snow has fallen.

The words "high" indicate the center of areas of high pressure. One is seen on the North Atlantic Coast, passing eastward; the other in the northwest marks the advent of a new area. The high winds and cold air, preceded by snow, are pushing their way southward, as indicated by the curvature of the heavy black lines, which are those of atmospheric pressure, and the dotted lines those of temperature. The figures at the end of the lines give the degree of cold. Zero temperatures and below cover country in a circle from South Dakota and Southern Montana to Northern Colorado, and the line of 30 deg., or 2 deg. below the freezing point, reaches within a short distance of the West Gulf Coast. In twenty-four hours this storm center moved from the Central Mississippi Valley to the North Atlantic Coast. Cold weather, high winds and snow followed closely in its wake, although the high-pressure center lagged, and the greatest part of the cold was spent in the extreme west and southwest.

"Blizzards" are most frequent in the northwest, and

horses, also of bronze, in the Church of St. John Paul, and quite a number of plaster and marble different public buildings, making altogether fifteen or sixteen. Ruskin and other companions have declared the statue of Colonne to be the equestrian monument ever cast in bronze, designed and cast by Andrea Verrocchio, painter, jeweler, engraver, poet and musician, a man of genius, whose greatest fame lies in the fact that he was the instructor of the greatest artists of all time—Michael Angelo, Raphael and Leonardo da Vinci.

The horses on the top of St. Mark's are horses have had a trying experience. They date back to prehistoric age and are supposed to be the work of a Greek artist named Lysippos, and designed for a chariot. They were taken to Rome during the empire and first used as ornaments upon a triumphal arch erected by Nero, and afterward by Trajan. Emperor Constantine took them from Rome to Constantinople, where the Dodge Dandolo seized them and brought them to Venice. When Napoleon entered the city in 1797 he then taken down from the cathedral and shipped them in wagons to Paris. They served as ornaments upon a triumphal arch in the Place du Carrousel till the Emperor Francis I. of Austria redeemed them; they were replaced, at his expense, where they stand. These wonderful animals are of pure gold and each weighs about two tons. They were gilded, but the gold has been worn off by the use and the verdigris which has accumulated upon their bodies gives them a rich green tint.—(William H. Chicago Record-Herald.)

A NEBULOUS BANKING SYSTEM.

It must be evident to the thoughtful observer, though considered as a system the banks of the United States are still in the nebular stage of development. Nevertheless there are many signs of a satisfactory evolution. The perfected system, which may be the outcome of the present apparent confusion, may be exactly like either the English or the Scotch existing system of banks. The principles on which will work must, however, be the same on which good banking systems must found their success. It is adapted to the country, for it will have been under the pressure of business demand, against the banking prejudice. Many things may be hastened this evolution. An asset currency would greatly. Branch banks would also aid, but it is not possible to predict whether the system will be hastened by these devices or not, or by some other new device. It may be that the use of checks drawn by the banks themselves, which has already been tried on such great proportions, may be still further extended so as to supply the means of an extension of the [Bankers' Magazine.]

AMERICANS IN JAPAN. HOW THEY AND OTHER FOREIGNERS PASS THEIR TIME.

From a Special Correspondent.

YOKOHAMA (Japan) Dec. 26, 1901.—In my last letter I endeavored to sketch the progress of the Japanese as intelligently as the space would permit. I shall now try to give an idea as to how Americans, and other foreigners as well, live in Japan.

Compared to the total numbers of foreigners in Japan, the Americans constitute a considerable portion of the community. In Yokohama and in the open ports, the great majority are merchants, and as such rank high. Not many years ago, most of them were exporters, and now, today, the United States is by long odds Japan's greatest customer for tea, silk, mattings, China ware, etc. Not many new firms have entered the field and occupy themselves chiefly with importing, an example followed by several of the old established houses. The consular reports show by statistics the vast strides taken by Japan's commerce; and they show also, that the United States is securing a very fair share.

In Tokyo, the very large American community is almost wholly composed of missionaries, many of whom are in Yaniki, near the head of the bay, which in 1869 was set apart as a foreign settlement. Of the missionaries of the present time it may be said that they are almost uniformly gentlemen and scholars, well acquainted with the native language and, by their mode of living, have exerted a very favorable influence upon the Japanese. Some of the best-known institutions of learning were founded with American money, and have been finally established by American brains. Of these I mention, as located in Tokyo, the Episcopal College at Meiji, the Meiji Gakuin, a large college of the Presbyterian mission, at Shirokane, and the Methodist Episcopal College at Aoyama. The impulse given to education by these institutions cannot be overestimated.

The government is by no means ungrateful to the missionaries, although, from the peculiar Shinto creed which is the corner-stone of Japan's existence as a state, the line seems far distant when the nation will embrace Christianity. If, and when, it does, it will be a Christianity specially adapted to Oriental conditions. Whoever thinks that Japan adopts blindly or imitates, deceives himself. With mental deftness they analyze what we have to offer, and absorb or assimilate that of which they approve.

Without desiring to imply that the missionaries, as a class, are not worthy of a more protracted study, this letter will deal with the business world. I know of no other criterion by which to judge a community than its press, which to no slight degree echoes, if it does not represent, public sentiment. Yokohama possesses four daily papers and two weeklies in English. Kobe manages to satisfy its intellectual appetite with three dailies, and Nagasaki supports one. The foreign population of Yokohama and of Niigata is too small to indulge in the luxury of listening to a distant reverberation of the world's doings. But as Yokohama is still the metropolis where the foreign element is concerned, its press will give a fair sample of the foreign papers in Japan.

I am quite aware that I am stepping upon dangerous ground; that, indeed, I am monkeying with a buzz saw. I know what is in store for me when The Times reaches Japan, and, as I may as well have my innings now, I shall be frank.

The principal Yokohama daily is edited in Tokyo. It must appear absurd, but it is literally true. Nor would it be correct to conclude that the paper itself is absurd. It is so only to this extent: Usually a paper echoes the opinions of its constituents; but in this instance, the editor distinctly opposes and even antagonizes the opinions of its readers. For all that, the Japan Mail remains the leading English paper of Yokohama, as of Japan, if not of the entire east Pacific Coast.

The reason for the existence of this anomaly, is this: Capt. F. Brinkley, the proprietor and editor of the Mail, is beyond question the ablest writer of the Orient, and possesses an invaluable knowledge of Japan and the Japanese. This would not save his paper from the consequences of antagonizing its natural supporters, the foreigners in Japan; but since the Japanese government looks to Capt. Brinkley as an able and, I think, conscientious advocate, it supports his paper to such an extent as to insure its existence. Its advocacy of the Japanese cause procures for it a considerable patronage among the Japanese to whom English is sufficiently familiar, and this fact induces foreign advertisers looking for native consumers, to patronize its columns. Thus the Japan Mail continues to prosper, much to the disgust of its competitors, who find but a meager reward in supporting "foreign interests" as they see them, through thick and through thin. Nevertheless, Capt. Brinkley and his paper are a veritable godsend to his brother editors. The amount of real news which a paper contains is a secondary question; the item of the first importance is the leader, an editorial of a column or more, in which the editor imposes his sometimes exceedingly narrow views upon a long-suffering public. It is most generally after the style of the *Edinburgh Gazette*, whose editor, it will be remembered, prepared an article on Chinese metaphysics, by searching the encyclopedia under China and under metaphysics, and mixing together the results. It is, however, impossible, even for the most earnest fraternity, as we see it here, to grind out such a production six times in the week, and they make up the deficit by barking at the Tokyo editor, who seems to take a delight in provoking their attacks. The dear public is mulcted in heavy sums, as will be seen below,

to pay for the insane twaddle which takes the place of news.

The few hundred foreigners who, combined, constitute the foreign community, possess the admirable fortitude and inexhaustible patience to support all these papers. It is a luxury, pure and simple, and not a cheap one either, as will be seen by the subscription prices. The Japan Mail charges 20 yen (\$10) per annum; the Japan Gazette the same; the Japan Advertiser 15 yen, or \$7.50, and the Japan Herald 24 yen, or \$12.

The Mail gives some Japanese news, usually in the form of readable editorials, and, as may be supposed, this is reliable. It also pretends to furnish news of the shipping and other local items which are of supreme interest to the community. But with the editor in Tokyo, it is satisfied with permitting the public to find out the news, and with printing it when it is three or four days old. Since the three other dailies conscientiously adopt the same policy, the public has no choice, and is compelled to subscribe for all of them, just as it may catch every stray grain of comfort.

Confound all four sleepy heads! Before my return to Yokohama, I ordered my mail addressed to the Maples Hotel on the Bluff, but that resort closed its doors, hence upon my arrival I went to the club. The Japanese postoffice authorities did not feel called upon to take account of the failure of a hotel more or less and, call it laudable perseverance or mulish obstinacy continued to send my mail to the defunct Maples, although I had informed the clerk in charge every day for several weeks of my actual address. Letters were delivered two weeks or more after they arrived at Yokohama, an experience which, if repeated often enough, is apt to sour one's temper, however angelic—which mine is not. To provide for such cases, I suppose, the government publishes a list of undelivered letters, which is supposed to be revised on the first of the month, in all the English papers. So I looked anxiously forward to the first, and when it came, for the object of my hope. Of course I was disappointed, and so I was for many days after. To go to the postoffice and inquire of a clerk who is evidently of the opinion that his position is more ornamental than useful, is even more irritating. Try it yourself. Get into a good passion in a righteous cause and see how you like it if somebody should advise you smilingly "to keep your shirt on." That is just the sort of answer you receive to any complaint here.

The pulsation of the press shows that, as a community, we do not live at fever heat. Offices and stores (kept by foreigners) open at about 9 a.m. Breakfast does not consist solely of a cup of coffee and a roll, but is taken as it should be, in a leisurely manner. From noon to about 2 p.m., is devoted to tiffin, or luncheon, not only by the heads of firms, but also by their white employees. Go between those hours to any such store, and the Japanese caretaker will ask you to return between 2 and 4; after that hour business is over for the day.

To the American business man this may seem an easy-going way of doing business, but there is sense in it. Banks in the United States keep short hours, and no one objects. If it were generally understood that shopping must be confined between 9 a.m. and 4 p.m., people would soon conform to this rule. At any rate, the daily lunch counter in our large cities, is an invention from which physicians and undertakers derive the greatest profit. Such a thing would not be tolerated here.

We are patriotic, and at the same time cosmopolitan. The Fourth of July, Washington's birthday, and other national holidays, are celebrated here with the same enthusiasm as at home, not only by Americans, but by the members of other nationalities. To return the compliment, we help the Frenchman celebrate the 14th of July, the Englishman and German the birthday of King and Kaiser, nor do we despise the holidays of the land we live in. Add to this the early closing on Saturdays; the three half-holidays set aside by custom for the spring and fall races and regattas, occasions of such importance that the banks close unless a mail goes out—and it will be plain that we do not work ourselves to death. Why should we?

How do we spend our leisure hours? That depends very much upon the taste and fancy of the individual. The married man decidedly enjoys family life more than he does in the States. What business man there knows anything at all about his children? Here, the father is in his office while the youngsters are at school, but he is with them between and after school hours, and can share in their amusements as a parent should. Whatever may be said of it, the life of a business man in the United States is a hard life, and it is incomplete. Here he can take daily walks with his family, for which the country is adapted to an extraordinary degree. The roads are good and, wherever one turns, the innate artistic taste of the Japanese makes itself felt. This globe, I think, offers no more entrancing scenery than can be found on the Bluff. There is a drawback when the husbandman prepares his little farm; at such times one should leave the sense of smell at home.

For the young bachelor of healthy desires, there are plenty of outdoor sports and athletic games. Within recent years young Japan has begun to lay aside the decorum and ceremony bred in its very bones, and is taking kindly to baseball and similar games, not at all conducive to maintain a uniform politeness. I came accidentally upon such a game played exclusively by Japanese boys of from 16 to 18. All were in their national kimono, resembling a tight-fitting dressing gown, but it did not prove an impediment. The way in which these youngsters went over the ground, was a caution.

For old and young business men, there is the club. No good Englishman can do without it, and as an institution it is gaining popularity in America. For bachelors it is almost a necessity, since it is the fulcrum of social life, and the only place where people can congregate and feel at home. For many years the Yokohama United Club was at No. 5, The Bund. Recently, however, the adjacent lot was purchased, and a very im-

posing structure now extends its hospitality to every accredited stranger. The best American and English magazines and newspapers are kept on file, and there is, besides, a very fair library containing many old and rare works on the Orient. The view of the bay is as fine as can be desired.

European or American children do not attend Japanese schools, where necessarily instruction is given in the native language. There are, however, some private institutions for elementary education. When children grow up, it is necessary to send them home, and this is one of the great drawbacks of life in the Orient, Japanese schools and colleges, excellent as they are, are adapted to the needs of the natives. No child of foreign parentage could find itself at home in them.

Although the Sunday is most generally kept as a holiday by foreigners and natives of the official class, neither church nor Sunday-school is wanted, nor are they attended. The Union Church upon the Bluff, has more of the American element, than that of any other nationality. It professes, as the name indicates, to represent a union of the various Protestant sects, although Presbyterianism is said to prevail. The Church of England has a fine brick edifice also on the Bluff. Christ Church is supported by the British, and also by Americans of the Episcopal church. In the prayer for the authorities, the President of the United States is mentioned immediately after the King, and precedes the Prince of Wales.

Japan no longer offers an inducement for a young and enterprising man. The expense of living is too high, and the Japanese, whose expenses are much less, are competing in every line of business. But even were it not so, this is a country where the rule of the survival of the fittest, is found of daily application. The graveyard on the Bluff is thick with stones bearing the names of those who died immaturely, owing to their lack of self-control. The common use of servants, too, is apt to spoil a young man for a return to the United States, where it would require a very large income to secure the same kind of service. Whatever may be said of the opportunities for a young man in China, there are none in Japan. I have heard it said on many occasions: The United States is good enough for me! I will go further and say: The United States, for an ambitious young man, offers a better field than Japan.

R. VAN BERGEN.

ARTIFICIAL FROST.

FLORISTS ARE USING ETHER TO PRODUCE THE WINTER REST IN PLANTS.

[Philadelphia Times:] Florists in forcing flowering plants to blossom out of season generally do so by depriving them of leaves by a process of freezing, thus giving them a rest, after which warming and cultivation results in the production of buds as it does in the spring. This method is, however, somewhat precarious, as it is not always possible to tell when the plant has been exposed to the cold for the proper length of time, and the consequence may, therefore, be far from satisfactory.

Following up the idea suggested some years since by Prof. Johannsen, of the Danish Agricultural School, to the effect that subjecting plants to the fumes of ether would produce the same result, Prof. Albert Maumene describes in a recent number of *La Nature* some experiments he has been conducting, which go to show that the method is susceptible of practical application.

According to this account of these investigations the ether used was the same as that employed in medicine as an anæsthetic, its effect upon plants apparently being due to the fact that it seems to hasten the combinations and exchanges of nutritious and other materials that are operative in the tissues of plants during the period of active life, from March to October, and to arrest the circulation of the sap. Examples given are the placing of a flask of ether under a lilac, an azalea and other shrubs, in which cases the vapors caused the leaves to droop and hastened the growth, which suddenly came to a stop as if under the influence of cold, the ether having shortened the vegetative period and practically produced the same effect as frost.

As practical hints for conducting these experiments the professor gives the following: The soil under the plants should be kept dry, so as to prevent the ether penetrating to the roots. The plants should be placed in a tight box with a temperature kept not lower than 17 degrees C. (63 deg. Fahr.) The ether should be suspended in a receptacle in the interior and should be supplied daily until the plants have been exposed to the vapors for about fifty hours, and when it is noticed that the buds are swelling they should be taken out of the box and watered in a warm atmosphere.

He gives in detail a number of successful experiments and remarks that, besides, limiting the vegetative period and causing shrubs to flower, the method considerably shortens the time of forcing for shrubs that have already entered the repose stage. He thinks it will bring about a revolution in the production of cut flowers and potted plants, since it will make possible the production of several successive series of flowers with the same material. The results, however, he says cannot now be obtained except with plants whose flowers, opening in the spring, grow on the wood formed the year previous, and are in a latent condition in their envelopes as early as July. He also suggests the possibility of applying the discovery to the successful forcing of certain fruit trees.

THE BEST TELEPHONE GIRLS.

The American girls of Irish parentage have been found to possess to the highest degree the necessary quickness of perception and action, and to prove the statement is cited the fact that a large percentage of the operators in the Chicago exchange, picked out according to the results of examination, are girls of Irish descent. City life has been found to give a girl an advantage in this particular over the country girl, whose wits have not been sharpened by the contact with many people and the exigencies of the urban community.—[Electrical World and Engineer.]

UTES OF COLORADO.

LAST OF OUR INDIANS TO GIVE UP
THEIR WILD LIFE.

By a Special Contributor.

THE recent decision of the Ute Indians in Colorado to lay aside their aboriginal garb of blankets and to wear the garments of their white brethren, is a very important step forward in civilization by one of the oldest and proudest tribes of the western plains. The Utes have until recent years been reckoned among the most intractable Indians the government has had to deal with, but latterly they have cheerfully and rapidly abandoned their tribal customs and assumed the ways of the pale faces. Among the plains Indians the Utes are looked upon as the aristocrats of their race. They are the last of the great Indian tribes, as the Comanches, the Cheyennes, Kiowas, Apaches and Arapahoes (masters of the Central West through countless ages,) who have accepted the white man's terms, have abandoned all hope of maintaining their own aboriginal mode of living and tribal customs and have settled down to be victims of an overwhelming civilization. All over the West there are old-time hunters, scouts and plainsmen who feel the pathos of the passing away of the great Ute tribe as a distinct and separate people. The fact that the Utes were the survivors of all the half-dozen greatest bodies of American Indians, who retained their tribal characteristics for years after other tribes had accepted a maudlin, unpicturesque civilization, is touchingly sentimental to veteran whites on the plains. "The prowess of the Utes, their great battles with the Apaches and Comanches and their intensely-proud spirit of superiority to all plains tribes and their devotion to Ute customs and legends are being recounted nowadays in every assemblage of old-timers in this region."

On May 4, 1899, by proclamation of President McKinley, the Ute reservation, consisting of 640,000 acres, was thrown open to settlement. The Utes withdrew to small farming locations reserved for them in La Plata and Archuleta counties, and by that act forever abandoned the hunting ground, the birthplace and home of themselves and their ancestors from time immemorial. For forsaking their tribal customs, the cessation of their tribal organization and their adoption of white men's ways, the Utes are to receive \$50,000 annually from the United States government, besides rations. But \$10,000 of the government money is to be set aside for the maintenance of schools for the Ute children. The rest of the sum is to be distributed among the members of the diminishing and now hopelessly dependent Ute race for ten years. "Ute Indian no more big and strong. Ute is gone; by and by there be no more Ute Indian. White men get all," says Chief Ignacio pathetically, summing up the recent important events in the history of his race-formidable tribe.

The reservation recently abandoned by the Utes to the whites lies in the extreme southwestern corner of Colorado. It had been for twenty years the only Indian reservation left in Colorado. It is fifteen miles wide by 110 miles long, and is a fertile, well-watered region. It comprises several valleys separated from one another by low mountains and watered by several streams that flow southwest to the San Juan and Colorado rivers. There are few regions in the West so well adapted for Indian purposes as the Ute reservation has been, and the Indians held it as long as their diminishing members permitted. Its mesas, valleys, streams and mountains have made it almost ideal for hunting and fishing. It will be a famous region for farms in another decade. The Utes have a legend that ages ago an Indian boy—the orphan of a big brave chief—was roused from slumber one day by a great spirit who loved bravery and strength, and amid thunders and lightnings among the mountains, was led by a spirit hand over hill and dale, across deserts and over rivers until he was brought to this region on the western slope of the Rockies, where he founded the Ute race.

The Utes once numbered about twenty-five thousand. When Gen. John C. Fremont made his first expedition across the plains to California in 1841, the Utes were thought to be about eighteen thousand in number. They had been at war with the Cheyennes and Comanches for four years, and they had lost between 1000 and 2000 men. Jim Bridger, one of the earliest western scouts, used to say that the Utes were the most reckless fighters among the plains Indians except the Apaches. He said that the Ute warriors were the bravest of all, and he used to tell anecdotes of Ute warriors who deliberately sacrificed their lives in order that the tribe might gain a point in strategy.

From 1860 to 1875 the Utes gave the United States troops a great deal of trouble. When the Union Pacific Railroad was built, in 1866 and 1867, the Utes thought they could keep the plains to themselves by checking the work on the road toward the Sierras, so they made systematic attacks on the railroad builders and the troops that were guarding them. Hundreds of Ute braves were killed. Smallpox raged among the Utes at that time, and by 1876 the Ute tribe numbered less than 8000.

The Utes have been largely mountain dwellers. The sites of their ancient and largest camps are among the lofty valleys of the Rocky Mountains. They were famous bear hunters, and as long as the white men kept away the Utes held possession of their hunting lands against all comers, but little by little the constantly-growing number of pale faces hedged in the tribe, bit by bit their lands were taken away, and gradually the Utes withdrew into the choicest of their ancestral possessions in Southwestern Colorado. There the government, by treaty in 1869, granted them the reservation which they abandoned recently for gold and rations. The tribe divided in the early seventies, when the part of it known as the Southern Utes remained in Colorado, while the part known as the Uncompahgre and Uintahs went and dwelt over the boundary line in Utah. At that time all three branches of the Utes acknowledged

the authority of a common head chief, although each subdivision had its own sub-chief. Ouray was the last chief to hold sway over all the Utes. Since his death the subdivisions have maintained separate tribal organizations, but have kept up close intercourse with each other and have cherished the same traditions. The Southern Utes have Chief Ignacio at their head, and he it was who negotiated the treaty by which they ceded their reservation to the government for money and food.

Polygamy is common among the Utes, and would no doubt be commoner if there were the preponderance of squaws in the tribe there are in other tribes. A few men have three wives and one or two have four. All the wives sometimes live in one wickiup with the husband, but the Ute brave who can support more than one wife and an extra lot of children usually has enough means to own separate wickiups for his respective families. The men marry at 18 and the women at from 13 to 16. A Ute squaw who remains unmarried at 20 is a pariah in the tribe, and is well on the way toward being condemned to death as a witch ere she is 40 years old. The young people usually begin married life in the home of the bride's mother, but when the first child is born they must get out and build their own wickiup. Divorce is not infrequent among the Utes, and is an easy, informal process. The husband simply takes his own horses and goes back to his clan, but he may not marry again until the sub-chief of that clan gives his permission. In former days permission to marry again was withheld until the self-divorced man had shown bravery on the warpath or endurance calculated to benefit the tribe. A violation of this law was punishable by death.

Ute fathers and mothers are good to their children, but ill-formed, diseased and crippled infants are killed immediately upon birth, while a child that becomes cripp-



A UTE CHIEF.

pled in youth lives a sad, forlorn life and is looked upon with disfavor by his relatives, even his mother. When twins are born, the less promising one physically is put to death, and when the twins are a boy and a girl, the latter is always chosen for death by strangulation. A Ute mother of several girl babies is a wretched woman, because of the taunts of her husband and the jeers of her neighbors. Only a few years ago the wife of Gray Rabbit, the head of a Ute band, stabbed herself to death on the outskirts of Durango because she could not stand the ignominy of being the mother of seven girls.

In consequence of these frightful laws, the Ute men are singularly well formed and agile. Very few of them become fat, and in Chief Ouray's day fat, flabby-fleshed men were not respected in the tribe. Braves used to starve themselves into leanness and suppleness. The Utes have prominent noses, large ears, very high cheek bones and retreating foreheads. Large hands and retreating foreheads are marks of beauty. They have long, black glossy hair, of which they are scrupulously careful. One never sees a disheveled Ute. The men part their hair in the middle and braid it in short queues down over the shoulders. These braids are often wrapped in beaver or otter skin, and bear teeth and claws are attached as ornaments. The Ute women part their hair, but do no braiding. Their raven locks are cut short at the shoulders.

A superfluity of hair is distasteful to the Utes. Little boys and girls pluck out their eyebrows, and a man is constantly on the watch lest a few hairs sprout on his lips and cheeks. The men paint their faces almost constantly, the women rarely. The dress of the tribe is more fantastic than that of any other since the Arapahoes gave up their tribal dress and largely adopted white folks' ways. Nowadays the Ute clothing is principally made of cheap flannels and bright calicoes. The patterns, however, are the same as in aboriginal days, when the materials were the skins of animals killed in the chase. A few Ute men wear small sombreros. In addition, the male costume consists of an undershirt of cotton, a long-sleeved overshirt falling to the knees, leggings of cloth or buckskin, a girth and moccasins. The overshirt is usually fringed. Should it be of buckskin it is almost invariably painted yellow. The leggings fit very closely. The leggings and shirt are

hooded and often fringed. As an outer garment is the blanket, which is worn constantly in summer. Over this are worn the cartridge belt and the Ute gun armed.

The Ute woman's costume consists of a dress that reaches from the neck to below the knees, and reaches from the knees to the ankles and moccasins. Everyone of them wears a belt of tough skin, and they hang their tools, for Mma. Ute is an Indian word for her sex is among all plains tribes.

Of all the customs of the Utes none is more peculiar than those that surround marrying and marriage. When a girl reaches a marriageable age she is secluded strictly in her paternal tent for four or five days, during which time she is not permitted to eat. A hundred or so friends are notified and gather about the hut, where they play the time in singing incantations, blowing pipes, shaking rattles and feasting, much attended disgust and annoyance of the parents, whom they begone. The grandmother, if she is charged with the girl's safe-keeping, and is responsible for her seclusion. It is said by the whites of Durango that the girl is laid upon a bench over a number of heated stones, which is shaped like a hut. Water is then thrown upon the girl, a dense cloud of steam arises, completely enveloping her. After a thorough steaming she is led to a plunge, after which she is considered a married woman.

The marriage ceremony almost always takes place during the weeks that the one great crop of that of mesquite beans, is ripening. When a young buck has fallen upon a maiden, timidity, approaches her father, and says very much to the effect: "Father, give me thy daughter for a wife."

The parent, with simulated rage, and orders him to depart. As soon thereafter, the suitor, after previously learning that the heart's parents are comfortably out of the way, decorates himself with feathers, beads and other trappings, and pops the question with all the pomp of which he is capable. If willing, she makes but sits with downcast eyes and modesty. Then the couple go out for a walk or a ride, and they return they are considered wedded.

When Gen. Fremont's expedition went to the Ute country on the exploring tour to California, the Utes were considered an unusually peaceful people, they have sadly changed since then. Old-time sentences several Ute men to severe punishment, even to death—for immorality, but now there is no penalty for immorality. A woman is sacred to her master, but the Ute man is bound by such obligation. If a woman is unfaithful, he may adopt one of several courses. The mildest is to kill the favorite horse of the unfaithful woman; another punishment is to beat and separate from her; another, now falling out of use, is to slit the nose of the unfaithful wife and offending correspondent; and in rare cases the man has been known to kill both the unfaithful wife and man.

HELEN TYLER GIBBS.

NATURE'S ICEHOUSE.

The number of birds that go to the Arctic to breed is vast beyond conception. They are thousands, but by tens and hundreds of thousands because nowhere else in the world does nature provide at the same time and in the same place such a prodigality of food.

The vegetation consists of cranberry, cloudberry, crowberry bushes, and these, forced by the sunshine of the Arctic summer, bear enormous fruit. But the crop is not ripe until the middle of the Arctic summer, and if the fruit-eating birds wait until it was ripe they would starve in the time, so they arrive on the very day of the snow.

But each year the snow descends on an immense crop of ripe fruit before the birds have time to gather it is thus preserved perfectly fresh and pure, and the melting of the snow discloses the bushes with the summed last year's crop hanging on them, or lying to be eaten, on the ground.

The frozen meal stretches across the length of Northern Asia. It never decays, and is as fresh as the moment the snow melts. The same heat which the fruit brings into being the most prolific in the world; the mosquito swarms on the tundra, the European can live there without a veil after midday; the gun barrels are black with them, and of them often obscure the sight.

Thus the insect-eating birds have only to open their mouths to fill them with mosquitoes, and the absence of swarms of cliff-chaffs, plovers and the rest of the Arctic region is accounted for.—[Pearson's Magazine.]

ODD CEILINGS.

A Russian nobleman of immense wealth has a curious method of ceiling decoration. Every room in his mansion contains a fresco dealing with an incident in the career of his ancestors, and the whole is, perhaps, a unique example of inner-room decoration. Nearly \$357,500 has been expended upon this extraordinary work.

Less extravagant, but undoubtedly quite as curious, is the ceiling decoration of a certain London house, who has covered the surface in question with sketches returned to him through his bank. It is a glimpse of the real nature of this quaint embellishment not apparent to the spectator, but the effect is said to be positively charming.

A Tuscan noble who flourished during the sixteenth century had the ceiling of his palace lined with exquisite mirrors of the finest quality of glass. Contemporary of his adopted a similar device, however, being decked with gorgeous frescoes of hues of the rainbow. The effect presented by the decoration was reputed to be exceedingly beautiful, and one may well conceive that such was the case.—[Tit-Bits.]

LIFE BELOW SEA LEVEL. PREHISTORIC AND MODERN INHAB- ITANTS OF DEATH VALLEY.

By a Special Contributor.

WHEN I left Johannesburg early in last November I was told that, while I might find (as others be- fore me had found) fossil bones of antediluvian man. This, at the time, seemed unreasonable, for where there is a plentiful food supply, there man generally is found, and it is quite reasonable to suppose the same to have been true of the remote aborig- ines. Almost the entire fossil skeleton of a huge ele- phantine creature had been unearthed in the higher hills on the upper Amargosa the year before, and some of old Philander Lee's boys had found, five or six years ago, a single tusk of a similar monster near their home at Bantling Springs. All these things encouraged me in my belief that I would find, sooner or later, proofs of the existence of human forms at some one or more points in the valley.

Prof. Bailey, in his forthcoming report on the nitrates

the shape of the letter L, the bottom of the letter being to the north.

These mounds contain nothing, nor were we able to discover any burial grounds or traces of cave dwellings, notwithstanding the fact that these niter hills are full of large, dry caves. We opened two or three suspicious-looking mounds, but found nothing save a bed of char- coal in the very center of each mound. Most of the ar- rowheads found were of a poor workmanship, indicating a low degree of intelligence on the part of their makers, and their metates were very shallow, the grinders or pestles for them being mere boulders, unworked and ir- regular, just as picked up in the river bed. Much of the material (moss agate, obsidian, etc.,) from which the arrow and spear heads were made must have been brought over long distances, as deposits of these ma- terials are not known to occur in Death Valley. Prob- ably the moss agate came from as far east as Wyoming at least, and perhaps farther.

Farther on, at Willow Ranch, we found several places on the sloping mesa back of camp where old Indian watch towers had been located. At one point two such had been placed within a yard or so of each other and connected by a stone vestibule or alleyway.

Modern desert dwellers are scarcely less interesting than the aborigines. Take, for instance, the old miner whom we met a few miles out from Granite Springs and at once christened the "Hermit Crab of Death Valley."

a dozen ruined cabins, built of stone and thatched with tule, wherein men have lived while they tried to wrest a bit of fertile land from the grasp of the desert—and failed. Some of these men died, many turned nomad, while a few returned to civilization. Of four brothers, well-educated men all of them, one is a highly-respected bank official in one of the cities of Southern California, while three are rearing families of half-breed Piate children out in this desert. Such, however, is the sec- saw of life, and I have no doubt that it is best that the desert should keep its Arabs as the sea keeps its dead— well hid in her fathomless waste. HARRY H. DUNN.

THE GUERRILLA IN HISTORY.

A SPANISH WORD WHICH BECAME COMMON AFTER PENINSULAR WAR.

[Fortnightly Review:] The word guerrilla is Span- ish, and first came into common use in this country during the time of the peninsular war. But Spain throughout her long history has always been recognized as the country most ideally suited for guerrilla tactics. There is no region in Europe in which it is more dif- ficult to wage successful war. "If the army of invasion is small, it is defeated; if it is large, it starves." Even in Livy's time the truth of this was appreciated by the Romans. The remnant of the Carthaginians who had taken refuge there after the fall of Carthage had defied the Roman power with great persistency, while the Spanish insurrection of Quintus Sertorius had seriously shaken the stability of the republic itself.

For eight years that able general held the forces of Rome at bay. His invariable policy was to avoid a pitched battle when confronted with superior forces, and to confine himself to harassing his opponent and cut- ting his lines of communications. Sertorius's lieuten- ants were frequently defeated, but their chief managed to inflict severe checks even upon Metellus and Cnaeus Pompeius, and then when the tables appeared to be turned the Lusitanian army would silently melt away and gather again in some distant part of the province. Rome grew impatient and depressed as the seemingly endless contest continued, and as army after army was sent to Spain with apparently no definite result. Yet, as the event proved, the power of Sertorius rested upon sand.

The Lusitanian troops, which at one moment gathered in their thousands and dwindled away just as speedily, could accomplish nothing permanent, and with the as- sassination of Sertorius the end came quickly. For eight years Spain had threatened to be to Rome what many centuries afterward Cuba actually became to Spain; yet Roman persistency triumphed in the end. It was in Spain, too, that the two sons of Pompeius the Great, Cnaeus and Sextus, maintained a stubborn op- position to the generals whom Julius sent into the field against them, and even after Cnaeus had been slain Sextus returned to the scene of his former exploits and inflicted far more damage than he received until he transferred himself to Sicily and pitted himself against Octavian and Agrippa.

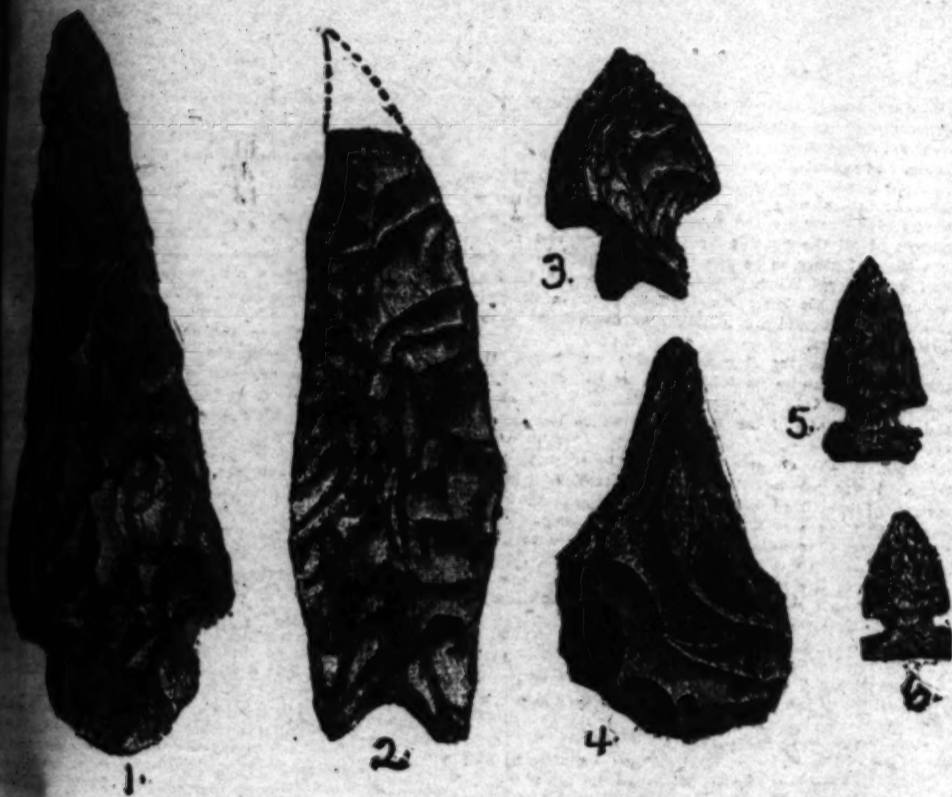
CHINESE AWAKENING.

Outside the Great Wall, there is evidently a most in- telligent subprefect. He has put out a capital procla- mation with a view to prove the breed of horses in the grass country, and otherwise make the natural prod- ucts of that part more profitable than at present. He has evidently heard that the horse is in great demand for war purposes abroad, and sees no reason why China with its ranches should not become a most im- portant source of supply for cavalry. The breed of Chinese ponies must, however, first be greatly improved to reach the foreign standard. Accordingly he tells his people how this may be done and offers rewards to suc- cessful breeders.

In the second place, he exhorts them to make "Rus- sia leather," and all sorts of bone articles. In the third place, he thinks they should learn how to preserve meat and milk in tins so as to send it long distances, as the foreigners do. In the fourth place, he exhorts them to learn how to make wool and camel's hair into cloth, as foreigners do,—who first buy our raw stuff, manufacture it, and then resell the finished article to us. In the fifth place, he exhorts them to open mines and cease their silly talk that the opening of mines spoils the fengshui. Instead of bringing evil, mines bring prosperity. Look at Tang-ku. That was originally only a piece of wasteland. They opened mines and now there is a flourishing city with over three millions revenue yearly.—[Shanghai Mercury.]

TRANSMURAL VENTILATION.

In the year 1878 Dr. Flügge proved that air will go through the walls of a closed room, at a rate depending mainly on the difference of temperature between the inside and outside—the latter being the lower. With walls of ordinary thickness he found that about one- fourteenth of the air in the room would be changed per degree centigrade per hour. In other words, if the outer were 14 degrees centigrade colder than the inner, the air of the room would be completely changed in an hour by transpiration through the walls. M. H. Wol- pert has reexamined this subject, and he finds that in a chamber of sixty cubic yards capacity, having walls of masonry covered with paper, the air will be changed at the rate of one-fortieth of its volume per degree centi- grade per hour. When the paper on the walls contained oil varnish decidedly less air permeated, while without paper at all much more went through. It is desirable, therefore, that the exterior of houses should be clean, and a heavy rain is a blessing in this respect. Also it follows that the greater the difference between inside and outside warmth the more copious this spontaneous ventilation. Pettenkofer found that when materials like slag and glass were used, through which air could pass, the cements employed were, as a rule, highly permeable. —[London Telegraph.]



SPEAR AND ARROWHEADS FROM DEATH VALLEY.

of Death Valley, casually states that man probably occurred along the shores of these sinks as far back as the close of the glacial period—a stretch of more than eighty thousand years. Few indications, however, are visible upon the larger rocks, re- sulting to bear witness to the men of that remote time, but the clippings of flint, agate, jasper, obsidian and other hard stone cover the ground for hundreds of yards from certain of the more favored springs and "pot holes."

At noon on the first day of our Death Valley trip, we camped for lunch at Blackwater Wells, about nineteen miles northeast of Johannesburg. Here were quantities of clippings—mostly of a black substance known as obsidian glass. Most of the arrowheads found here were fragmentary, and many of them incompletely finished. Figs 3 and 4 of the accompanying illustration are of such specimens. No larger artifacts, such as axes or knives, were found, nor were there any evi- dences of a permanent camp at these water holes—at least we could find no traces of fire, fragments of pottery or metates, as we did farther on.

At Leach's Point, where we found the best water on the trip, there had evidently been hundreds of redskins camped for months at a time. Here several perfect arrowheads were found as well as a metate (mill for grinding corn) which lay, half buried in the drifting sand, near the roadside.

At Owl Springs, too, we found traces of prehistoric man, but our best discoveries were made at Saratoga Springs, just at the base of one range of the Funeral Mountains. Here the water from several springs col- lects in two good-sized ponds quite close to the foot of the hills and separated from the bed of the Amargosa River by a low ridge of sandy mounds from ten to thirty feet high. Outside these mounds, and following them in their northeasterly course around the lakes, are indications of a prehistoric settlement that must have sheltered a thousand individuals if not more. Fragmentary arti- cles, beads, stone mills, and large pieces of pottery abound, while the summit of every little hillock is cov- ered with a circular row of half-buried stones surround- ing each pit of varying depths. These mark the loca- tions of their wigwags or brush houses—for it is doubtful whether these Indians ever had rawhide tipis, as did their eastern tribesmen. This row of mounds is fully a mile long, quite a hundred yards in width, and lies in

About the second sentence he spoke was: "I tell you what, boys, I'm seventy-one years old and have been on this desert thirty-five years, but I'm a d— good desert bird yet." Here he was, a man past the three score and ten of average life, yet still eking out a scanty existence from the rocks of this barren desert. He told us he had left his mine, some forty miles back in the Shadow Mountains, and was going on seventy miles more into Johannesburg to get supplies. These "supplies" generally consist of bacon and flour with a few "Arizona straw- berries" (beans) on the side. He probably took in enough gold dust with him to pay for these necessities and to buy another pair of mountain shoes. For the rest, he was the true type of the desert miner, happy, forgetful, yet always looking for the pot of gold at the rainbow's end.

Then there is another class of wanderers known lo- cally as "water hole prospectors." These are the fol- lowers who are forever discovering some fabulous ledge and only waiting for some one to grubstake them. Once having persuaded a confiding tenderfoot to put up fifty dollars or so for a couple of burros, a pick, a shovel and food for a month, the aforesaid W. H. P. starts out, taking good care never to go more than a mile from the main road and to spend at least a week at each good spring or watering place. Just before his grubstake runs out, he visits some mine where good samples are easily obtainable and takes back several rich specimens to his employer with the tale that he has just uncovered the ledge from which those came and needs at least a month's supplies for further work. If he thinks the would-be mine owner especially "easy," he tricks him for two months' supplies this second time, and then makes it a point to stay in the desert long enough to lose (?) one of his burros and so on as long as his employer's money and patience last. Fortunately, this class is not so abundant as are the legitimate min- ers, and if one really seeks opportunity for good invest- ment, the Southwest is still full of excellent territory.

Besides these by far the largest part of the popula- tion of this section consists of half-breed Indians and nomad whites. They are treacherous and inclined to sudden fits of kleptomaniac, in which they are quite likely to appropriate your best horse and forget to bring it back, if not treated with the utmost firmness. In fact, there is no argument quite so persuasive with them as a loaded Winchester pointed straight at the pit of their stomachs.

Scattered up and down the Amargosa River are fully



Stories of the Firing Line + Animal Stories.

The General Got the Pillow.

BRIG-GEN. JAMES F. SMITH, who was the Governor for many months of the island of Negros, in the Philippines, and who is now a justice of the Supreme Court of the Philippines, is in San Francisco on leave. Gen. Smith is a lawyer and until the outbreak of the Spanish war was not "overly" conspicuous, though he had a wide circle of friends, and was colonel of the First Regiment of the California National Guard. Gen. Smith is a short, stout man, with a pug nose and a bald head, and is one of the most intelligent, level-headed and courageous of Californians. When California prepared to send troops to the Philippines his regiment was the first to go. He had long been known as "Fighting Jim Smith," because since his boyhood he had never been known to turn the other cheek or even to "go way back and sit down" when there was any chance of a scrap—and so, when the trouble broke out, Californians were not slow to predict that "Jim" Smith would get in a few good licks.

The First Regiment of California volunteers went to Manila and made a magnificent record. Gen. Smith led it in every engagement. The regular officers learned to love and respect him, and it was not long before he was made a brigadier general. His knowledge of law and rare judicial ability brought him the appointment of Supreme Judge of the Philippines.

Gen. Smith is a member of the Press Club of San Francisco, and The Commercial correspondent was talking to him the other night about his experiences in warfare. When the general was asked what he considered the most crucial moment of his life as a soldier he said:

"Shortly after the occupation of Pedro Macate I discovered a hulking big private carrying off what appeared to be the only pillow in town. I was tired out and coveted that pillow—so I sent an orderly to capture it by strategy or force of arms. 'Say, give me that pillow for the general, won't you?' said the orderly. 'The general be hanged,' said the private. 'This pillow is for my captain and me.'

"'But you and your captain have full heads of hair,' insinuated my orderly, 'and the poor general is as bald as an egg.'

"'That's all right,' said the private; 'give the pillow to Scaldy Jim, and the captain and I'll sleep on the rocks.'

"And they did, too."—[Memphis Commercial-Appeal.

Beautiful Haitians.

THE Haitian loves to play at being a soldier. He delights in uniforms and gold lace, military titles and display, yet he allows his neighbor, San Domingo, to push the frontier between the States farther and farther to the westward without offering the slightest objection. Here is a conversation reported by Henketh Prichard between three consequential Haitians, clad respectively in blue, green and pink uniforms thickly bedazzled over with gold lace:

"General," remarks the blue one.
"What, my general?" responded the other.
"I am tired. But the review of today! what a spectacle!"
"O-ho!" cries the pink general. "Assuredly a great spectacle."

"Without question," says the green general, "the most magnificent spectacle that one could imagine."
"I was much interested," remarks the Englishman.
"Our army is composed of brave men," says the blue.
"Our troops are the finest in the world. Do you not think so, monsieur?"

"I have seen none like them," agrees the Englishman, with caution.

"The army of Haiti has never been conquered. The French were here; we drove them out. The English fought with us; where are they? But we—we—we are here always. We have never been conquered."

This was the paeon of the pink general, and the others agreed.—[Unidentified.

Girl Who Jilted Kitchener.

THE girl who jilted Kitchener is the title now added to that previously possessed by Lady Helen Stewart, the daughter of the Marquis of Londonderry. Lady Helen is a beauty and one of the most famous belles of London court society. She became engaged to Lord Kitchener of Khartoum about a year ago. Some time in the autumn following she broke her engagement to him and immediately bestowed her hand upon Lord Stavordale.

The undoing of Lord Kitchener in his affairs of the heart came about, it is said, through Lady Helen's reading and seeing the awful accounts and caricatures of her lover in the French illustrated papers; from a hero in her sight he became the cruel creature that the French press represented him to be. It was said that Kitchener was a woman hater until he met Lady Helen; he was deeply infatuated with her loveliness and courted her persistently. His rank and military achievements fascinated her, and she became engaged to him. Kitchener is now 50 years of age, a tall, handsome man, with broad shoulders and a frame as lean and sinewy as a greyhound's. It is said he has taken his dismissal from Lady Helen far more deeply than any defeat in war.—[Leslie's Weekly.

Her New Jacket.

A NAVAL officer, engaged in ordnance duty on a home station, who was given to talking in his sleep, one night awakened his wife by exclaiming in accents

of piteous distress: "She must have a new jacket. I must manage to get one for her!" The wife, knowing well that her lord's slumber had never been disturbed by the requirements of her wardrobe, became vastly agitated. "William! William!" she breathed earnestly into his ear. "Who is she?" "My three-inch gun!" sighed the overtaxed ordnance man.—[Army and Navy Journal.

Down on Gambling.

SCENE: Orderly room.
Sergeant (giving evidence against three men whom he has caught gambling:) Sir, I went into H Company's bungalow last night and caught these men gambling; they had seven pence on the cards:

Capt. Gallagher: Shure, ye know, men, that ye mustn't gamble. Don't let me have any more of it.

Sergeant: Beg pardon, sir, what shall I do with the money?

Captain: Share it between them.

Sergeant: There will be an odd penny, sir.

Captain: Shure, let them toss up for it!—[Army and Navy Journal.

Allen's Answer to Boutelle.

IT WAS during the Cleveland administration that "Private" John Allen made his famous reply to the equally famous speech of Congressman Boutelle of Maine. President Cleveland had decided to allow the captured Confederate battle flags to be returned to the different States whence they came. Boutelle made a masterful address on the subject. He reminded his hearers of all the notable Federal victories and ended in a blaze of glory as he painted by word of mouth the final surrender. When Boutelle took his seat he had so far carried his hearers away that those in the gallery and the Republican members of the House burst forth into cheers.

Suddenly from the Democratic side was heard the calm, soothing tones of John Allen as he said, "Mr. Speaker." He told of his joining the Southern cause and following one of the flags about which the discussion arose.

"When it was all over," he said, "I started back home. I was barefooted, nearly naked and without money. I concluded to walk. I trudged along for a day or so when a man I knew lent me a mule. When I was about four miles from home I decided to leave the main road I was traveling and go by another route and sneak in the back way. I had gone only a little distance when I saw an old man, a fellow-townsmen, sitting on a rail fence.

"'Well, John, I see you are back,' he said.
"'Yes, Uncle Zeb,' I answered.
"'Did they lick us, John?'
"'Yes, Uncle Zeb. They licked us plenty, too.'
"'Freed the niggers, too?'
"'Yes, they freed the niggers.'

"The old man got down off the fence and, after he had thoroughly stretched out all his kinks, he said:

"'John, I don't mind being licked so much, and I can stand the niggers being freed, but, John, the worst part of it all is that in about thirty years some durned fool will throw it up to us.'"—[Kansas City Star.

ANIMAL STORIES.

Graft of a Wise Dog.

A CERTAIN business man who lives in the vicinity of Juneau Park, attended a meeting of his lodge last week, and, as is his habit on lodge nights, stopped into a saloon on Mason street to get a "night cap."

He was standing at the bar sipping a toddy when his attention was drawn to a beautiful St. Bernard dog which was rubbing his big head against his leg in a friendly manner. He patted the animal's head, pulled its ears and otherwise petted the big fellow until they were on excellent terms.

While this was going on he ordered another drink, and when it was finished, realizing that it was getting late, he gave the dog a few parting taps on his big head and started home.

He was within half a block of home when he became conscious of the presence of a dog at his heels, and, turning around, was surprised to see his recent acquaintance, the St. Bernard. If it had been an ordinary dog the business man would have passed on and paid no attention to the animal, but he reasoned that this particular dog was too valuable to be running loose on the streets, so he retraced his steps to the saloon, took another drink and again started home.

When about the same distance from home he discovered the dog at his heels for the second time, and for the second time he took him back to the saloon, and, as was natural, took another drink. The same thing happened a third time, but as the business man entered the saloon on his third trip he met a lawyer friend coming out.

"Hello," said the lawyer, "has that dog been following you tonight? I was his victim last week, and the domestic relations in my once-happy home have suffered such a strain that I was fearful of the result."

"You see, it was this way: I dropped in here to get one drink, but every time I started home this dog appeared to think it was his duty to accompany me, and as a result of the number of times I brought him back

here and the liquor I imbibed each trip, I ended in a condition that I am not proud of."

While the lawyer was telling his story some acquaintance came in, and at the sight of the dog an involuntary shudder. When the lawyer's new-comer remarked that this same quiet and kindly-disposed animal had got him into some same sort of a scrape and in the same manner.

These three men, who have unraveled many a business problem, looked from one to the other without a word, started toward the bar. They speak, but the same idea was in the mind of each, and the same conclusion was reached without any argument, namely, that this particular saloon had discovered a novel way of increasing his business.—[Milwaukee Sentinel.

Nero's Strategy.

A READER of The Times contributes the following: Some years ago, when giving instructions to my son, I found ourselves, during a "winter" in a town in the northern part of Vermont, near the Canada line. It had been one of the coldest of the season, and that means a great deal in the mercury "went down out of sight." At the time we were entertained by various accounts of the life of Jack Frost; none of these made so deep an impression as the story of the escapade of Nero, the dog of a splendid Newfoundland, who was almost perfect intelligence.

The master of the house was Town Clerk and, often the case in the smaller towns, his office was the dwelling-house. It opened off his sleeping room was Nero's duty to guard the safe containing the records, for there was always a fear of burglar, could so easily slip across the line beyond reach of rest.

There was no fire in the office, while the sleeping room was warmed by an air-tight. In the late evening the cold became more intense, Nero began to be permitted to come into the warm room, but he denied him, for he must "attend to business," as happened to be, at that time, especial need of was near.

Faithful guardian that he was, Nero submitted, was soon apparently in a dog's dreamland. Then retired, and the dog's master was just getting to first doze when he heard a slight click of the door. Nero could open and close any door not locked, a little patter of soft feet, followed soon by the breathing of a sleeping dog; Nero had no thought of leaving left out in the cold and had comfortably curled himself up on a mat close to the warm stove. In the morning when the family rose he was found at his duty, yawning and stretching as if just coming from an all-night's sleep. His master heard him early dawn, go out as quietly as he came in.

Nero was an honest dog—when he was watched.

How Do They Know?

SOUTH of Fulton street, in New York City, is not a pet, but a business investment, an insurance policy against the river rats. Yet, wild as some of the animals are, there is one man whom they respect and approval. That is the cat's meat man.

"I don't know all of them," he says. "No man and, besides, there are changes all the time. I don't know them they all know me, every last one of them."

"And they're wise; cats are as wise as any business lives. Every cat on the block runs to meet me, and are always on their good behavior."

"Now, here's a place where I leave meat for the cats. They all follow me in when I give it to them. They are the cats that belong here, and all the cats are waiting peacefully for me to come out and see those four cats run ahead and into the next block they're the cats that belong there, and they like to meet me."

"But that is a small part of the wisdom of them. Five mornings in the week I get around my block between 7 and 8 o'clock, but on Saturdays I am late, and never reach this block before 9. Well, Saturday mornings the cats know that I'm late, and don't put their heads outside the doors until I am only a little of 9."

"You see, there are calendars hanging up in every place to tell the day of the week, and clocks, but there's nothing to hinder the cats from consulting them. If they don't find out that way, how do they know it's 9 o'clock Saturday mornings?"—[New York Times.

The Dog's Fire-escape.

AS AN offset to a large loss by fire, James H. Colored farmer living near Blackwood, N. J., declined to rate his dog. Ross's house and barn were burned, but his dog escaped.

The dog was chained to the barn, but when the fire got unbearable the sagacious animal dug a deep hole and hid himself in it. The post to which the dog was chained fell over the hole and protected him. After the fire the dog was found not even singed.—[Detroit Press.

Eddie Nerve: I've come to ask you for your father's hand.

Her Papa: You must be a fool to think of that thing.

Eddie Nerve: Of course, sir, you know your daughter better than I do—but I'm willing to take my chances.

GOOD SHORT STORIES.

Compiled for The Times.

How Roosevelt Was Kidnaped.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has the record of a strenuous life. The public has heard much of his adventures upon western cattle ranches; of his experiences with mountain lions in Colorado; of his feats of bravery at San Juan; but there is one incident in his history that the public know not of.

While Theodore Roosevelt was serving the State of New York as its Governor, he made frequent journeys to different parts of the State to address the people on public occasions. One of these excursions was to Little Valley, the county seat of Cattaraugus county, to speak at the Agricultural Fair held annually at that place. Little Valley is in the vicinity of Olean, the home of Senator Frank W. Higgins. Upon learning of the arrangement which was to bring the Governor to that part of the State, Senator Higgins sent the Governor an invitation to be his guest for the night previous to his Little Valley engagement, and the Governor gave notice of his acceptance.

A number of prominent citizens assembled at the home of Senator Higgins the evening of Gov. Roosevelt's expected arrival, for the purpose of meeting him and welcoming him to the city of Olean. Senator Higgins with his private carriage, Mayor Franchot, with his carriage, and several city officials in carriages drove to the depot shortly before the train was due, to be in readiness to meet the Governor and give him proper escort to the Higgins residence.

In the eastern section of the city one Pelton conducted the business of junk dealing with that of keeping a saloon. It had been often facetiously remarked that every sign was suitable advertisements for his junk store, but if such remarks wounded the sensitive soul of the enterprising Pelton he succeeded in drowning his sorrow in the cup which cheers.

On the evening of the scheduled arrival of the Governor, Pelton, with a friend, had been drowning an enormous amount of grief, and perched upon the seat of one of his ancient and decrepit vehicles, was driving about the city, aimless and happy; when the procession of carriages on the way to the station to meet the Governor was discovered. A question to a bystander put him "next." A brilliant and daring scheme entered his benighted head. He at once made arrangements to carry it into execution.

When the train, with the Governor's private car attached, steamed into the station, the Pelton hack was in line with the other waiting carriages, and before Senator Higgins and his party could greet the arrival Pelton was escorting the Governor to the venerable ruin of a hack with the words:

"This is your carriage, Governor, all ready and waiting," and before the Higgins party could grasp the situation the rig was rattling up the street at a terrific pace, with the Governor inside and Pelton and his inebriated companion exulting upon the box. There was confusion at the station. The Senator and his friends were excited and alarmed. It looked very much like a premeditated abduction. Very soon they collected their senses sufficiently to enter their carriages and give chase, but the Pelton outfit had a good start, and before the pursuers could overtake the fugitives, Pelton had drawn up before the door of the Higgins residence, had escorted the Governor out of the hack, and with a flourish, a bow, the crack of his whip and a "good night, Governor," had driven rapidly away. There had been no unholy designs against the distinguished guest, but the Pelton livery wanted the honor of drawing the Governor—and it got it.

J. B.

We Used Unofficial Language.

WU TING-FANG, the Chinese Minister, was confronted for a time the other night with the alternative of missing the New England dinner, which he had come from Washington to attend, or appearing in a woman's décolleté silk evening gown instead of his own living silk robe.

As a consequence, the guests in the section of the hotel in which Wu was domiciled heard a choice and picturesque assortment of words in both Chinese and English volleying on the air as if from a rapid-fire gun. The Minister Wu was angry.

The oriental statesman is exact in all matters of dress. He had brought from Washington his very finest silk outer garment—one modeled on the same lines as the shirt of the American man. It was his gaily embroidered state robe—a thing of beauty—but it was sadly rumpled as a consequence of its trip to Philadelphia.

So this gorgeous article of apparel was given to the valet to be pressed, with strict orders to have it ready in time to permit the Minister to make his toilet for the dinner. The package was returned in time. The valet disappeared. So far all was lovely.

The critical moment arrived. The robe was shaken out by Wu. Then he tried to put it on. Something was wrong. He was caught and almost strangled in a wild of ruffles and chiffon. As he started to take off the queer newfangled thing, hooks caught in his queue and held him fast. Then Minister Wu used, it is related, words that are not in any dictionary, American or Chinese.

When disentangled he examined the garment. It was a woman's. That was sure. It was short at the top and long in the skirt. The Minister had seen women wear such out just so. Ordinarily he would have welcomed a chance to examine one of these creations, for he is always an eager seeker after knowledge. But time was

pressing. There was small opportunity to ask why. So he rang bells until the hall boys came in droves.

Explosively the guest explained that it was impossible to wear the garment sent him. It did not fit. His own must be produced at once. The exchange was made after some delay. With ruffled feelings, but outwardly immaculate, the Minister swept out of the hotel. He failed to explain when making his speech how it chanced that he was late at the New England dinner.—[Philadelphia North American.

Sultan Played a Joke on the Experts.

SOME medical experts at Constantinople were recently the victims of a practical joke played on them by the Sultan of Turkey. When the plague broke out in his capital the Sultan asked if anything was known as to the cause. On being informed that it was to be found in the state of the drinking water he called at once for six empty bottles, which he had filled in his presence, all from the same one of the palace wells, placed his own seal upon them, and then, without divulging their community of origin, handed all six to a prominent analyst. To his amazement the report sent in was that four of the samples contained plague microbes, the fifth was merely putrid water, and the sixth was quite pure. Abdul Hamid calmly shrugged his shoulders and kept his thoughts to himself.—[Cincinnati Enquirer.

Not Up to Date.

THOMAS M. PATTERSON, the new Senator from Colorado, is principally known in his State for the frequency with which he changes his politics. Within the last eight years he has been a Democrat, then a Populist, and then a Democrat again, besides supporting independent local tickets at various times in Denver. In Washington this winter they are telling a story of something that happened in Denver once. A young and green political canvasser had been put on to canvass the election district in which Mr. Patterson lived. He rang the bell of the magnificent Patterson home at the corner of Pennsylvania and Eleventh avenues, and of the sable servant who appeared demanded the name of the occupant.

"Mistah Tom Pattahson," responded the colored boy. "What are his politics?" asked the canvasser, adhering strictly to his list of printed questions.

"Why, lawza-massy, boss," said the serving man, "I don't know. He ain't been home since breakfast."—[New York Times.

Investments Were Permanent.

HERE is a story of the late Eugene Field that has never before been printed. With Mr. Field on the Chicago Record up to the time of the latter's death was William E. Curtis, known the world over as a wonderfully versatile newspaper correspondent. Being in Chicago on a visit once, he met Mr. Field, who had been "meeting up" with some friends, and was consequently financially short. It was but the work of a moment for Mr. Curtis to "stake" his old friend, and the two parted with the understanding that the fifty was to be returned the next day. But Mr. Field did not turn up, and Mr. Curtis was forced to leave Chicago without seeing him.

It chanced that Mr. Curtis did not visit Chicago again for a year or more, and when he called at the Record office he found Field busily engaged, but with the same old cordial welcome. In the course of the conversation it developed that Field had not yet repaid the loan, and he was overwhelmed with shame to think that he had neglected it. "I tell you, Bill," said Field, "I am so ashamed of the affair that I haven't the nerve to look you in the face. To think that I should neglect an old friend in that way! Dear, Dear! What must you think of me to behave like that?" "Oh, that's all right," said Curtis. "You can hand it to me before I go away again. Don't let a little thing like that worry you." And the two parted with the understanding that Curtis should call at the Record office the next day. Mr. Field was at the time running a column of wit and wisdom called "Sharps and Flats." The next morning, when Mr. Curtis opened his Record at breakfast, he looked over the "Sharps and Flats," and there he read this paragraph: "Mr. William E. Curtis, the talented and versatile correspondent of the Record in Washington; is in Chicago looking after his permanent investments." There was nothing doing in collection that day.—[New York Tribune.

A King's Back Answer.

LEOPOLD, King of the Belgians, was recently holding a conversation, after a public reception, with one of his familiars known to be on easy terms with the extreme sections of Socialists. "What impression," asked the King, laughingly, "do I make on the Socialists?"

"One of the leaders observed to me," was the reply, "that if you had not been King of the Belgians you might have been President of the Belgian republic."

"Thanks, very much," said the King with a laugh, "but tell me, you, who are a medical doctor, how would you like to be made a 'veterinary surgeon'?"—[London Answers.

Knew it All the Time.

A GENTLEMAN from one of the near-by States who was in Memphis last week told a good story which will illustrate the easy manner in which gossip may be started. He said that several years ago there was a minister of the gospel in his neighborhood who was noted for his piety. About two years ago there came a change, and the minister, whom we will call Rev. Mr. Jones, was transferred to a different part of the State. Only the day before he arrived in Memphis there had been another change, and Mr. Jones was given the chaplaincy of the State penitentiary.

That day, the Memphis visitor relates, he happened to run across one of the minister's old parishioners, and,

thinking he would be interested in the latter's good fortune, said:

"Say, Smith, did you hear that Rev. Mr. Jones had been sent to the penitentiary?"

"Good for him," responded Smith, laconically; "I always thought he would get there some day. He was always such an all-fired rascal when he was around here, I knew he would wind up behind the bars."

When his astonished informant remembered that Smith had been known as one of Dr. Jones's greatest henchmen he could hardly get up the courage to tell him of his error.—[Memphis Scimitar.

Glad When the End Came.

A MILWAUKEE divine tells this story on himself: In a celebrated eastern theological seminary it is or was the practice of the faculty to require the students to take turns in delivering sermons, a custom, by the way, to which, as a rule, the young aspirants for ecclesiastical honors did not take kindly.

Among those who attended the school was a young man who now occupies the pulpit of a well-known Methodist Church on the East Side, who, however, formed an exception to the rule above mentioned.

In the course of time it came his turn to speak. He prepared his discourse with great care, and when Sunday arrived he acquitted himself handsomely, everyone present listening to his words with marked attention.

At the conclusion of his remarks one of the professors mounted the rostrum and announced the hymn: "Hallelujah, 'tis done."—[Milwaukee Sentinel.

The Toast After the Soup.

PRESIDENT JAMES J. HILL of the Great Northern Railroad made a speech in 1892 at a banquet given in his honor by the pioneers of a hustling Puget Sound town through which his transcontinental road had recently staked out its right of way. The toastmaster was a novice in conducting an affair of such magnitude, and, aside from a feeling of insecurity in his ability successfully to carry the burden of responsibility thrust upon him, was decidedly uncomfortable in the presence of the great magnate. As the banqueters took their seats the toastmaster whispered to his nearest neighbor:

"Say, give me a tip when the time comes to toast President Hill."

Soup was served, and when the course had been partly disposed of the prompter gave the toastmaster a nudge. The good man immediately arose and presented President Hill. For an hour and fifteen minutes the Great Northern official addressed the board of hungry banqueters, telling them of the bright future in store for their town. All that time the chef was gnashing his teeth as he vainly tried to keep the remaining courses in edible condition.

The banqueters have long since forgiven President Hill for keeping them hungry; his words of assurance regarding the growth of the town are substantially backed up by the great industries lining its bay front and a population many times doubled. It is even strongly suspected that President Hill will make this energetic city the home port for his great steel ships now building for the Oriental trade.—[Philadelphia Post.

Modjeska and the Street Bard.

THE generosity and quick sympathy of Mme. Modjeska have brought to an Omaha hotel a familiar spirit from which the proprietor would be willing to free himself. The actress occupied a room on the north side and one bitterly cold afternoon she noticed a street musician on the pavement below laboriously seeking to tempt harmony from an ancient harp and money from the public purse. His fingers as they wandered uncertainly over the strings, were blue with cold. He was pitifully old and thinly clad.

For a long time Modjeska watched, but the passerby, hurrying along in furs and mufflers, paid no heed to the tattered cap. Then the actress sought her purse, and as the maid opened the window she emptied the dainty pouch at the old man's feet. The musician, amazed and grateful, gathered up the coins and played like mad until Modjeska sent her maid with another gift to bid the old man go home. The next day the aged Italian came again, and the Polish woman, herself also far from her native land, threw the man a coin and a cheering word. Each afternoon the harper came and never went away empty-handed. Life was beginning to look rosy to him in spite of the wintry winds. And then Modjeska went away. Each afternoon the old musician plays beneath the hotel windows. He hopes that the generous lady will some day come again. Less kindly ears were offended by the daily visitation and complaint was made to the proprietor. Modjeska had left money for her protégé to be doled out in pittance at a time. The landlord gave the money to the harper in a lump and ordered him away. But the musician plays on with dumb persistence. He does not know that this is Modjeska's last season.—[Chicago Tribune.

Puzzled the Englishman.

SIR THOMAS LIPTON has a friend, an Englishman, by birth and American by force of circumstances, who has been in this country long enough to absorb the American idea of humor. Last summer he was in London on a visit, and happening to have business with a man on an upper floor of a tall building, took the "lift" to reach his office. The elevator was one of those excessively deliberate British affairs, and its snail-like progress annoyed the Americanized Briton. The only other occupant of the car was a middle-aged Englishman, with a manner of peculiarly English seriousness. The man from America ventured to address him:

"I think I could make a great improvement in this lift," he said.

The Englishman looked seriously interested. "How?" he asked.

"Why," the other man went on, "I'd make it go faster by a simple little arrangement. I'd stop the lift altogether and move the building up and down."

The Englishman looked slightly more interested. "How?" he asked.—[Unidentified.

HOW THE ELDER LOST HIS BET.

By a Special Contributor.

JIM DEHUS, the big, boyish county Sheriff, leaped out of his buggy as he drove up to the door of the farmhouse, and springing up the steps swung Mabel into his arms, pressing his lips to her's repeatedly.

"There's one, because you're wearin' pink," he cried gaily, "and another, because it's my fav'rite color; and another, because today's Sunday; and another, because you're so pretty; and another—oh, another just because you are you!"

Laughing and protesting, the girl finally struggled from his bear-like hug. "Oh, Jim," she scolded in mock pettishness, while she smoothed down her ruffled boucles, "whatever does make you behave so? Suppose, some one should see us?"

"Who's to see? The old man's away. I met him down the road as I came along, an' he gave me a look 't d' sour sweet cream."

The Sheriff, be it understood, was old Simon Unger's pet aversion. Simon, being the chairman of the Republican County Committee, and the senior elder in Mt. Sinai Presbyterian Church, regarded Dehus, who in so far as he had any religious affiliations, was allied with the Methodists, and was in politics a Democrat, as a brand reserved for the burning. Insurmountable as were these objections, however, Unger cherished a deeper cause of complaint against the young official. Dehus had had the hardihood to woo the old man's only daughter, and to Simon's disgust Mabel had seen fit to look with favor on his suit. This added point to the old fellow's already sharp animosity.

"By the way," inquired Dehus, carelessly, of the girl, as they sat talking, "who was that cyfied chap I seen with your paw this afternoon?"

"Oh, he's from New York, says he's a cousin of George Story's, the cashier of the First National Bank up to town. He came here right after dinner today and told paw he wanted to buy a farm; so, paw took him over to show him that piece down beyond the big meadow."

"On Sunday!" ejaculated the Sheriff in amazement. Then he commenced to laugh. "What would the good brothers over at Mt. Sinai think of that?"

"I say so, too," responded Mabel, tossing her blonde curls. "Course, the man said he had to be getting back home tomorrow, and that it was now or never; but I don't see that that takes off any from the sin of it. Paw's awful religious when it comes to anybody else doing anything on a Sunday, but if it's him it's all right. He's even talking about making me stay home from the camp meetin' tonight. He says a Methodist camp meetin' ain't really no better than a county fair—just places for flirting and cutting up and all manner of Sabbath breaking."

"Sho!" commiserated Dehus. "The mean old hunk! Why, I've been bankin' for a week on us goin' there together. Joe Branson an' Kitty Reynolds an' Flo Thompson an' all the crowd's goin' to be there. Can't you git around him no way?"

"I'll see," she answered. "I won't say anything more about it till supper, and then I'll coax him hard. Maybe, if he makes a good sale to the stranger, he'll be in a better temper."

"Well, I'll come after you, anyway, on the chance," returned her lover, and then, with lingering farewells, he took his departure.

An hour or so later, old Simon came home, and announced that he was ready for the evening meal. He had hurried in once before, shortly after Dehus had left, and Mabel had heard him turning over some papers in his desk; but he had almost immediately hastened away again, without giving any explanation of his errand to the girl.

Now, as he came up on the porch, she noticed that he carried a small tin box under his arm, and had she observed him more closely, she would have discerned an undue elation in his manner, a greedy sparkle in his deep-set eyes, a suppressed excitement in his whole bearing.

He seemed to be afraid to trust the box out of his sight a single moment, even carrying it to the table with him and setting it beside his plate. Mabel was accustomed to his vagaries, however, and made no remark. In fact, supper was eaten almost in silence, Simon lost in contemplation of his acquisition, the girl cogitating how best to introduce anew the subject of the forbidden camp meeting.

Before she had her plea framed to her liking, the old man addressed her. "Mabel," he said, "git me the key to that little box, I keep my deeds and moggidges in."

Eager to please him, she hurried to get it, and then watched him curiously while he unlocked with it the box beside him. Unger raised the lid and peered in. At first a look of blank bewilderment came over his features; then, he commenced excitedly to scratch inside, using both hands to tear out the masses of crumpled paper which seemed its sole contents. Finally coming to a folded note, which lay upon the bottom, and hastily scanning it, he raised a pair of wild, haggard eyes to his daughter.

"I've been robbed!" he gasped.

"Robbed, paw?" cried Mabel in consternation.

"How?"

"That man Story buncoed me." He stammered in his excitement. "Damn him!"

Nothing could have brought home his calamity to Mabel like this. That he, the senior elder in Mt. Sinai Church, should break forth into profanity betokened a cataclysm in nature which she was powerless to meet.

Just then, however, she heard the grind of wheels upon the gravelly road without. "There's Jim, paw," she cried. "He'll help you." Rushing to the door, she

threw it open and a moment later Dehus strode into the room. As he beheld old Simon's expression he halted in amazement.

"For the land's sake, Mr. Unger!" he gasped. "What on earth's the matter?"

Simon, utterly frenzied by his loss, was unable to answer. It was Mabel who gave the desired information. "Paw's been robbed," she said.

The Sheriff was all interest now. The merriment had faded from his gray eyes; they had become as cool and steady as steel. He saw that there was work ahead for him tonight. "Robbed?" he said. "What'd they git?"

The matter of fact, official tone in a measure brought the old man to himself. "What'd they git?" he shrieked. "What'd they git?" Then, impressively and laying full stress upon each separate word: "Seven—thousand—dollars."

"Good Lord!" ejaculated Dehus. "Who done it? Tell me the whole story—and be quick."

"It was that cousin of George Story's—damn him!" commenced the victim. In his close attention Dehus failed to remark the unaccustomed expletive. "He told me 't he wanted to look at a farm; and as he was pressed for time, I consented. I guess it's a judgment on me for breakin' the Sabbath," he interpolated sadly.

"Yes, yes. Go on," urged the listener.

"Well, I seen he was pretty green—leastways, I thought he was—so I ast him seven thousand for that 60-acre piece along the creek 't gits overflowed every spring. I could see that he was a jumpin' at the price; but, to be smart, he tried to ding me down to sixty-five hundred. While we was standin' there in the road dickerin', along come a lightnin'-rod agent. I never put eyes on him 't I know of before; but he seemed to know me all right. 'Don't fool your time away with that there feller, Mr. Unger,' he says. 'I don't believe he's got no seven thousand,' says he."

"Well, sir, that made the first feller jest hoppin' mad. 'What call have you got to be mixin' in this fur?' he asts. Then the two of 'em got to arguin' and a-spattin' 'round there, until purty soon Story got so riled he pulled a big wad o' bills out of his pocket, and commenced a-countin' 'em over. While he was doin' it, I kep' tally, an' I observed that the seven thousand he claimed was in the roll was short jest one \$100 bill. I didn't say nothin', though."

"When he was certain 't he was right, he went up to the lightnin'-rod agent, who he hadn't let see the countin', an' he says kind o' brash like: 'I'll jest bet you 't I've got seven thousand in this wad.'"

"The lightnin'-rod man, he weakened, but 'bout that time I was gittin' interested myself. 'I ain't no gambler' man, Mr. Story, I says, 'but if you want to make that offer good, I'll bet you seven thousand.'"

"'Are you crazy, man?' says Story. 'You seen me count it.'"

"I don't care," says I, 'I'd jest as leaf give seven thousand' to you as to the next man.'"

"Well, the lightnin'-rod man he took me aside an' he begged me not to do it, an' Story, he said it wasn't sportsmanlike to bet on a sure thing, an' 't he didn't want to rob me, but I knowed what I'd seen an' finally I prevailed."

"Old fool!" seemed to be breathed upon the circumambient air in the tones of Mr. Dehus; but if Simon heard it, he gave no sign.

"I had \$8000 here in the house, I was calculatin' to deposit tomorrow, so I comes over an' slips off 70 o' them hundred-dollar bills an' hurries back, afeared all the time that Story'd change his mind afore I could git there."

"So that was what you wanted when you came home in such a rush 's afternoon," put in Mabel with sudden enlightenment.

Simon paid no heed to the interruption. "We had some arguin' about the way the bet should be decided," he continued, "but finally it was arranged that each of us was to put our seven thousand in a tin box that the lightnin'-rod man happened to have in his rig. Then, he bein' a disinterested party, was to lock it up, givin' me the box an' Story the key. It was agreed that I sh'd take the box to the bank tomorrow, and when we was both there, George Story was to open it. If there was \$14,000 in it, Story was to get it all; if there was a cent less it was to come to me."

"Well, sir, I come home with that box, an' I never doubted no more than nothin' that there was \$13,900 in it; but I thought I'd like to count it afore I went to bed, so I opened it, an' look! Here his voice rose to a wall. 'Look what I found! Nothin' but a mass o' paper, an' this here letter.'"

He fished in the piled up mass upon the table until he produced the scrap of note-paper, which he handed to Dehus. On it was scrawled:

"Simon Unger—You have been buncoed good and proper. You stand no chance of getting your money back, so the best thing you can do is to say nothing. If you squeal you will only make yourself a laughing-stock for the whole community. Yours truly,

THE THIEVES."

The Sheriff studied the missive a moment with pursed up brows. "What'd the men look like?" he questioned keenly. "I seen that Story with you 's afternoon, but I didn't pay no p'tic'lar 'tention to him."

"Well, one of 'em—that's Story—was tall an' slim," hesitated the old man, "with a black mustache—"

"Oh, no, paw," interrupted Mabel. "He had a brown mustache and a little brown goatee."

"An' blue eyes," continued Simon.

"Brown," corrected the girl.

"An' black clo'es."

"Bine with a thin white stripe in 'em. I noticed particular, 'cause it's almost the same goods Flo Thompson got for her summer skirt."

"What kind of a shirt, shoes, ties, watch chain?" plied the Sheriff.

"Oh, I don't know," responded the old man, peevishly. "I don't take no stock o' such things. 'Sides, what good is it all goin' to do? The thieves is gone."

"But I am going to try and catch them. Mr. Unger," put in Dehus, patiently.

"You!" scornfully. "Them fellers is too sharp fer you,

my laddybuck. Thieves 't can fool old Simon—that a-way ain't goin' to wait fer no Methodists' crat to put salt on their tails."

A twinkle of amusement flashed into the Sheriff's gray eyes as he took a quick determination with apparent unconcern, he said "Oh, well, if that way you feel about it there's no use wastin' any time. Come on, Mabel; if we don't be gettin' to meetin', we'll be late."

The girl looked up at him in quick surprise, really intend to desert her father in so grievous a time. His eyes were answering and questioning her at the same time. Would she trust him, they said; would she share a risk which promised success, but which might result in failure? Without a word, she picked up her hat, and together they started for the door.

Old Simon stood fairly aghast at this abandonment. He had never for a moment supposed that the girl would take his words literally. Yet here he was deserting him, and not only that, but taking his old man's daughter with him. "Mabel," roared he, "You come back here, I forbid you to go with that awag."

Dehus was assisting the girl into his buggy, her father. "Pay no attention to him," he whispered. "It's for his sake I'm takin' you along."

Turning her head she smiled trustingly up at him, clambered into the vehicle. A second later Dehus leaped in beside her. A sharp cut of the whip, a clatter of the reins and his feet-footed mare was speeding down the roadway—out under the trees which now stood and ghostlike in the dusky grove—while fainter and fainter behind them came the storm of obnoxious abuse that the old man was pouring out from dogstep.

It is a good eight miles from Simon Unger's grove where the camp meeting was in progress, by the time they came in sight of the place, and its glaring lamps casting vivid shadows among the trees and rows of Chinese lanterns, leading a festival aspect, he snapped open his watch. "Forty minutes," he nonchalantly. "Not so bad for the old mare, my heavy buggy and two people."

Only once had they stopped, and that was for a minute at a wayside hostelry known as the Shrivert, about half a mile before they reached the grove. Dehus had sprung out, hurried up to the desk, and glancing at the register, held a brief whispered conference with the clerk. Then he came out, resumed his seat in the buggy, and without any explanation had driven on.

As they approached the camp meeting he allowed foaming horse to drop into a walk. The scene was plainly visible to them now—the people walking in under the trees in couples or in groups; the big platform at the other end in a blaze of light, where the exhorters and the choir were in full swing; the men auditors extending back from this; the women seated on benches with its occupants; the squeaky notes of a gideon; the hoarse cries of the refreshment vendors; the gate; and around all, like the stockade around a laager, was a line of vehicles and horses hitched up in encircling fence.

"Don't take off your veil, and stick close to me," muttered Dehus to Mabel, after he had picked up the blanket the mare. Then he led her a long and narrow chase about the grounds; but nowhere did he strike gravel for his paws.

He and Mabel found themselves at last standing on the outskirts of the worshiping assemblage. The porter was in the full tide of his eloquence. "And my brethren—ah," he was vociferating. "I say to you—ah, that you must—ah, become as one of these little ones—ah—"

Mabel suddenly clutched Dehus by the sleeve. "She whispered, breathlessly, 'there's the man that bed paw—the one up on the mourners' bench with his face in his hands. I know him by his blue suit with white stripe in it.'"

The Sheriff pushed hastily forward through the throng, the girl following close behind him. Just as two people rose from the bench directly back of the quarry and he could not afford to overlook the opportunity. Barring the rush for the vacant place, his strong right arm, he thrust Mabel into one of the seats and took the other himself.

When the stir caused by their intrusion had subsided Dehus leaned forward until his lips were on a level with the ear of the man in the blue suit.

"Mr. Story?" he murmured inquiringly.

There was no change in the attitude of the man, but the Sheriff's glance intercepted a quick tremor in the little man's jaw. The little man sitting next to him stealthily slid his hand toward his hip.

Dehus touched him on the arm. "I wouldn't," he sternly. "I have you both covered from my coat pocket. Hands up!"

The men were old at their trade, and they recognized that the game was up; but the taller was not without element of grim humor. Besides, time might help to create a turmoil in that crowded assemblage would be fatal. "Pray," he muttered to his companion, "put your soul, your miserable sinner!" At the same time he clasped his hands above his head in an attitude of supplication. Quick to seize the cue, his associate immediately followed suit.

The exhorter observed their action. "Glory! Glory!" he shouted. "You are comin' through brothers! Pray! The grace of the Lord will prevail! Even then your sins be as scarlet—"

The Sheriff chuckled with satisfaction. It was while, playing a hand with clever rogues like this, consequently there was something almost like delight in his tone as he repeated his question: "Mr. Story?"

The thief still sparrowed for wind. His expectations of escape were of the slightest, but nevertheless it was one of the rules of the game. His face was an expression of Christian forbearance as he turned to this questioner who so persistently disturbed his devotions.

"You are mistaken, brother," he whispered.

"My name is Henderson."

"Henderson, tonight, maybe," rejoined Dehus.

January 26, 1902.]

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"Now, this afternoon down at old Simon Unger's," "We are you?" whispered the other sulkily.

Dehus jerked back his coat and revealed his badge, "The Sheriff of the county." Then in quick, business-like manner: "Now, if you'll kindly tell me where old Simon Unger's money is, I'll relieve you of the bother of looking after it."

"I haven't got it."

Dehus's face became adamant. "You lie. If you want to keep out of trouble, you'll tell me; and you'll tell me quick."

The man studied him a moment through half-closed eyes. "I pass," he said sullenly. "Right inside coat pocket."

"That," said Dehus in commiserating tones, "my hands are otherwise engaged. Will you give this poor fellow a hymn-book—and," he added, "at the same time take that bundle out of his pocket. Don't you move a foot, you dog," he hissed, "or I'll blow the top of your head off."

The girl tremblingly, but skillfully complied, and a moment later the transfer was effected.

"That it," commanded Dehus, still keeping a watchful eye upon the man. The exhorter had passed them by the present, and, was haranguing a group upon the other side of the stage. The auditors, even those directly in the neighborhood, were ignorant of the little interlude enacted before their eyes, so interested were they in the proceedings upon the platform, and so quietly had it all been carried through.

Under the cover of her fan, Mabel was rustling the book. Twice she made the count; then, she announced the result in a tense whisper: "Seven thousand dollars."

"Good enough," responded Dehus, taking the roll from her and placing it in his bosom. "Now, gentlemen, whenever you get through prayin', you can go; but," he turned, "see that you are well out of this county before sun-up tomorrow mornin'."

Almost incredulous of their good fortune in getting out so easily, the two scrambled to their feet and rushed tumultuously from the scene. The exhorter gazed after them in stupefied amazement. He had thought himself secure in those two conversions.

A few minutes later old Simon arrived at the grove. He spoke up to a group where Dehus and his daughter were just parting, and, seizing the girl by the arm, started to drag her away. "You come along with me, girl," he said wrathfully. "I'll show you that you can't deny your parents what raised you in God-fearin' homes, an' go tartin' off to monkey shows with every woman's whelp 't comes along!"

Dehus hurried after them, "Oh, Mr. Unger!" he cried, "Don't you think you had better take your money along with you?" He drew forth the package of greenbacks and handed it to the old man.

For the second time that night Simon was dumfounded. He stood there shaking and trembling, unable to realize this sudden reversal of fortune's wheel. "Why—what?" he stammered.

Dehus laughed. "He was proud of his achievement and he showed it. 'When I seen that letter from the grove,' he began exultantly, 'I recognized right away that the paper it was wrote on come from Shriver's Inn. I knowed that they had been puttin' up there. It was to reason that they'd left some traps there behind 'em; that they'd go back there fur 'em; but likewise I knowed to reason that they wouldn't stay long, fur they knowed they couldn't trust you not to open that box for very long, anyway.'

"So, where was the safest place fur 'em to go? He was aware that a couple o' strangers travelin' alone in the evening would be spotted on the road in half an hour, and that all the little towns fur fifty miles around would be on the lookout fur 'em."

"So here was this camp meetin' close at hand where they would think of searchin' fur 'em, an' where they could hide in the crowd until after midnight, when they'd have a clear road, an' could get away without trouble. At least I figured it out that way, an' I brought Mabel along to pick the fellers out, 'cause I know you was so crazy you wouldn't be as much use as a body."

"As you see, my calculation was all right. I only missed it on one point. If it hadn't been fur Mabel, I'd never 'a thought o' lookin' fur 'em on the mourners' bench. That was jest one place where they was sharper 'n I was."

"But where are the rascals?" inquired the old man. "Where you arrested 'em?"

"No, Mr. Unger," confessed Dehus. "I s'pose I done wrong, but I didn't. You see I got to thinkin' how if he was arrested, it would all come out in the trial and in the newspapers that you was so graspin' fur money."

The old man winced—"t you allowed yourself to do that on a Sunday; an' t you justly got took in; an' t you regardin' it as a judgment on you fur your doin' an' a thankin' the Lord fur the lesson, how you used an' raved an' swore—an' all them things wouldn't be well, you know. Not for the senior elder in Mt. Zion Church, an' the chairman of the Republican committee—nor funder 'n that, in my father-in-law," added Dehus mischievously. "You see I've got a little family pride, if you hain't."

Old Simon glanced up quickly from under his heavy eyebrows. Then a wintry smile broke over his stern countenance. "Well," he said ruminatively, "p'raps it was the wisest thing to let 'em go—all things considered. Maybe this'll be a lesson to 'em; let us hope so, anyway."

"Yes," put in Mabel, dutifully, "shall I go home with you?"

"No," responded the old man. "You can come with me. I 'low he can manage you better 'n I can."

CHARLES C. WADDLE.

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Food prices have risen and the productiveness of the Belgian hare has not yet knocked down the conditions for beef and mutton. Why not try the jack-o'-lantern?—[New York Tribune.]

THE CHORUS GIRL.

DIVIDED INTO TWO CLASSES BY THE
MANAGER FOR COMIC OPERA.

By a Special Contributor.

SO LONG as footlights twinkle and curtains rise and fall the chorus girl will be enveloped in a glamour peculiar to herself. The offices of New York theatrical managers fairly teem with material of a romantic flavor, for here the chorus girl, real or potential, makes her plea.

These stories are extremely human, because there is no branch of artistic labor that draws on the hearts, the humors, the feelings of its people so strongly as the theatrical profession. Even the managers, commercial to their finger tips, acquire something of the unusual excitement and tension which is part of the correct temperament for an actor. However, the object of this article is not to analyze the psychology of dramatic art, but to illustrate the practical conditions which confront girls who come to New York with the intention of getting on the stage—of becoming real actresses.

When I recall the numerous and varied incidents encountered during my theatrical connection as a scribbler I am always tempted to moralize with these young women, but my greatest effort would count as naught against the glitter of spangles, the sheen of silks and satins and the beautifying result of grease paints.

The theater is not a frivolous institution, nor is it conducted by human monsters who desire only the utter demoralization of the men and women employed on its stage; but it does serve as an opportunity for encouraging all the vanities and follies born in some women.

The great majority of girls seeking positions in New York are pretty, belles in their native towns, perhaps, and all hoping to shine in burlesque or light opera.

They bring a few clothes, a few dollars, a pretty face, figure or voice, and trust to finding a place among the thousand young women employed each season in the chorus, ballet and ensemble of comic opera, burlesque or musical comedy. They eventually drift into boarding-houses of the cheaper classes, which in themselves exert a more mischievous influence than does life behind the scenes.

Soon they find their way to Broadway, where the ragged edge of propriety is plainly evident, and where the "great" and the "little" actor, the prima donna and the chorus girl brush past each other in the scurry of that broad way to histrionic fame.

Individual statistics gathered from managers who organize musical companies show that fewer girls born in New York apply for positions than from any other city. The West and New England send the largest quota, and the South comes next in the list. Canada and Nova Scotia provide a few. The New York girl is so worldly wise when she reaches her teens that she either enters business or tries to solve the matrimonial problem.

The graduate or student in the dramatic school does not adopt this method of acquiring a foothold in the profession. She has her eye on the "legitimate." It is acknowledged that the musical organization appeals most strongly to the inexperienced girl suffering with stage fever.

The combined weight of gray matter in the chorus of a musical comedy, for instance, would scarcely suffice to make a passably good legitimate actress. There are a few instances, but very few, where prima donnas have risen from the chorus, but because Providence had given them the voice.

There are also instances where chorus girls become famous, not because of their profession, but in spite of it. They make brilliant marriages or discover the existence of other talents improperly applied in the first place.

The girl divinely molded, of generous proportions—the tall, athletic girl—has the best prospects in musical companies. She requires neither education, voice nor reputation to secure an engagement, and once having gotten it, she promptly finds herself in the front row, where, admired by men, young and old alike, she can modestly cry, with Monte Cristo, "The world is mine!"

Sometimes the "star" selects the front row, sometimes the manager, but the manager always keeps an eye on it.

When Anna Held organized her company for "The Little Duchess" she personally superintended the selection of the "beauties" for the chorus, and as an expert in seeing true beauty from a classic standpoint, she has no rival. I saw her select two young women in the famous fencing chorus and she began this way:

"I don't think either of you is very pretty, but—how do you make up?"

Having been on the stage before, they carried photographs in costume which secured them the engagement temporarily.

I saw them later at a dress rehearsal and scarcely knew them, they looked so pretty.

Beauty on and off the stage are different propositions.

"You know I divide 'em into two kinds," explained a stage manager.

"I thought there were more than that."

"Maybe so, but I divide 'em in just two, the chorus girls and the show girls."

"And the chorus girl—"

"All I ask her to do is to sing. I don't care how unattractive she is. I don't care whether the show girl can sing a note. I don't care if she can't even talk, but she must look like the handsomest thing made—in woman's—see?"

He grabbed one gorgeous young woman by the arm. She was dressed in diamonds, sealskin and sables, but she turned obediently, flattered at the attention.

"Now, there's a show girl," continued the manager, swinging her around till the bunch of light fell on her face.

"And where did you come from?" I asked.

"From Louisville. I'm a Southern girl," she replied

in a tone of obedience, for she was under the stage manager's eye, and he was an autocrat. I wanted to question her further, but the autocrat patted her kindly on her sealskin back and pushed her gently into the crowd, saying:

"That'll do, and mind, now, you don't give out no pictures to the newspapers till I've seen 'em." And he faded away into the bevy of feminine charmers.

"That's the girl to show off our handsome costumes." Then he summoned another girl, tall, slender and more quietly gowned.

"Now, I call her a chorus girl, 'cause she can only sing. I don't care if they never see her from the front," continued the autocrat.

"And where do you come from?" I asked her.

"Cleveland, Ohio," came the faint reply.

"Been on the stage long?"

"Two years—"

"Everybody implicated in this act, attend to business!" yelled the stage manager, and the rehearsal is on.

Sitting on an old wooden table, her feet on a chair, her elbows on her lap and her chin resting on them, is a little girl about sixteen, who, a few weeks ago, was sent from a near-by town by the priest of her own church. Persuaded that she would be a great singer, they contributed a few hundred dollars for her studies in New York.

After taking a few lessons her resolve to work patiently broke down, the money spent, she has drifted into one of those cheap boarding-houses which demoralize so many good ambitions, and from that to the stage. The kind priests should have known better.

She is too young for positive beauty, but she gives promise of being—a show girl some day, and if she does not ruin her voice she will develop into a fine singer. But the chorus of a burlesque is the last place for talented young girls with good voices and who are not worldly wise. Her salary may be ten or twelve dollars a week, and she just "alls in" the stage. She secured the engagement by letters from a politician more or less celebrated for his unscrupulousness and his influence with city officials.

There are some cases where young girls go from one theater to another asking for engagements, and securing them on merit, but usually it is "quid pro quo," through introduction, influence or "pull."

Sitting one day in George M. Lederer's outer office I watched a young woman clinging to her music roll and nervously buttoning and unbuttoning her gloves. After she had tried to read a paper upside down she broke the ice.

"Will you tell me what I'm going to do?" she asked ingenuously.

"I'll try," I answered, sensing the facts in the case.

"I want an engagement and how am I to get it?"

"What can you do?"

"I can sing, at least I have been told so. I began as a concert singer—"

"Yes?"

"Yes, I got up a concert at Mendelssohn hall. It cost me all the money I had and the newspaper/notices—were bad. Out West they told me I had a great voice."

A little sob rose in her throat.

"And you hadn't?" I asked gently.

"The papers said children should be seen and not heard. What am I to do?"

"Keep on applying until you get in somewhere."

"That sounds well. I don't suppose Lederer will even see me." (I knew he wouldn't because he was not engaging anyone just then.)

"I'm going round to the H— theater. They are sending out an opera company. But it's a hard drop from concert to chorus." And she slitted away.

The height of the chorus girl's ambition is to get a place at the Casino or Weber & Field's, where a season's run may be counted upon. At the latter house one day in each week is set aside for seeing applicants. No list of names and addresses is kept, because according to Julian Mitchell, the stage manager, it is utterly impossible to keep track of them.

"You see, with us," he explained, "it is largely a matter of fitting the girl to the costume; that is, after the production is in running order. The only way a girl can get in is through the falling out of some one else; then the newcomer must fit her predecessor's costume. I always tell the girls to call once a week, and if there's a vacancy I'll see them. I report to Messrs. Weber and Field, and on Thursdays they make a business of selecting girls they may need. It is difficult to get in, for the waiting list is very long."

Bonnie Maginn, whose dancing has delighted patrons of this house, told me that she got her engagement with Weber & Field when she was only fifteen. She attended a rehearsal with a friend, quite by accident. She had come from the West with a company that had failed, and she was leaving her home that same night. But at rehearsal an opening came—and she has never gone West.

"And what is your ambition?" I inquired.

"I want to be a Fay Templeton," she said earnestly, "but it seems such a long way off. Although I began at a small salary, I have now been here five years and am earning about a hundred dollars a week."

But Bonnie Maginn is an exception. The usual rise of the chorus girl is less rapid, and the career of the "show girl" is quite a different story.

PENDENNIS.

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FASHIONS FOR YOUNG GIRLS.

Low-cut gowns are not appropriate for a girl until she is in society, but her party dresses should be made with unlined gimpes of lace or chiffon, and the sleeves may be long or short. The more simply a young girl is dressed the better she looks, and there is no greater mistake than loading her frocks with expensive materials and heavy trimmings. The same rule applies to hats as does to clothes—a girl's hat should always be simple in effect. The rough beavers, the corduroys for general wear, and the velvet hats are best and smartest this season. A black hat looks well with everything, and is a good investment. It may be trimmed with ostrich tips, but not with ostrich feathers, which are quite too old in effect for a young girl.—[Harper's Bazar.]

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Effort to Secure a Reservation for Wild Animals.

TO SAVE THE BISON.

"BUFFALO" JONES WILL APPEAL TO CONGRESS FOR A CONCESSION IN NEW MEXICO.

From a Special Correspondent.

TOPEKA, Jan. 21.—"Buffalo" Jones will spend the winter in Washington in an endeavor to have Congress set aside a reserve for the North American wild animals, particularly the bison, which is now almost extinct. The preserve is to be located in New Mexico and comprises a tract of high-rolling uplands twelve miles square. It is fit for nothing else on account of the lack of water. Jones's idea is to get his water supply by means of a new-fangled windmill which he has invented.

In the event that the government gives him the right to establish and use the preserve for an indefinite length of time, Jones will place not less than seventy full-blood buffalo on it. He does not ask for a regular land grant. In fact, he wants the government to retain title to the preserve. All he wants is a long-time lease on the land and he is willing to compensate the government for it. He will agree to develop the buffalo herd until there are 100 buffalo cows in it and to maintain that number of cows, at least, as long as the reserve is used by him. He also agrees to give the government two buffalo a year for the national park. This alone would be equivalent to about \$1200 a year rental.

No hunter in the world has ever killed more buffalo than "Buffalo" Jones. He got his name on account of being the greatest buffalo hunter of America. He used to kill them by the hundred for their hides for robes. He made thousands of dollars out of it. But when the buffalo began to disappear he repented and now he is that animal's best friend. He realized that, unless they were protected by some one, it would be only a matter of a few years until the buffalo would be extinct. So he established a buffalo ranch at Garden City, Kan., and corralled as many buffalo as possible and domesticated them. A few years ago that ranch proved too small and he went in with Charles Goodnight and established the famous Goodnight ranch in Texas. The buffalo herd was moved down there, where it still remains. In the meantime, the wild buffalo had disappeared. Only one or two now roam at large. They are at Lost Park, Colo.

"Buffalo" Jones realized that, by in-breeding, the few remaining buffalo on his ranch would, in the course of a few years, destroy the last of the kind, and he decided to do some experimenting. He crossed the buffalo with the black native cattle. The new race resulting from the cross is known as the catalo. On the Goodnight ranch there are more than 100 head of catalo. Jones exhibited a catalo robe at the meeting of the Kansas Board of Agriculture last week, and the delegates were amazed. The fur is long and as soft as beaver. Instead of the coarse hair on the shaggy neck and shoulders of the bison the catalo robe has hair the same length all over.

Unlike many other hybrids, a catalo cow is as fertile

as its ancestors. One of them has raised eight calves in the past seven years. These animals have been bred back until the latest progeny are fifteen-sixteenths buffalo. The three-quarter bloods furnish the best robes, while the quarter bloods are the most promising from the standpoint of beef production. These animals, no matter how little buffalo blood runs through their veins, take all the habits of the buffalo.

"Buffalo" Jones says that the Creator, after surveying the landscape o'er, found no animal that could stand the blizzards of the American desert or the Texas sierras, so he brought into existence the buffalo, and whispered into his ear not to tramp out the short grass of the plains. For this reason, he says, the buffalo, in his palmy days, when allowed to pursue his own way, always traveled single file, like the Indian. In moving from one section of the country to another, the buffalo always used the old beaten paths. In this way the short grass was not tramped out. Water being scarce, the buffalo did not pollute it. Neither did he pollute his paths. This is why he never had foot-and-mouth disease, but was always healthy. A catalo, on an average, weighs about 300 pounds more than the native steer. It carries more than 100 pounds of meat in its hump, which is equal to the best porterhouse steak. The hams are light, unless the cattle strain predominates. These animals live and keep fat on pastures on which native cattle would starve. They never gulp down any poisonous weeds, and are always in perfect health.

After saving the buffalo from extermination, "Buffalo" Jones panted for other animals to conquer, so in 1897 he started alone to the Arctic regions after the most remote animal in the world—the musk ox. He captured five alive and turned his face southward, leading his captives tied to his dog sled. Day after day he plodded along, traveling and sleeping in the day time and fighting off the Arctic wolves at night. The Indians and Eskimos had warned him repeatedly not to attempt to take any musk ox out of those regions alive. They believed that if any were taken out they would be damned in the eyes of the Creator. They are a superstitious as well as religious people. But Jones heeded not their warning. One morning when he awoke, he was horrified to find his five musk ox dead with their throats cut. The natives had followed him and put into execution their threats.

Recently a musk ox was brought by a whaler and sold to a Chicago man. The new owner didn't know whether it was a musk ox or not. He was afraid that he had been gold bricked. He wired "Buffalo" Jones to meet him at the Santa Fe train at Topeka a few days ago to identify the animal. Jones met him and announced it a genuine musk ox. It was then christened "Olive Jones," after the daughter of "Buffalo" Jones. If Jones gets his government reserve, he will try to get specimens of all the wild animals of the North American continent, such as musk ox, elk, deer, reindeer and mountain sheep to put on the ranch along with the buffalo and catalo.

"Buffalo" Jones never tires of talking about his adventures

on the plains in the Arctic regions.

The first time he ever saw a herd of buffalo, he was about twenty old bulls. The gentleman with Shultz, first noticed them coming toward him, crept out of his camp in a shallow buffalo wallow, to lie very close to the ground to prevent them from seeing him. Mr. Shultz was an experienced hunter, and he was possessed of good guns; but before they came within 300 yards of where we were, he came to my partner in a whisper: "Let us come close to the monsters; if they will let us alone, we will go by." Mr. Shultz smiled as I trembled. I had never hit a whole flock of bays 200 feet away. Buffalo grazed along, coming so close that a mouthful of grass they gathered I could hear from their nostrils, and their teeth grinding. They appeared to me hideous monsters. They were too near for comfort, and I shut my eyes, scarcely daring to breathe, when suddenly a charge of thunder came the report of a gun, and I was paralyzed. Mr. Shultz had fired at the leader of the herd. His gun was about as large as a small cannon. The charge was terrific. When silence was again discovered that at least one buffalo couldn't be "worth a cent."

During his hunting trip in the Arctic regions, Jones had many exciting experiences. He sometimes usually try to rob a white man of all his goods. If he will stand his ground at the very outset, he will conquer them. They pass it along the line ahead of that he is either an "easy mark" or a "hard mark." "easy mark" soon finds himself destitute, but a "hard mark" has no trouble. "Giving to them," said Jones, "not by any means end with the act; you are visited by the whole of the tribe who may hang in the neighborhood of your camp, and then are persistent in their claim for alms than were the callers."

"They possess, however, some commendable qualities which could be emulated at times by the white race to its advantage. They will divide a morsel of food with each other, and none are ever hungry so long as there is a bite left in the pot. I have seen them so fearfully in want of food that they would watch for a dog to scavenge. He had buried for future use, and choke him. I dropped it on the ground, when they would come among those who stood about them. If one had anything, they all have, which proves that they are free from selfishness as they are from cleanliness."

"The natives seldom, if ever, get a taste of meat or vegetables, and when they do regard them as the greatest luxury. A simple biscuit is a rare treat to them."

"In religion they are generally claimed by the Catholics, but some have been taught the Protestant

KING
OF THE
HERD.

BUFFALO JONES.

CATALO HERD IN SUMMER

I am inclined to think, however, that they have but a limited idea of holy things, save what has been impressed upon them by the traditions of the tribe—that is, death, for good Indians, there is a 'Great Spirit' and a 'happy hunting ground.' Many of them may be said to cross themselves and mutter some 'pater' or 'nihil' on a Sabbath morning, after which the men take their guns and go hunting, or occupy the remainder of the day in their usual routine of idleness. Many of them pay an annual visit to the Catholic priest stationed at some Hudson Bay Company's post, to have their record of wickedness for the past year wiped out. They marry and are given in marriage, but are never divorced, and, as far as I can learn, are considered virtuous; but this applies only to those who have remained in their primitiveness and remote from civilization. There are many widows and orphans among the tribes. The widows never marry again, and it is the duty of their relatives to take care of them, but I noticed they were compelled to perform most of the work."

PHIL S. CREAGER.

SINGULAR VERB.

IT MUST BE USED WITH UNITED STATES, SAYS HOUSE COMMITTEE.

[Washington Correspondence Chicago Tribune:] The House Committee on the Revision of Laws in the course of some tinkering with the statutes, ran up against the question of proposition whether a singular or plural verb goes with the United States. There was much discussion among the members, and the worshippers of the Constitution, quoting from that instrument, had much the best of the argument, when it was suggested that the committee consult any authority on the subject that could be found.

Accordingly the librarian of Congress, the Supreme Court officials and others were asked to throw light on the matter. The result showed that while the Constitution and nearly all the laws, documents and messages in the early days of the republic used the plural verb, the tendency had been steadily toward the singular

ACCIDENTAL ALPHABET.

A WOODSMAN'S CURIOUS COLLECTION OF CUTTINGS.

From a Special Correspondent.

TACOMA (Wash.) Jan. 20.—E. K. Lambert, a woodsman residing at Elma in this State, possesses one of the most unique curiosities which will be exhibited next year at the St. Louis Exposition. For three years he has been laboring with tireless watchfulness to secure each of the letters of the English alphabet from the accidental growth shapes he could find in the woods. He has two or three each of the letters and is able to form one first-class and almost perfect lot of twenty-six letters from his complete collection.

Three years ago Mr. Lambert found his first letter A. It was very large, weighing over one hundred pounds. He cut it down but was unable to carry it out of the woods. This letter was a vine-maple growth and so well formed that a person could not detect where the cross joined the other parts of the letter. This letter was found three miles east of Elma in a logging camp where Lambert was then employed. This discovery gave Lambert the idea and he then and there determined to find the whole alphabet. As fast as he found a letter thereafter he studied the nature of the tree, endeavoring to ascertain how it grew into fantastic shapes and investigate also the relation of the soil to such growth. This study has been carried so far that Lambert now considers himself able to tell by merely glancing at a tree whether it is worth while to search among its roots or branches for a letter. In this connection Lambert says that he has always been a lover of nature, having become a student of natural history during his boyhood while residing on the muddy banks of the Missouri in Iowa. From Iowa he moved to the Rocky Mountain region in Colorado, where nature displays its

HOW BIRDS LEARN TO SING.

EXPERIMENTS TO DISCOVER WHETHER A PARTICULAR SONG IS HEREDITARY.

[Chicago Tribune:] One of the most entertaining of bird problems has recently been illuminated by Prof. Scott of Princeton University.

The problem which ever since the creation of an ornithologist, and perhaps before, has been a pet matter of interest to every lover of birds is the question of how the rare little vocalists learn to sing.

The two mooted points in bird voice culture have been the trite vexations of heredity and environment. Some ornithologists have always claimed that the birds learned to sing by pure imitation of their elders, while others have avowed that they are impelled to sing by their natural instincts, and that environment has nothing to do with ornithological music. Between these two widely divergent views, Dr. Scott has found the common-sense golden mean. He has proved by his experiments that birds isolated from their fellows can develop a song of their own—that is to say, they have the natural inheritance of a song instinct—but when isolated the song has peculiarities of its own, is an entirely new note, thus proving that the precise character of a bird song is largely a matter of imitation of associates, the distinctive warble of any one bird family being a matter of transmission, and sort of heirloom or tradition which is passed down from one generation to the other.

Innate Predisposition in Song.

This conclusion is additionally confirmed by experiments with birds which were isolated from all of their kind save those who had previously been set apart and originated a song of their own. Under these conditions the new birds who are placed with them acquire the new song, and do not sing the traditional family notes. They have the innate proclivities for singing, and they take their song from those around them.

These late experiments of Dr. Scott merely present old facts with new faces; for every day the same processes are taking place in the bird world, as any observer of the feathered vocalists can testify. The songs of birds are like the doing of children, "endless imitation," as Wordsworth put it. Parrots and mockingbirds are only the most familiar instances of many similar manifestations of this fact. Those who love all birds and study them with an intelligent and observing eye have long known how many feathered mimics and impersonators there are. Linnets, buntings, thrushes, the picturesque paradise bird, the little everyday golden mite of a canary in his cage, the starling, the ruddy robin, the jay, the woodpecker, the handsome goldfinch, the sweet-voiced crested lark, each add all are clever and experienced imitators, who have time and again rivaled and even distanced the entertaining drolleries of the well-known parrot and the mockingbird.

If only they had the leisure it is thought that all the birds of the air would be singers, freedom from other occupation being the primary requisite in developing the vocal talents of a warbler just as it is in a human prima donna, who can't take in washing as a laundress and study music at the same time. The birds who are habitually stealthy or spend their time in watching for prey, hopping about or flying, or overindulging in the pleasures of their tables, or in stealthily keeping a quiet vigil for prey, haven't the time to develop the esthetic phases of their natures. Music in the world of birds seems to be a luxury and an accomplishment as well as among people.

Experiments With Orioles.

It was not, however, with the unmusical bird that Dr. Scott made his recent experiments, but with a pair of wee Baltimore orioles, whose family song is pleasantly familiar to all ornithologists and many others who frequent their haunts and habitats.

Dr. Scott took the birds when they were but a few days old and had no signs of either wing or tail feathers. There were three of them. One he put to death and preserved in alcohol, the other two he reared tenderly and fastidiously by hand. They were christened Driver and Timmy, Timmy being the short for Timid, which was an adjective well calculated to describe the demure younger sister who was tormented as fiercely as Cinderella by Driver, something of a small ornithological vixen.

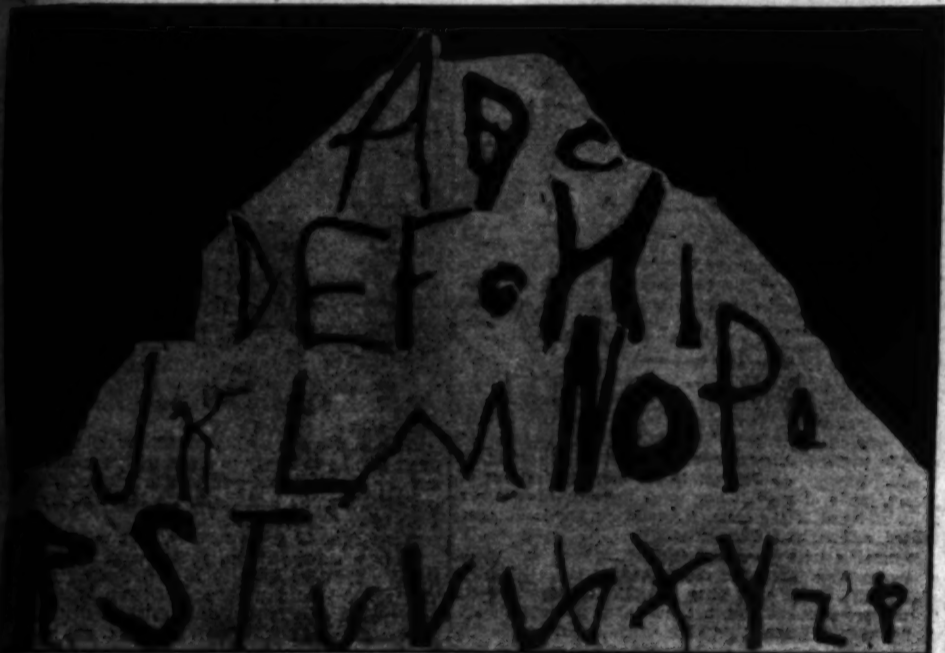
They were never allowed to hear any bird or birds sing, nor any person whistle, but at the end of about three months they began to use a call note something like those of wild birds, although it was much more musical than the wild note, much louder and more abrupt, and they began to develop the rattling chatter peculiar to birds of their tribe. This was uttered rarely, however, and went no further toward becoming a genuine song.

Through the winter their chief amusement consisted in an erratic form of nest building, all their own, out of stray thread and hairs, but as the moulting season closed five months later, Timmy began to sing, for just a minute at a time only every few days. She had a low, soft note that was somewhat broken, more or less like the chirping utterances of the white-throated sparrow. By degrees she began to warble every day, her notes gradually becoming better sustained and more prolonged. Five days later, Driver joined in and in the end quite eclipsed the bashful and less aggressive Timmy. All through April and well into May she sang incessantly and gloriously. Loud, clear, and brilliant notes poured forth in rich volume swiftly one after the other, something after the fashion of a house wren, and, save for the odd bit of real oriole rattle, not a whit like the song of her forefathers.

Composed Own Music.

Her music was altogether of her own composition, and so unique and intricate that none but a past master of whistling could begin to reproduce it. Toward the close of May her song habit weakened, and by the end of the month vanished altogether; however, not before she and Timmy had proved to their owner that two birds with an inherited tendency to sing, when isolated completely from all song, will create a music for themselves.

In this way, Dr. Scott established the fact that birds, when separated from their native surroundings and placed with other birds, will become apt pupils in learning the foreign song. With other birds like experiments have been quite as successful. A robin educated under a nightingale used to sing sweetly in the notes of England's prince of feathered plumaged singers, while a handsome little goldfinch, who was placed under the tutelage of a darling little brown wren, hearing no other songs than hers, warbled a note perfectly indistinguishable from that of his mite of a schoolmistress.



MR. LAMBERT'S CURIOUS ALPHABET

while for the last fifteen or twenty years the latter had obtained almost exclusively.

The question was practically settled, however, as far as the committee was concerned, by the discovery of a pamphlet written by former Secretary of State John W. Foster, with the title, "Are or is?" In this pamphlet Mr. Foster traced the course of the changing use of the verb and quoted from Hamilton, Webster, Benton, Adams, C. F. Adams, Jefferson, Marcy, Seward, Fish, Blair, Frelinghuysen, Bayard, Gresham and many who used it in the singular.

In the earlier message, President Jackson used the singular form, and in later years Lincoln, and since the Civil War particularly, Grant, Cleveland, Harrison and McKinley used it exclusively.

Mr. Foster also quoted from the decisions of the Supreme Court, those of recent years invariably using the singular in connection with the United States.

He claims of documents is greater attention paid to the language employed than in drafting treaties, and up to the plural form was used. Since then, however, the singular has been adopted, and Mr. Foster pointed to the real treaty of 1892, the arbitration treaty of 1897, and lastly, the Hay-Pauncefote canal treaty, as conclusive examples of the usage.

After reading the arguments and authorities of Mr. Foster, the committee has decided that, legally at least, the United States "is."

ROAD SIGN POSTS IN FRANCE.

Cyclists who contemplate touring in France will be glad to learn that the road from Dieppe to Paris is now completely provided with sign posts that a foreign cyclist landing in Normandy without a map would have the slightest difficulty in making his way to Paris. He followed the roadside directions. The entire road is divided into numbered sections, and at frequent intervals the cyclist is informed by sign posts as to the distance, direction, etc. All the great highways from Paris are to be treated in the same way.

self lavishly on every hand. For seven years he studied nature in Colorado, coming to Western Washington eight years ago.

In describing his mode of operation in securing letters from tree growth Lambert says: "If I am looking for a letter in blue huckleberry I go to the swamps where it grows on decayed logs. There the roots seek for light and moisture and form many peculiar shapes in their search for these nourishing elements. Oftentimes I find fir and alder trees growing from cedar windfalls that were blown down ages ago. Here I hunt for N's, M's and W's. In the tops of fir trees I hunt for K's. I go to the vine-maple swamps for H, L, A, P, D and S. I search among the cedar boughs for O, E, F and G. In certain varieties of crab-apple trees I look for X, Z and &. My R's come from the barberry and the alders, wherever shrubby grows I search for letters, but in such places as I have described I am more apt to find them."

"My entire alphabet is formed of roots and limbs of various kinds of trees, each letter being a substantial and accurate reproduction. Most of them range from four to twelve inches in size. I have found several hundred letters in all, but many of them are either too small or too large or are not sufficiently substantial to be placed in the collection of letters. Of course some are only shadows of letters. I searched the woods faithfully through hall, rain and snow, determined to finish the task I had undertaken until I now have twenty-six very nearly perfect letters. Yes, I expect to sell my nearly perfect alphabet eventually. Some day I expect to get a good price for them, a price that will pay me well for my time and labor in obtaining them. I have had several offers, but as yet have accepted none. Men of influence have advised me not to sell the alphabet for less than \$500."

Among other curiosities obtained by Mr. Lambert in his search are two cases which grew a mile apart. Both are of crab-apple wood and are crooked into perfect canes in the form of the letter P. He also has several large letters that are very perfect, sixteen to twenty-four inches in size, including K, P, N and E. Mr. Lambert is hopeful that his collection will be taken to the St. Louis Exposition as a part of the Washington Forestry exhibit. "There is little doubt that this plan will be carried out."

EDWARD MILLER.

Curator of the National Museum at Washington, D. C.

"Your uncle had the shootinest gun in the but dangef if he didn't mis that coon with both
" 'What in thun- you won't have time again—,' yelled Bill, and then bar—couse he the limb into the water. He landed square in the die of the arena, an' dog, coon an' man was a sight for a second, then Bill come a swimmin' the dog by the tail an' poured a gallon of water him, holdin' him up by the hind legs while yur Bill was rollin' on the ground holdin' his ribs an' forgitin' all about the coon. The coon never come up until he was on the other side.

January 26, 1902.]

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WONDER OF SCIENCE.

MINUTEST OF ALL VERTEBRATES
FOUND IN THE PHILIPPINES.

From a Special Correspondent.

WASHINGTON (D. C.) Jan. 25.—The world's smallest vertebrate, just discovered in the Philippines, is exciting the wonder and admiration of government scientists here. It is difficult for the layman to imagine a mature and normal animal possessed of a backbone and spinal cord and yet so minute and delicate as to weigh only half a grain.

This wonderful little animal is a fish. It was lately found by our soldiers in Lake Buhl, Southern Luzon, in the department of Camarines Sur. Medical officers connected with the hospital at Buhl collected numerous specimens in a small bottle and sent them to Washington. Surgeon-General Sternberg sent them to the Fish Commission the other day, without knowing what a great prize he was donating to that institution. At the Fish Commission they were referred to Dr. Hugh M. Smith, biologist, who has carefully weighed, measured and examined them microscopically. Dr. Smith has christened the wonderful species "Mistichthys luzonensis," the first word meaning "the smallest," and the second, "inhabitant of Yuzon." "Sinarapan" is the common name by which the little creatures are known among the Bicolos who inhabit their region.

The sinarapan is like any other fish in shape and proportions, so far as the untrained eye can see. On account of its phenomenal minuteness, it is almost transparent. It has a black skin, a black line down its center, behind the anal fin, and a few black spots on its back. Many of the specimens dissected under the microscope contained ripe eggs, comparable to the merest needle-point and measuring one-two-hundredths of an inch in diameter. The females are slightly larger than the males, the former averaging a fraction more than half an inch in length, while the males average just a half inch. The smallest mature specimens are but two-fifths of an inch from tip of nose to point of tail.

Thousands in a Mouthful.

An odd fact in regard to those infinitesimal creatures is that they are utilized for human food. Lake Buhl is a volcanic basin, in the shadow of Mt. Iriga. Here the side of a mountain seems to have been quite recently blown out by volcanic action. Many varieties of fishes of every size abound in the lake, but the sinarapan are by far the most numerous.

The Bicolos, when fishing for them, use a large sheet of close web, which they dip under the water whenever a school congregates. They are gathered in tightly-woven baskets, from which the water soon drains, leaving a compact mass of the little creatures. When the fleets of fishermen bring them to shore in this condition the natives buy them eagerly. They are seasoned with pepper and other spices, pressed uncooked into cakes and dried in the sun. Our soldiers are reported to have already grown fond of this strange diet.

Several cakes made from the little fishes dried have been obtained by the Fish Commission. They are about the size of ordinary griddle cakes, but are as thin as wafers and very brittle. Each contains from two to three thousand fish. Dr. Smith and your correspondent together partook of morsels of one of these cakes. It gave off a decidedly fishy odor, which did not belie its taste. The flavor was also peppery, with a suggestion of sage and a good proportion of salt. The wafers are a rich yellow in color and might be palatable to those fond of caviar and kindred fishy dishes.

To be able to brag of eating 10,000 whole fishes at a meal could be excelled only by the boast of having caught that many mature fishes in a few minutes, with one's own hand. One of the wafers supplies hardly a mouthful, and many are doubtless requisite to satisfy the hunger of a Bicol at one meal.

These smallest of all fishes belong to the great cosmopolitan "goby" family, of which upward of 600 species are known. Dr. Smith regards it as not impossible that they are annuals, like many of our plants, i. e., that they die out each year, leaving only their undeveloped eggs. If this be true, there are months in each year when they are practically extinct, but potentially extant. In certain regions this is characteristic of the goby.

Comparing this smallest vertebrate with the largest animal of that category, we have an amazing contrast. The largest vertebrate and likewise the largest of known animals is the giant finback whale, inhabiting the Atlantic, within the temperate zone, and which therefore swims off our eastern coast. This monster has been known to attain a length of very nearly one hundred feet, and is commonly seventy feet from muzzle to tail.

Out of his left nostril the finback whale blows a cloud of vapor which betrays his presence to whalers. On account of his enormous size he can be hauled only with the harpoon gun throwing a bomb lance, the latter exploding upon penetration. While hand harpoons were in use it was impossible to capture whales of the finback variety.

But while the whale is the largest vertebrate and, as also stated, the largest known animal of any category whatsoever, it is not a fish, although it is commonly alluded to as such. The whale is a mammal and the largest of known mammals. The smallest mammal is a little shrew called the shrew. It is under three inches in length, from tip of tail to point of nose.

To the fish family belongs the distinction of having the greatest range in size. This little fish, two-fifths of an inch long, just discovered in the Philippines, being the minimum, we will compare it with a giant shark of the Indo-Pacific region, known as "Rhiodon typicus." This is known to exceed a length of fifty feet, and, hence,

is the largest fish. It is even stated on fair authority to grow to a length of seventy feet, but few of our modern scientists believe this to be true.

Basking sharks, which obtain their name from the fact that at certain seasons they collect in large schools and lie motionless, their dorsal fins and backs rising above the surface of the water, number among the giants of the fish family. They abound in the North Atlantic and often attain a length of forty feet. These giant fish are prized on account of their enormous livers, from which a valuable oil is obtained.

Range in Reptile Family.

The range of size is less in the reptile family. The largest reptile is the great man-eating, salt-water crocodile of Southern Asia and Australia. It measures thirty feet in length from tip of nose to end of tail. One man would make but a reasonable mouthful for it. The largest boas and pythons reach very nearly and perhaps fully this length, but must be counted as smaller because of their inferiority of girth and weight.

The smallest reptile is a thick-tongued, nocturnal lizard, known as the "gecko." It averages two inches in length, from end of snout to tip of tail. It is an African species, whose footsteps were once thought to be the cause of leprosy. It was also believed to be able to eat the hardest of steel and to digest it. It has the power of climbing walls and of walking upon the ceiling, back downward.

There is still less of a range of size in the bird family. The largest bird is, of course, the ostrich, sometimes standing eight feet and weighing 300 pounds. At the other end of the scale stands the hummingbird, one species of which—the "Calypso helena"—is but two and a half inches long, over all.

Measurements of the largest deep-sea fish known to science have just been made by C. H. Townsend of the Fish Commission, and Dr. Theodore N. Gill, the famous biologist. This fish was found to be nearly five feet in length. What ichthyologists call "deep-sea fishes" are those inhabiting the water below 1000 feet. Compared with the sharks, the fishes of this zone are very insignificant in size. This largest deep-sea fish was caught in a trawl aboard the Fish Commission's ship Albatross in 6300 feet of water, off Southern Chili. It was of grayish color and had the softness of flesh characteristic of all deep-sea fishes. There being no receptacle available for preserving such a large specimen in alcohol, it was placed in a cask and salted. Later the cask and specimen were accidentally thrown overboard as rubbish. Mr. Townsend was the naturalist aboard the Albatross at the time and, happily, he took a photograph of the valued fish before it was dumped out. He and Dr. Gill have classified it as the "Macrurus amissus."

No fish has ever been found below a depth of 19,800 feet. Some brought up from that depth have exploded upon reaching the air. The pressure of the water at such a depth is of course enormous. Hence the explosion of tender flesh upon arrival at the surface.

JOHN ELFRETH WATKINS, JR.

BATHS FOR THE POOR.

EXTENSION OF A SYSTEM PROVED BENEFICIAL
IN PHILADELPHIA.

[Philadelphia Times:] So successful has been the work of the Public Baths Association of Philadelphia, whose initial establishment is on Gaskill street between Fourth and Fifth streets, that it will in a few months be in possession of a new and in some respects much better building, dedicated to the same beneficial purposes. A lot 24 by 57 feet at 718 Wood street has been purchased by the association for \$2275, and probably in March the work of construction will be begun. It is hoped that it will be completed by the middle of June.

The public bath and wash-house in Gaskill street was opened nearly four years ago. At the end of its third year 105,248 baths had been taken there. This year the number of baths will be fully 52,000, or more than 1000 a week. In December thus far 2500 baths have been taken, 1475 in the first fifteen days.

The Public Baths Association does not consider its work a charity in the almsgiving sense. It believes baths can be had by the poor at a minimum price; that they are more appreciated and therefore are more regularly taken and do more good than those which cost nothing to the person benefited. Besides, the public baths offer what the city free baths do not—privacy and the use of hot water and of showers, together with an ample supply of soap and towels. It has cost about \$5000 a year to maintain the Gaskill street bathing establishment, and the deficit at the end of 1900 was 35 per cent., having steadily decreased since the place was opened.

PRACTICAL HINTS.

Candied mint leaves are a fashionable substitute for mint bon-bons or the cordial that is served at the end of a dinner or luncheon. A cooking teacher advises, too, that a few added to a lemon ice impart a delicious flavor.

Put a tiny pocket for change and small things in the lining of the convenient large silk bag that many shoppers and all club women carry nowadays, and you will wonder that the sensible addition has never occurred to you before.

A shampoo that is recommended for flaxen hair—the shade that is most difficult to treat—is made of a little standard glycerine soap melted in hot water and with a few drops of ammonia added. This, it is said, will bring out all its light tones without harming the hair.

Banana "cup" is included in the list of refreshing drinks grouped under this generic name. It is made from the pulp of three not over-ripe bananas rubbed through a fine wire sieve. Add the grated rind of half a large lemon and the juice of one lemon and one orange; pour over this half a pint of boiling water, and put in a cool place for several hours. When quite cold, stir well together, sweeten to taste, add a wineglass of sherry, a siphon of soda water, and a few lumps of ice.—[Harper's Bazar.]

THE PRESIDENT'S ENGLISH.

All text of President Roosevelt's message has reached this country. It quite bears out Thackeray's favorite gibe about "the thirty-fourth column of Presidential speech;" but, long as it is, 22,000 words in all—it is readable. From first to last. The President has a most vigorous and telling way of putting things, and whether on an anarchy or irrigation or reciprocity or anything else, it is always at pains to make himself interesting and intelligible. His is a strenuous and forceful style, and very flexible, but full of briskness and sunshine. Some of his phrases are really too good for the King's speech: "So far ingenuity has been devoted to devising a substitute for the great war hammering guns beat out the mastery of the great war." Obviously, up till March, 1905, America was a copy of the President's English.—[London

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

By Kate Greenleaf Locke.

A Seaside Cottage.

MRS. J. M. S., Redondo, Cal., writes: "Would you kindly advise me as to the furnishing of three rooms in my cottage, and the painting of the exterior? The cottage is a story and a half, fronting the west and north, with large veranda on west front and small portico on north front, opening into dining-room; three dormer windows on roof, one on each three sides. What color shall we paint the main building, also the roof? It has always been white, but I wish a change. The three rooms I speak of are a dining-room and two front rooms used heretofore as double parlors, but I now wish to use the south one for a bedroom. The rooms are all 14x14, and open into each other by folding doors. There is no hall. The two front rooms, which I will use for parlor and bedroom, are papered a sort of gray with cream ceiling and deep border extending to picture molding. Woodwork is redwood. Dining-room is papered in terra cotta. What would you put on the floors of these several rooms? I thought of getting matting for the sides of the parlor and dining-room and velvet carpet rugs for the center. What would you suggest?"

In advising a yellow exterior I always hesitate because there are so many ugly shades of this color, and nothing is less attractive than a house of a pale lemon color or a muddy, brownish yellow. A clear, soft creamy shade of yellow would be easy to obtain over the white you now have, and with white trimmings slightly tinged with cream, would make your cottage pretty. There prevails among painters a desire to "trim" a

or a quaint candlestick of brass, china or crystal, a few books, etc. Your suggestion for floor coverings is good. I cannot furnish your parlor for you as I do not know your resources or what you may have in hand. You will, however, find numberless suggestions among my answers to former correspondents and may be able to fit them to your own case.

A Sage-green Wall in Parlor.

G. F. P., Los Angeles, writes: "I read with much interest your page in The Times and would thank you very much if you could help me out with your suggestions in furnishing our new rooms, added to my house recently. Two lower rooms, nine feet to ceiling, cove finish, a small hall between four feet wide. My house outside will be painted white with French-gray trimmings and I thought to have the shades to the windows the same color. I desire a color scheme for each room. My set of furniture in parlor is old-fashioned cherry, upholstered in crushed plush, each a different color, a big rocker in light brown, an armchair in crimson, two small chairs in sage green, a large divan in dark red, a small one in a pretty blue. Now, what tinting of walls for the parlor and carpets or rugs, and other furnishings could be made to harmonize with all this? I have also three large pictures, one portrait, two landscapes, all in gold frames. What can I have for bric-a-brac, photos, etc., as I will have no mantel? I will have, however, a piano window in the West. Now my chambers. I shall have white-enameled sets for two of the rooms. What would you suggest for the tinting of these walls and what curtains? My window shades I would like in French gray. All my rooms will be south and sunny with bay window in the parlor."

In answering the first portion of your letter I would say that you can take any one color that you have in furniture and use it on the parlor wall. Perhaps a dull shade of the blue you have on the chair would look well, or better still, the sage green of which you say you have two chairs. Green always forms a good back-

plain sprinkle grill of light wood look well. 15-inch of space above door and curtained window in hall is four feet wide and has a shelf below. Would this be too small for drop light and books? The newel post square and ugly; can I have the top made a jardiniere with plant? I want a Morris chair now a large chair without rockers to stain and What other things will I need there? How tall the 9-foot window in the parlor? Lam seem hardly enough. Ought the middle window be curtained by itself. Silk or any other material soon fade in the hot western sun. Would it be to leave picture molding out of the hall?"

Plain walls of rich red would look well in and would add to its apparent size. In answering second question it need immediately give space to carpet the floors alike. I would prefer bookcase in the hall. Your doors would look tinted alike with burlaps. A latticed grill is artistic in effect than any of the turned and Your hall window could be stunningly large straight hangings of a linen taffeta with shades of red roses on a gray or tan ground. As your red hall should be of tan or cafe au lait color (if you wish more light here), a cream, this would be good. You could then carry out the green in silk sash curtains and line the taffeta with same shade of green. This scheme would permit use a green rug in the hall if you wished to. If you prefer sash curtains of the creamy pattern of ground work they also would look well. The door drapery should correspond with these curtains. I should use the oak stand in the hall, newel post off by all means and use for holding your curtain the parlor window exactly as you do in hall, using sash curtains at all these divisions will have a highly artistic effect. Use an armchair this west window even if you have to drop some piece of furniture. It will make your room much larger than it really is and will add to the whole interior. I do not realize the necessity of a picture mold out of the hall. However, if you feel, it is best to do so.

A Parlor With Terra Cotta Walls.

W. W. B., San Bernardino, writes: "I would like advice in regard to my parlor, which is 17x13, with doors and one old-fashioned window. An old fireplace extends in room. Would like to know drape it and in what color. Walls are terra cotta vines running through of a little darker shade. Doors have green portieres with terra cotta in brown and yellow-mixed rug on floor, three rockers, gentleman's desk and chair, a box green cover with some yellow in it. What pillows shall I make? Have no pictures for advise me what to get to make it look cozy and The room being somewhat dark needs some light up. The woodwork is painted light gray. I say I have a nice large mirror above fireplace. Also a handsome clock, a gas heater in front of fireplace is plastered up. Hoping to hear from you."

I think your parlor could be much improved use of plain green in several places. As I have remarked terra-cotta walls are extremely deal with, and yellow clashes with this color. If you can gradually eliminate the yellow in room I advise you to do so. However, as I see a cold shade and medium dark, will help your room stands. Your mantel could have a corner space of green satin de Jean (Cheney), the best material which comes in all beautiful tones and more than fifty-four inches wide and is about a yard. It is, of course, much handsomer than but presents the same effect of a smooth surface color. Your room would be vastly improved by ing the woodwork from drab to black. A rug your couch should be of plain-green silk. One rockers, or one of them in same. When you have a rug of green Brussels in small black figure you will be prettier. Could you not afford to have window with the satin de Jean? Or, perhaps, curtains here of silk in terra cotta (unfigured) make the room more cheerful.

A correspondent writes: "Enclosed you find pencil sketch of my cottage now nearing completion and I write to you for a few pointers as to the match. The building faces west and is on a rising north."

I see from your diagram that you have a hall in apple green opening into terra-cotta dining and bedrooms of cream and blue respectively. colors all open up together wall and I assume would like suggestions as to floor coverings to respond or harmonize with the colors. A rug in a carpet in parlor, having a predominance of old, soft blue would contrast prettily with the green. Use a green and white carpet in dining on the cream bedroom, and put touches of blue in curtains, etc., to accentuate the coloring. The ground with blue figures and border would be in your blue room, and in dining-room use striped than walls of terra cotta.

The housekeeper of "The House Beautiful" will be glad to answer all proper and clearly stated queries in care of The Times, from whatever source or how the writer be a resident of California or not; and will not have been clearly understood on any particular matter privately, making necessary explanation. Answers to queries have frequently to be deferred for a week or more to me!

"I gave you no encouragement. Why did you write to me?"

"Well, you see, I needed the practice."



COMFORTABLE BEDROOM FOR A YOUNG BOY.

house (as they call it,) that is, to streak it up and down at the corners, and across the eaves and in every impossible place with some other color than the one used on the body of the house. There are many people who do not realize that nothing so detracts from the handsome appearance of a small house as this fashion of putting vertical stripes at the corners. A cottage should, if possible, have a low, spreading effect, and should be painted, for instance, solid yellow over the entire body of the house; then if the eaves, the porch facings and the door and window casings, are painted cream color, the effect is good. An olive green is also good with cream-colored trimmings put on in this way. Use yellow and white-striped awnings with your white and yellow house if you decide on this color. Your roof should be moss green with this. A red roof never looks well with a yellow house. Flemish-oak furniture in inexpensive designs would look well in your terra-cotta dining-room. Your whole house, including dormer windows, should be curtained with thin, white-dotted muslin ruffled and tied back. This uniformity at the windows will add much to the style of your house. A white iron bed in the south bedroom, with chiffonier of dark wood with brass handles, two plain, dark chairs and a wicker rocker with a cushion of green silk would furnish well. I suggest the dark furniture because you say your walls are gray. Something in plain green or green and white, would look well hung over the white muslin at the windows. You could supplement this with a home-made dressing table draped with white dimity. Your bed also should have dimity valance. A small table, of course, should also find a place in here. If you have an old stand that you could have well finished with white enamel, it would have a dainty effect if placed beside the bed and covered with a white embroidered cover. It should hold a pretty little night lamp

ground for a variety of colors, as we see exemplified in nature, so perhaps this would be the safer scheme. As to your bric-a-brac shelf, why not have a medium wide shelf matching the woodwork built under your piano window? If you flute silk in sage green against this window, the photographs, etc., on the shelf would stand out in fine relief. I think you will like at your window shades of creamy yellow better than gray ones, as the light from the latter would be very cold and the outside of house would look too cold also. Let the carpet and all accessories be of tapestry blue, if you have the green walls in the parlor. Let the coloring of your bedroom walls correspond with the motive of carpets or rugs. Pretty and fresh-looking flowered stuffs at the windows over white muslin make a charming bedroom effect. There are, to select from, green and white, red and white, pink and white with green foliage, etc.

To Add Apparent Size to Interior.

Mrs. E. B. T., Los Angeles, writes: "As it is very important no mistake be made in coloring of wall, carpets and hangings in the first furnishing of my new home I appeal to you for help, enclosing a rough plan to give you an idea of the rooms. I want especially to make the little hall a pleasant place to enter. The lower floor is finished in hard pine. The grate in hall has light-mottled tiling, green, tan and cream, a low mantel of light wood; no mirror or anything above. As I wish to make it appear larger, will plain paper have that effect, color, dark, rich red? Would it appear to add to size to carpet all my floors alike? Would an upholstered seat with cushions look well along the wall in hall, or instead a low, narrow bookcase? Shall I curtain the six-foot doorways (there are no doors) with same material, plain burlap for instance? Would a

Graphic Pen Pictures Sketched Far a-Field.



Background Robberies.

UNDERGROUND robbery is a new variety, of course; but it is always the incredible that happens," remarked the last man who had found a chance to talk. "We've had a good many things stolen out of our backyard since we began to live on the old place where we are now—my father's old place, but the thing which grieved us most was that of our well—our old well, that was dug about forty years ago. You can replace shovels, axes, hatchets, coal, wood, or kindling which is stolen from your premises, but you can't replace a well."

The other men all stared; and one of them said that he didn't see how anybody could steal a well.

"That's true, too," said the other man. "It is astonishing, and we couldn't believe it for a long time. Our well suddenly began 'acting up,' and we sent for the pump-man, thinking the pump was out of order. He told us we needed a new pump; so it was ordered and put in place—a \$15 pump. Goodness! I wish I had that \$15 back again!"

"For a few days the water seemed to come all right; but then the well 'acted up' again; water wouldn't come at all. First for the pump-man again, and told him his pump wasn't any account—didn't bring up any water. He investigated the matter and returned the astonishing verdict that there wasn't any water in the well, not a drop. We could hardly believe it; but had to accept it. Weeks and months went by, but the well never came back to business, at the old stand. The thing finally grieved over it, and the neighbors, too. The old well had been a local patriarch, so to speak. One day, one day, I was telling another man about the unsatisfactory disappearance of our good old family well, and he asked me if any new ice factories had been set up in the neighborhood. I told him that one had been operation a block away from us, just about the time we lost our well."

"That's it," he said, "ice factories always sink very deep wells, and that ice factory has drawn off your well. That happened in our town once, and five other wells in the same neighborhood went, too. By Jim, what we need in this country is a society for the protection of wells."

"This is a true story," concluded the speaker, "and a well has never come back."

He Stole \$1000 in Bills.

There was a great mystery for the police. Bills to the value of \$1000 had been stolen gradually from a cash drawer in the saloon of Jacob Reiner, No. 96 South Avenue, and all efforts to find the culprits proved vain. The theft of the last \$100 on New Year's Day aroused the saloon-keeper to an investigation, and North Halsted-street police were called. Several copies of the Sherlock Holmes type were put on the case. They worked long and hunted far, but all in vain. A messenger and an errand boy fell under suspicion and were discharged, though the evidence was not sufficient for arrest.

"I know, it was \$600 last summer and \$200 more was now another hundred," said Reiser to some one who were in his saloon yesterday morning.

"I rat!" said one of the friends, who doubted the story.

He gave the clue to the detectives, who were standing by. They examined the cash drawer and found that it had gotten into it. Behind a partition hastily put away, Reiner found \$30 in bills; further search revealed \$16 more. Six carpenters were put to work tearing up the flooring in the basement and the walls. They dug up hundreds of dollars in bills formed into nests every nook. By noon Reiner had recovered nearly all the money, except a small part which the thieves had taken.—[Chicago Inter Ocean.]

The President's Matchbox.

On a day or two President Roosevelt has been exhibiting to all of his friends who called at the White House a unique matchbox, made of Colorado material and the work of a Denver jeweler. The President has held over and over again with pride and gratification the story of the very attractive present.

The matchbox is made of ore and quartz taken from Camp Bird mine at Ouray, and it is the gift of James F. Walsh, the owner of the famous mine. The matchbox is peculiarly attractive, and the whole effect is striking and surprising. The matchbox is chiefly of quartz studded and inlaid. It is given the appearance of a piece of rare mosaic, with now and then a touch of Persian finish.

The President was astonished when informed of what material the remarkable device had been wrought, and asked many questions concerning it. It seemed to him impossible that such a result could be obtained from so small a piece of material.

The President admits that he is very proud of the gift which it represents. He is very fond of Colorado and its work, and as the little gift represents so much that is connected with the life of the State, he is highly gratified in possessing it. It is not only of Colorado material, but is the work and gift of Colorado men, and the President does not hesitate to say that he is greatly proud of it.

The matchbox is inscribed simply with the name of the President and that of the State. All of those who have seen it have been deeply impressed with the work and appropriate design. Mr. Walsh is especially fortunate in creating such a gift for the President,

as he would not have been so deeply impressed with a present of many times its value had it not been just what the matchbox represents.—[Washington Correspondence Denver Post.]

Was Eaten by Mistake.

THE oft-repeated tale of how the Sandwich Islanders ate Capt. Cook, the famous English explorer, has caused some of the old chiefs to make an emphatic denial of the charge of cannibalism, and to correct history from traditions handed down from generation to generation.

According to this new version, Capt. Cook was killed and part of his body eaten, but it was by children and under a mistaken impression that the calabash which contained the famous explorer's body held nothing more than pig.

The story is that the body was cut up with a view to making an offering to the gods, and that the pieces were placed in a separate calabash as an offering to the god of the sea. There they were discovered by some children who ate the flesh under the impression that it was pig.

The natives still point out this spot on Kona, Hawaii, where this is said to have taken place.—[Honolulu Correspondence New York Sun.]

Jars of Fruit Exploded.

THE slumbers of Town Clerk William L. Johnson were disturbed this morning by a loud noise in the cellar of his house, in Thomas street. When thoroughly awake he heard what seemed to him to be a number of pistol shots fired in quick succession, followed by breaking glass.

Putting on his dressing gown, he crept softly downstairs, with a revolver in his hand, and stood at the bottom listening. Having lighted a lamp, he went into the cellar, but to his surprise he could find nothing except the family cat, which was busy dodging the contents of preserve jars that were exploding and shooting in every direction. Mr. Johnson himself was compelled to put the lamp down and to seek refuge behind a brick pillar until the fusillade was over. Then he found that every jar of preserves had exploded. The neighbors, not understanding the situation, were in great fear, believing that those inside were having a tussle with robbers.—[Bloomfield Correspondence New York Tribune.]

Chooses Tramp Life.

WILLIAM BONNELL was arrested yesterday at Morristown, N. J., for begging, but was released on his promise to leave town at once and go to his home in Newton.

Bonnell is about 35 years old. He was reared in comparative luxury, his father having been one of the well-to-do citizens of Newton. He spent three years in Lafayette College and when he chooses can dress, talk and act like a gentleman. When he gets tired of being a gentleman he becomes a tramp. The peculiar thing about him is that he could be a gentleman all the time if he wanted to, for he has an income of about \$1500 a year, which is paid to him regularly when he is in Newton and sent to him occasionally when he is away, which is most of the time.

When he left college he immediately went on the road as a tramp printer, "just for the experience," as he put it. The experience must have been pleasant, as he has been a tramp printer on and off ever since. When his father died he left his estate in trust for his son, the income only to be paid to him. For a few months after his father's death Bonnell spruced up, behaved himself and acted like a gentleman.

One day he made a remark that that kind of a life was too slow for him. He then disappeared and did not show up in Newton again for a year. When he left he wore a silk hat, Prince Albert coat and patent leather shoes. When he returned he was in rags, the most forlorn man ever seen in that community. He went at once to the bank, drew his income, fitted himself out in fine style, stopped at the leading hotel and for a few weeks became a gentleman again.

Then, one day, he left town and became a tramp, going from town to town, working a day now and again, begging his daily bread when out of work. That is the kind of life he has led for the last ten or twelve years. In this way he has traveled over all this country and much of Europe.—[New York World.]

A Woman Cobbler.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., has a woman cobbler, the only one in the State, if not in the country. She is Mrs. Nellie Harmer.

In the big factories women are, to be sure, employed to do certain parts of the work in making a pair of shoes by machinery, but none of them has to do what Mrs. Harmer does. She has worked on the bench beside her husband for the past seven years, and is proficient in every phase of the cobbler's art, from stitching a rip in a lady's kid shoe to pegging a sole on a cowboy's boot. She learned the trade from her husband.

Ten years ago they came from Canada, and Mr. Harmer opened a little shop in Grand Rapids. Being a skilled workman, he soon had a brisk little business established, but he could not get competent help. It was then that his wife came to his aid and said that she would learn the business.

In the rear of their place of business their living apartments have been fitted up. These include a piano,

books and pictures. Mrs. Harmer is pretty and not yet 30. She is the mother of three children, two boys and a girl. She is said to be as good a musician as she is a cobbler.—[Philadelphia North American.]

A Remarkable Bridge.

EASTON, Pa., has a new suspension foot bridge unlike any other bridge in the world. Among its oddities are the facts that it is 804 feet long and only ten feet wide; its north approach is ninety feet higher than the south approach; it has two river spans instead of one, each 279 feet long, and it has a stair span that is 110 feet in length.

This bridge stretches across the Lehigh River, the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company's canal, and the tracks of the Lehigh Valley Railway. It is a toll bridge, built for a local company and designed by H. G. Tyrrell, a Boston engineer. The city engineer of Easton had charge of building the foundations.

One of the great difficulties confronting the designer of the bridge was the unequal elevation of the two ends of the bridge. To overcome this the floor is run down on a 7-per-cent. grade from the north bank to the river tower. From this point to the low end are four runs of stairs, the whole being suspended from the cables. On account of its having only a ten-foot roadway, which is narrow in proportion to its length, it was necessary to resist wind pressure by running guy ropes from the center of the two main spans to shore. The bridge has steel towers resting on stone piers, which are built up to extreme high-water level. The height of the center tower from low-water to the top of the saddle is 108 feet. It has two steel wire cables each two and three-eighths inches in diameter, and three-quarter-inch suspenders. The steel stiffening trusses are five feet three inches deep. They are braced laterally at panel points to the floor beams. The bridge has wooden joists, a plank floor and wooden handrails.—[Chicago Tribune.]

Sheds Skin Several Times a Year.

GEORGE HENZE of this city is afflicted with a peculiar ailment. He is subject to periodical spells of sickness, after which his skin peels off and his toe and finger nails drop off. He is a former Sheriff of Jefferson county and is also a justice of the peace, which office he has held for several years. The disease to which he is subject first appeared in 1898, and has recurred several times a year since. It has baffled medical skill, although medicine has relieved the sufferer when the attacks come on. In one year he had the trouble three times and acquired an entirely new skin each time. The attacks last generally three weeks, and during this time the temperature of the body rises as high as 104.

He has just recovered from a recent siege of this illness. The cause is said to be due to a peculiar affection of the kidneys, but physicians here say they have never heard of a like case. When the attack first comes on the body is spotted all over and assumes the hue of an Indian's skin. Physicians have ordered an operation, but to this Henze will not consent, as he considers himself too old for the ordeal.—[Watertown (Wis.) Correspondence Milwaukee Wisconsin.]

Got \$6000 Back Pay.

TO FIVE days' work for the city, \$6000. That's what Edward F. Nishwitz received, and yesterday he put the \$6000 in his pocket, and decided to turn in his shield as a policeman. The money represented back pay since 1896, when he was "broke."

Nishwitz was thrifty, and in 1896, when the Police Commissioners told him he would have to get out, he complied, but began a contest for reinstatement, which has since been pending.

Nishwitz obtained work as a machinist in Newark, N. J., while his case was pending. He worked hard and won promotion. He was informed last Monday that the courts had decided in his favor, and that all the time he had been working in the machine shop he had been legally on the pay roll of the New York police department.

Tuesday morning bright and early Nishwitz reported for duty and was assigned to patrol in the Tenderloin. He tramped his beat until Saturday night, meantime collecting from the city \$6000, for which he had actually worked five days. Yesterday Patrick J. Kane, of No. 265 Warren street, Newark, appeared at the West Thirtieth-street Station with Nishwitz's shield and book of rules. He said Nishwitz wanted to give up his place as policeman, in order to return to his job as foreman in the machine shop. There was nothing to do but accept Nishwitz's resignation. Now, with \$6000 in his pocket, he is considered by his fellow-policeman a "lucky cop."—[New York World.]

A Pail Full of Cash.

DAVID LONG, a laborer, walked into the Second National Bank of Danville, Ill., yesterday afternoon and placed his dinner pail in the teller's window and said he wanted to make a deposit. Then, to the astonishment of the bank officials, he opened the pail and showed that it was full of soiled and crumpled banknotes of an almost forgotten issue. There was a little less than \$1500 in the pail and every dollar of it was of the old war issue of thirty-five years ago, and worth 100 cents. The bank retained the greater part of the money, but some of it was in such condition that it had to be sent to Washington to be exchanged. Long, who is about 70 years old, refused to make any explanation of how he came into the possession of the money. Crumpled up in some of the bills were small feathers and bits of straw, which gave evidence that the money had at one time been concealed in a bed.—[Indianapolis News.]

Fresh Literature.

Reviews by the Times Reviewer.

FICTION.

Recent Production.

THE vast amount of current fiction represented by popular works in the attractive book-centers of this city seems to indicate no diminution of artistic, creative power. Popular criticism has pronounced some of these works phenomenally great. While the book reviewer may lack the power of the divining rod, the public has shown a general sentiment of appreciation for Gilbert Parker's "The Right of Way" (Harper); Winston Churchill's "The Crisis" (MacMillan), with its gallant figures of the Civil War, and its record of 375,000. Ralph Connor's "The Man from Glengarry" (Fleming H. Revell), has opened pictorial vistas of Canada, and grand studies of Christian influence. Mr. Kipling's "Kim" has divided literary opinion as to Kim's personality and taken popular thought on the journey of the "little friend of the world," to the lonely ways of the wonderful Himalayas. Hall Caine, in "The Eternal City," has centered international interest on the social and religious destinies of the race, and a varied assortment of novels, historical, sociological and problematical, have exalted patriotism and virtue through the past ages to the present hour. These hundreds of books may be represented at random by Bertha Runkle's "Helmet of Navarre" (Century); Mrs. Catherwood's "Lazarre" (Bowen-Merrill); Cyrus Townsend Brady's "The Quiberon Touch" (Appleton); Gwendole Overton's "The Heritage of Unrest" (MacMillan); Jack Loudon's "The God of His Fathers" (McClure, Phillips & Co.), which leads the reader into the great white silence of the Yukon; George Horton's "Like Another Helen" (Bowen-Merrill); Sarah Orne Jewett's "A Tory Lover" (Houghton-Mifflin Company); Maud Wilder Goodwin's "Sir Christopher" (Little, Brown & Co.); C. F. Pidgin's "Blennerhassett" (Clark); Frank T. Bullen's "With Christ at Sea" (Stokes); Bret Harte's "Under the Redwoods" (Houghton-Mifflin Company); Curtis Van Dyke's "A Daughter of the Prophets" (the Abbey Press); James Ball Naylor's "Ralph Marlowe" (Saalfield); Horace Amesley Vachell's "John Charity" (Dodd, Mead & Co.); and Nelson Lloyd's "A Drone and a Dreamer" (J. F. Taylor.)

Among the recent clever examples of society novels is Herman Knickerbocker Viele's comedy romance, "The Last of the Knickerbockers" (Stone), and the reader who is ready to continue this list to an indefinite length, will not fail to include "Count Hannibal," by Stanley J. Weyman (Longmans, Green & Co.) and Miss Johnston's "Audrey," and Mary E. Wilkin's "The Portion of Labor," and the special favorites which are appearing in the fictional series issued by the Harpers.

Many of the out-of-door novels of the year past, in their insight into nature have been wholesome and refreshing gifts. Among this number the publications of Doubleday, Page & Co., have included some works by J. P. Mowbray, which have a fascinating quality. Among them "A Journey to Nature" and "The Making of a Country Home" are representative. Samuel Merwin's "On the Road to Frontenac," and tales by Charles Major, Grace Gallatin Thompson-Seton, and others are included among the popular wilderness-pictures. The story of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden," and other delightful nature stories from the MacMillans have afforded charming hints of Edenic boundaries.

Among the fictional delineations of other shores Lafcadio Hearn has contributed his Oriental dreams and fantasies in his "Japanese Miscellany."

Henry Seton Merriman, author of "The Sowers," "In Kedar's Tent," "The Isle of Unrest," and whose novel of love and intrigue, entitled "The Vultures," is announced by the Harper Bros., has written a story of life in the Pyrenees which has gone into its second English edition. The story is one of romantic incident, and portions of the mountain chapters will suggest echoes from the Pyrenees mountain song in Mermet's opera of "Roland." The novel describes Spain in the time of the Carlists, a political party, the followers of Bourbon, and their descendants. The action takes place in 1870, but has a medieval atmosphere. The main incident is that of a young girl of immense wealth, whom the Jesuits tried to induce to enter a nunnery, that they might secure her money to use in their cause. Mr. Merriman has evidently striven to be fair in the estimates of the Jesuits between their political and religious work. He states that the society wears two aspects, that of the head and that of the heart, of which "the heart has done the greatest missionary work ever known; the head has ruined half of Europe." The reader may not agree with him, but will follow the relation of the tragedy of the murder of the old Spaniard who was returning to his estate in the Pyrenees. He had amassed a fortune in Cuba. It happened that the act was witnessed by a friend of the unfortunate man. This Count De Sarrion and his son, Marcos, devoted themselves to the cause of justice and the defense of Juanita, the dead man's daughter. The love of Marcos for the maid, the intrigues of Spanish politics, and the secret marriage of the lovers at a time of hard-hearted worldliness, afford some entertaining bits of characterization. The portrait of the old Spanish grandee, Count De Sarrion, and the glimpses of the splendors of the Pyrenees furnish some pages of descriptive quality. While perhaps not the best of the author's work, the book will win its way among entertaining narratives of adventure.

[The Velvet Glove. By Henry Seton Merriman. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. Price, \$1.50. For sale by Fowler Bros., Los Angeles.]

A Tale of Natchez in 1798.

The celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the French colonial settlement of the Gulf Coast, during this month, should direct popular interest to the

story of "Mistress Joy," which, although its theme begins in 1798, describes that region where, in 1699, Iberville, styled "the Old of New France," cast anchor at Biloxi, the first of French colonies on the Gulf Coast. Nearly a century earlier, in 1608, on the site of Quebec, Champlain founded the settlement which became the capital of New France. Iberville and Bienville, by colonization in 1699 and 1702, laid the foundations of French possessions, which Napoleon transferred to the United States, an event which will be celebrated at St. Louis at the international exposition in 1903.

The settlement of the French colonies along the coast is the theme of some of the most interesting chapters of Margry's "Memoirs." The history of the Biloxi and Natchez tribes is closely connected. The Biloxis, Pascagoulas, and Choctaws camped under the giant live oaks along the Mexican Gulf, where the songs of the mocking-birds, the murmur of the pines, and the music of the sea are parts of the essential charm.

The Natchez were said to be the most civilized of the southern Indians, and the treatment of the race by their American conquerors is said to furnish some of the darkest pages of Indian history. "The Great Sun" and some of his freedom-loving followers were shipped to St. Domingo, and made to endure the torments of West Indian slavery.

This story of "Mistress Joy" is laid in the wilderness around Natchez, where the heroine, the lovely daughter of Tobias Valentine, had come with her father for the work of the pioneer missionary. A more serious conflict in the girl's life appears than the night attack of the savages. The persons of the story include Jessop,



ALICE BROWN.

who appeared, a brilliant stranger, ill with swamp fever, and received the hospitality of the southern home. When he recovered he lingered by Joy's side, working as a field hand in order to win her approval. He might have gained her heart, it would seem, but for David Bachelor, who induced Tobias Valentine to send the maid away, that she might test the strength of her interest in the stranger.

In New Orleans, among the friends of her father, the maid saw new phases of life. She learned the charm of society and the ways of the world. Her future vocation of a Methodist preacher seemed impossible to her, and certain of her own lack of strength for such an ordeal, she went home to her dismayed family. Jessop, who was in reality the Earl of Shropshire, had been shown to her in his weakness, and with a new estimate of values, she turned to the strength of David Bachelor.

Joy, or Joyce, as she is alternately called, is presented in various episodes, but none among them will perhaps enlist a wider interest than her introduction to Aaron Burr, and her influence in a political intrigue of the hour. Among the minor characters is the little black princess, Lal, and her slave, Zoombl. They drowned their hateful mistress, who had been a dark influence on the life of Jessop. The visit of Louis Philippe to the French city, the tragic page in which Joy sought the direction of the good Catholic priest, "familiar with the tale of youth's disillusionment, the conflict between spiritual and worldly longings," are all pages of human as well as historical verisimilitude, and the reader will quickly discover that these authors know their southland. The book is dedicated "To that church in America whose foundation stones were laid in the southern wilderness of our country by many such little bands as that of Mistress Joy's father, Tobias." The book is a joint effort of two authors, and is an admirable story of effective, artistic quality.

[Mistress Joy. By Grace MacGowan Cooke and Annie Booth McKinney. The Century Company, New York. Price, \$1.50. For sale by C. C. Parker, Los Angeles.]

Artistic Bohemia.

"Margaret Warren," by Alice Brown, the author of "Tiverton Tales," and "King's End," tells the story of the disillusion which follow the unhappy marriage of an American actress and a weak and unsuccessful painter. The two beings are dissimilar in their modes

of thinking and action. They contemplate each other from opposing points of view. The varieties of disposition, after a little period of harmony, led to alienation, in which the woman, the principle of stability in work. The force and circumstances is shown along varying lines. Margaret Warren and the journalist and the doctor are of the book. The veil is lifted on the Bohemia, and one has glimpses of the Boston situation. The death of the painter leaves the woman for her work. The subject deals with a class of themes of somewhat melancholy tinge, which author in previous works has shown artistic vision. This book has strongly portrayed the weaknesses of man nature and the sharp demarcations of the story is over long, but may be included among representative, notable books of the season.

[Margaret Warren. By Alice Brown. Houghton-Mifflin & Co., Boston. Price, \$1.50. For sale by C. C. Parker, Los Angeles.]

The Career of a Dreamer.

The author of "An Opera and Lady Gramscott," the story of Philbrick Howell, a boy who, filled with visions, went to Harleston for his education. There he was robbed of moods of solitude, by Walders and their old hall were a center of his life. Moreover, he met Helen. In his journeyings around the world he pitched his tent in Arcady. The literary career of Philbrick, the forces that make his inspiring picture of the woman whom he idealized, and his vision of sentiment when he learned that she was married only as a means of support, are part of the development of a vividly-pictured story.

[Philbrick Howell. By Albert Kinross. Frederick Stokes, New York. Price, \$1.50. For sale by C. C. Parker, Los Angeles.]

Social Life.

The author of these tales of social life is now a young lady of Virginia. The story pictures the politics of summer hotel life, and gives some well-characterizations of petty ambitions and waverings. [Jewels of Paste. By Sue Edwards. The Abbey Press, New York. Price, 50 cents.]

Domestic Infelicities.

The story of "Pandora" tells of a neglected girl, a mood of unhappiness and impetuosity, made a marriage which she deeply regretted. Her mind, augmented by the consciousness that she had no opportunity for happiness. These complications in pages of tragedy, in which unhappy husbands have share, and calamity swiftly follows wrongdoing, the heroine is left to the reflection that indirectly caused the death of her husband, parents, and her sweetheart. The book should certainly instill a sense of caution into the subject of hasty marriage. The story contains the author's portrait.

[Pandora. A Novel. By Mrs. Saltschneider. The Baker & Ray Company, San Francisco. Price, \$1.50.]

Traditional Representation.

The tide-water region of Maryland is memorialized in this story, of which Lydia Chester is heroine. The story is shown in episodes of bravery, and the book contains some pictures of plantation life in the old world contrast to the rushing life of the merchant, farmer or manufacturer.

[A Maryland Manor. A Novel of Plantation Life. Its Fall. By Frederick Emory. Frederick A. Stokes, New York. Price, \$1.50. For sale by Stoll & Thayer Company, Los Angeles.]

ETHICAL.

A Present Need.

This beautiful essay is a plea for simplicity in life, for simple thoughts, simple words, simple pleasures, simple beauty. "To aspire to simple living is to fulfill the highest destiny." The book is translated from the French by Marie Louise Hendree, and has a biographical introduction by Grace King. Orleans. While it is particularly applicable in France, the world's heart of sophistication, it should have a place in every language.

The author is the son of a clergyman, and was born at Wiberville, in the district of the Chateau de Meurthe, which has since been annexed to the German Empire. The exquisites of his book teaches that it is both "necessary" and "simple" and to forget, to sow kind seeds and to be simple. Some of the lessons in their simplicity and purity of thought remind of the deep simplicity in "Les Adieux d'Adolphe Monod," of which it is difficult to give any adequate impression in a few paragraphs.

Each thought in its presentation shows the spiritual world of the author's mind, which would be a monotonous world of this dull earth and hollow conditions. The book teaches the value of making haunts of peace and serenity in the midst of simple existence. One feels that there must be a great deal of solitude about the life of the writer, and perhaps never less alone than when he has a door on the world. While there is no disparagement of the vital power of companionship in the book, it does not fail to see that the author would silence the noise of society until one may hear the still small voice of the soul's leadings to the bush of the wilderness.

which is lit with the presence of God. The introduction by Miss King is one of fine interpretation, and the author's ideas, and the clearness and comprehensiveness of translation and introduction, make this plea for the simple life one of admirable charm.

[The Simple Life. By Charles Wagner. With an introduction by Grace King. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. Price, \$1.25.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

In Modern English.

Twenty eminent scholars, representing the various denominations, have translated the Westcott and Hort's Greek text into modern English. To put the new Testament within the grasp of the ordinary mind has been the object of this work, which may be compared to an interpreting commentary. The translation is asserted to be winning a new interest in the reading of the New Testament, and especially among boys and girls, who turn to the page in the new light of understanding. Part three has been completed. The work is published by Fleming H. Revell Company, a publishing house which is doing a noble work in the promulgation of evangelical thought. Among the recent publications of the firm are a series of books entitled "By Paths of Bible Knowledge," of various authors. Other publications include "Biblical Character Studies," by Rev. F. B. Meyer. These varied works, read in connection with the new translation, offer beautiful outlooks of biblical wisdom.

[The Twentieth Century New Testament. In Modern English. Part Three. The Pastoral. Personal and General Letters and the Revelation. Fleming H. Revell Company, Chicago. For sale by Fowler Bros., Los Angeles.]

Illustrations.

A series of articles republished from the New York Journal contains practical directions for physical culture, the proper way to breathe, and the way to gain physical beauty and strength. There are also lessons in living with a list of illustrations. The book has an interest as coming from one of the world's greatest athletes, who teaches that the muscle-builders are all guided after the ideals of Apollo and not those of Hercules. "In fact," he says, "muscles serve to help shorten one's life. The muscle-bound man, with every fiber of his body drawn to a tension that pulls at the very heart-strings, most frequently dies from what is known as an athlete's heart."

The author is said to be a man of temperate habits, who lives according to strict rules of moral and physical life. The book has an introduction by A. J. Drexel Biddle. The rules given to prospective athletes by the author are: Do not drink, smoke, or chew; get all the sleep you can, and do not think you must be a "tough." While the directions for physical health are of value, a work which encourages pugilism cannot be recommended by the best sentiment.

Physical prowess may illustrate manly power along the lines. Abraham Lincoln and William E. Gladstone were proud of their ability to use the ax. The early carnivals in the Australian colonies, which are records of skill between the sturdy woodsmen, have some of these athletic heroes. At the latest of the carnivals, held at Ulverstone, Tasmania, W. H. O'Connell was declared the world's champion. He felled a tree four feet four inches in circumference in the short time of four minutes and eight seconds.

There is enough need of physical strength in the ordering of the great forces of nature, with the world of men to enlist the powers of men. The deserts are to be made to blossom and bear fruit for the children of the future, new roads are to be built through the wilderness, forests should be planted in the waste places, and the champions of strength should be the leaders in such work in which the generations of men will rise and call them blessed. A great share of the poverty of the time is caused by the unwillingness of men to engage in physical labor.

[Physical Culture and Self-Defense. By Robert Fitzsimmons. With an Introduction by A. J. Drexel Biddle, Philadelphia.]

Technical.

The difficulties of students in finding appropriate selections for school exhibitions, are provided for in this book, which contains a varied and desirable selection for such occasions.

[New Pieces That Will Take Prizes in Speaking Contests. By Harriet Blackstone, Instructor in the Art of Speaking and Dramatic Art, Galesburg (Ill.) High School. Hinds & Noble, No. 4 Cooper Institute, New York. Price, \$1.25.]

How Convenient Reference.

Laird & Lee's Vest Pocket Diary and Saver for 1902 is one of the perfect booklets of the year. It contains a double-page map of the United States, and maps of the Philippines and Porto Rico, and also many useful tables of information concerning postal rates, tables of interest, and timely topics. Leather cover. Laird & Lee, Chicago. Price, 25 cents.

NEW MAGAZINES.

The Rev. W. Kingscote Greenland, whose pen name is Scott King, is a Methodist clergyman stationed at Llanfair, in the Isle of Wight. He spent an impressionable period of his life among the Welsh mountains. He has reproduced this time in his "Heavens of Brass," a novel story, whose initial number will appear in the February number of Pearson's Magazine for February. The February number of Pearson's Magazine contains a series of greatest interest by Earl Mayo. The contribution is entitled "The Story of the States, Louisiana." The sketch is illustrated with portraits of Louisiana heroes and many typical scenes. The contribution is a "Birdseye View of Louisiana History." Alder's "Hunting With the Camera," has shown

how a man may gratify the hunting instinct without hurting his victims. H. C. Shelley describes with photographs "The Home of Cecil Rhodes." A Hindu author furnishes "The Indian Night's Entertainment" of the number. Malcolm Ross describes some small islands of the South Pacific, in "Fresh Fringes of the British Empire." A map shows the route of Lord Ranfurly, the Governor of New Zealand, and his tour of annexation.

The Home Magazine for January contains a varied and entertaining table of contents. Laura E. Starr describes "Lace and Lace Makers." T. N. Barry tells of "The Girls of Fifty Years Ago." Martha McCulloch Williams writes of "A Fading People."

The Cornhill Magazine for January gives the second chapter by Gen. James Grant Wilson on "Thackeray in the United States," with pencil sketches of Thackeray by Count d'Orsay, from the original in the collection of Maj. William H. Lambert. A. T. Quiller-Couch, Anthony Hope and others are represented in the entertaining fiction. Alexander Innes Shand tells of "The Eighteenth Century Place Hunter." W. H. Hutton writes of "A Forgotten Poet," and gives selections from Shenstone.

Collier's Weekly for January 11 contains some interesting illustrations of the "Constructing of the New Cuban Railroad," "Launch of the Battleship 'Missouri,'" and John Ball Osborne's sketch on "Reciprocity and Our Pending Treaties." Mr. Osborne is joint secretary of the Reciprocity Commission. Edwin Emerson tells of "The South American Fight." Frederick Palmer of "The Massacres in the Philippines." Frank Norris contributes a story, "The Memorandum of Sudden Death," illustrated by Frederic Remington. The story was inspired by Mr. Remington's double-page drawing, "The Circle of Death," which appeared in the Christmas number of Collier's Weekly.

The Era for January contains an interesting sketch with portrait of the English painter, Alfred East, associate of the Royal Academy of Great Britain. Mr. East is said by William Armstrong, in this sketch, to show both the influence of classicism and modernity. He is also conceded to have greater deftness of touch in the portrayal of Oriental themes than has been attained by any other Occidental artist. A strong poem by Clinton Scollard is "The Grave of La Fayette." Mary E. Stickney portrays, in an illustrated contribution, the courage and success of "The Mining Women of Colorado." Among some of the amusing features of the number is "Completed Proverbs," by L. DeV. Matthewman. Joel Chandler Harris has begun his new novel, "Gabriel Tolliver," and the prelude opens among the scenes of his childhood before the Civil War. A. T. Quiller-Couch is also represented in the fiction. Clara Morris contributes "A Memory of Maj. McKinley." Henry Keenan adds his chapters of "Old-World Themes."

The Rubric for January, Studio building, Chicago, contains an appreciation of Tolstol, poems by Hugh de Rankin, John Vance Cheney, and Harriet Monroe. There is also a dramatic poem, "Comala," which is said to throw light on the compositions of Oeslan.

Current History for January contains Richard Gleason Greene's "Li Hung Chang," and sketches of "The Far East," "British Concentration Camps," "Movements in Europe," and other timely themes make the value of the number.

Camera Craft for January is beautifully illustrated, and its lights and shadows and half-tone productions of nature's pictures are of admirable quality. The publication both in its artistic and literary features is particularly interesting and attractive.

Norman Hapgood, whose life of George Washington has received widespread attention from the reviewers, contributes to Leslie's Monthly for February a very interesting but little known story of Washington's attempt to capture Arnold. In this number will also appear various sketches on art by leading writers.

Among the art books announced by the Macmillan Company, New York, are "Fra Filippo Lippi," by Edward C. Strutt, "Andrea Mantegna," by Maud Cruttwell, and a revised edition of "Lorenzo Lotto," by Bernhard Berenson.

The February Century is to contain two articles with illustrations on the new scheme for beautifying the city of Washington.

William F. Stead has written for Collier's Weekly (January 18), an article on "The American Invasion of Great Britain." Henry Reuter Dahl has illustrated the "Winter Navigation of the Great Lakes," in which one sees mirrored a graphic view of the perils of car-ferrying on the northern lakes. Henry Steel Morrison tells in a paper of great interest of "The Boer Prisoners in Ceylon," of whom there are over five thousand.

Forestry and Irrigation for January contains an interesting plea by Hon. James Wilson, Clifford Pinchof writes of "Immediate Future in Forest Work." W. R. Castle tells of "Forest Conditions in the Hawaiian Islands." Other articles of timely interest fill the interesting number.

The Independent for January 16 deals in timely themes of international and political interest. The Survey of the World, editorials and contributions by Park Benjamin, Albert Gardner Robinson, T. Cuyler Smith and others, include articles of able presentation.

PEOPLE AND THINGS LITERARY.

The first volume in Appleton's World Series has been contributed by its distinguished editor and is entitled "Britain and the British Seas," by H. J. Mackinder, M.A., one of the best-equipped geographers of Great Britain. It is said to be a broad, comprehensive review of Britain and the characteristics of the British seas.

The New York Mail and Express of January 8 states that Miss Ellen Emmet, a young California portrait painter, who has studied here and abroad, comes before the public with forty or more paintings. Miss Emmet expects to continue her studies in Italy and Spain.

Harry Furniss's "The Confessions of a Caricaturist" is said to contain many interesting reminiscences of men

worth remembering. It is one of the publications of Harper & Bros., New York.

The prize contributions to the Century competition among college graduates of 1900 are printed in the January number of that magazine. The essay, "Huxley as a Literary Man," is the work of James E. Routh, Jr., A.B., Johns Hopkins University; the story, "The Pepples in the Wheat," is by Katharine Fullerton, A.B., Radcliffe College; and the poem, "Acton," is by John Erskine, A.B., Columbia University. These competitions having occurred annually for four years, as announced, will now be discontinued.

Miss Edith Wharton's long-expected novel, "The Valley of Decision," is to be published in February by Charles Scribner's Sons. The scene is laid in Italy in the latter half of the nineteenth century.

A new volume of Sherlock Holmes's stories will be published in the spring by Messrs. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York.

Henry Otis Dwight's "Constantinople and Its Problems" is one of the publications of Fleming H. Revell Company, Chicago. Dr. Dwight has been for many years a missionary in the Sultan's capital.

Max Adler (Charles Heber Clark,) has written "Capt. Bluet, a Tale of Old Turkey," which is announced by Henry T. Coates, Philadelphia.

Harper & Bros. announce a new novel by Mark Twain, a new novel by William Dean Howells, a new historical novel by Robert W. Chambers, whose "Cardigan" is at the height of popularity, and a novel of love and diplomatic intrigue, entitled "The Vultures," by the well-known writer, Henry Seton Merriman. There will also be novels by S. R. Crockett, author of "Kit Kennedy," by Margaret Horton Potter, author of "The House of De Malilly," by Harris Dickinson, author of "The Black Wolf's Breed," by Mrs. W. K. Clifford, author of "Mrs. Keith's Crime," by Marie Van Vorst; by Beulah Marie Dix, author of "Hugh Wyeth, Roundhead Cavalier," and numerous others. In addition to these there will be books by Mary E. Wilkins, John Kendrick Bangs, W. W. Jacobs, and other popular authors. In the line of juvenile literature, we confidently predict that Robert W. Chambers's "Outdoorland," which was postponed until 1902, will rank as the most popular child's book of the year. Among serious works, they are publishing a new historical volume by Justin McCarthy, entitled "The Life of Queen Anne;" Prof. Woodrow Wilson's "Colonies and Nation," and Prof. George E. Woodberry's "American Life and Letters."

The new volumes which Small, Maynard & Co., Boston, are adding to the New Beacon Biographies, are said to be valuable and interesting.

F. Edwin Elwell, the sculptor, begins a course of lectures on sculpture in relation to archeology at Columbia University this month. It is proposed to put up his bust of Channing, the poet, as a grave monument at Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, Concord.

J. Clyde Oswell, No. 150 Nassau street, New York, has issued "Proofreading," by F. Horace Teall; "Punctuation," by the same author, and "Points for Printers," by W. L. Blocher.

Dodd, Mead & Co. are to undertake the publication of a magazine devoted to the interest of book collectors. Paul Leicester Ford, who is a bibliophile, as well as an author, will be the editor.

"A Japanese Nightingale," by Onota Watanna, is one of the holiday books of Harper & Bros., New York, which possess in marginal decorations and artistic effects a pleasing Oriental enhancement.

On Sunday morning, January 19, Nathan M. Babad, M.D., died at the Good Samaritan Hospital in this city, after a lingering illness. Dr. Babad was a man of brilliant and scholarly mind whose literary career had been one of fulfillment and promise. Not yet 29 years of age his work had won recognition in leading journals of the East. He contributed a number of articles to this magazine. His last contribution appeared in the January number of the Sunset Magazine. It is entitled "The Doomed Sequoia, A Fantasy," and in the interpretation of his own death will have a peculiar interest. The beautiful floral tributes sent by journalistic and literary friends in memory of the young author testify to a genuine sympathy and regret in this city.

John Lane in March will publish Henry Harland's new novel, "The Lady Paramount." The popularity won by "The Cardinal's Snuff Box" will enhance the appreciation the public will feel in the new publication which the advance proofreaders assert is charmingly tender, witty and humorous.

The Safford Publishing Company, of Akron, Ohio, will publish shortly a new novel entitled "In White and Black," by W. W. Pinson. It is a tale of the South, giving a true picture of the negro race at the close of the Civil War. The book will be splendidly illustrated.

BEES NOT USING THEIR STINGS.

There are a number of honey-making bees which apparently do not use their stings, or in which the stings are atrophied and too blunt to hurt. Some are very small, so diminutive that they are called mosquito bees. They gather quantities of honey, of which Bats, in one of the forests on the Amazon, took two quarts from one of the nests. In Jamaica, where some of these amiable bees are also found, they are called "angelitos," a name given them by the original Spanish settlers in honor of their good temper. Some Australian dwarf bees—also "angelitos" so far as human beings are concerned—do not use their stings, perhaps because they are not sharp enough to hurt, but deal with their enemies something after the manner of the Quaker on board ship who refused to use a gun, but threw the Frenchman overboard. An enemy is held down by several of the bees, who gradually put him on the rack by pulling his limbs out tight and keeping them so, for as long as an hour, by which time the prisoner "dies a natural death." Bumblebees are popularly supposed not to sting. The males have no stings, but the females have, at any rate in the common bumblebee. There are so many sizes in a bumblebee's nest, large females, small females, and males that it is a safe speculation not take the risk, though bumblebees are very easy-going creatures and only sting when pressed or hurt.—[London Spectator.]



The Development of the Great Southwest.

IN THE FIELDS OF CAPITAL, INDUSTRY AND PRODUCTION.

Compiled for The Times.

[The Times will be pleased to receive and publish in this department brief, plainly-written articles, giving trustworthy information regarding important developments in Southern California, and adjoining territory, such articles to be confined to actual work in operation, or about to begin, excluding rumors and contemplated enterprises.]

Southern San Joaquin Counties.

THE Kern County Echo recently published the following, in regard to the possibilities of trade between the counties of the southern San Joaquin Valley and Los Angeles. The remarks of the Echo in regard to criticism of the climate of Kern county must refer to irresponsible street talk. The Times is not aware that any derogatory remarks of the kind have appeared in print in Los Angeles, of late years:

"As time goes by, the line of demarcation between 'Southern' and 'Northern' California is moving farther north. For many years it has been the crest of the Tehachepi Mountains. Mojave belonged south, but Tehachepi was reckoned with the north. But now Los Angeles, the 'hub' of the south, is becoming ambitious and in its annual write-up just out, The Times boldly pushes the line northward beyond Fresno, and lays claim to thirteen counties as the component parts of 'Southern' California. It says:

"What is usually referred to as Southern California was formerly understood to include the seven southern counties of the State. Of late The Times has embraced under this head a Greater Southern California, including the thirteen counties of Los Angeles, Orange, San Bernardino, Riverside, San Diego, Ventura, Santa Barbara, San Luis Obispo, Kern, Inyo, Tulare, Kings and Fresno. These counties have much in common, all being interested in the important question of irrigation, and all of them acknowledging Los Angeles as the commercial leader."

"The Times then gives much general and specific information concerning the counties named, doing equal justice to those in the upper end of the San Joaquin Valley. Incidentally it mentions the fact that these counties have a population of but five persons to the square mile while Belgium has 480 to the square mile.

"There are some very substantial reasons why Los Angeles can make a profitable alliance with this part of the State. Her wholesale trade is rapidly increasing up this way, and her butchers also are looking this way more and more for their supplies of beef, mutton and pork. With the completion of the Coast Line, San Luis Obispo can go to Los Angeles in less time than to San Francisco, and its trend is naturally in that direction.

"Another factor which doubtless has not been overlooked by the southern metropolis is the summer outing business. A very large sum of money is spent every summer by people in this valley, going away to the seaside for a month or two. This travel has heretofore been divided between Santa Monica, Long Beach and other points on the southern coast, including Los Angeles itself, and Pacific Grove, Santa Cruz and San Francisco in the north. This is no mean business. A Bakersfield picnic held on the Santa Monica beach last summer was attended by more than a hundred people. This represented but a small part of those who were at that beach at some time during the summer and other points were patronized by about the same number, while each season sees an increasing number taking rooms in Los Angeles, from which point they visit all the pleasure resorts. Tulare, Kings and Fresno also send large contingents to all the southern resorts during the summer months. Commercially considered, we give the south our money, and bring back in return a good time, some rest and much tan and freckles.

"Politically speaking, these counties belong to one class. All of them but Kings and Fresno are in the Seventh and Eighth Congress districts, and in both State and national legislation, they have the same interest in laws affecting irrigation, water storage, reforestation, and arid lands. Our fruit products are similar, especially since the development of orange culture up this way, and laws affecting fruit sales, quarantines and inspection of stocks and orchards are identical, and in legislative work generally the desires and necessities of the upper end of this valley are more in accord with those of the southern counties than with the older settlements of the northern part of the State.

"But if these counties are to constitute a part of 'Southern' California, the people south of Tehachepi ought, in fairness, to stop misrepresenting our climatic and sanitary conditions. If what is constantly said about this valley were believed by the ones saying it, it would betray woeful ignorance on their part. But it is not. It has simply become the custom among many to decry conditions here. Any intelligent man knows that summer weather in the San Joaquin Valley is hot, but not more so than in Colton, Redlands and Riverside. Nor is this valley less healthful than other parts of the State. When the country was being put under cultivation and canals were being constructed, much malaria prevailed here. That disease followed the sod plow across the whole Mississippi Valley from New York to Colorado. But it has disappeared here now just as it did in Indiana, Illinois and Iowa when the land was once under cultivation. These things are well known to the Angelenos, and they ought to quit retailing the slander now threadbare with usage. Thousands of people and millions of money are lost to California by the misrepresentation of this valley. Many eastern visitors return home with their money because they

think land values too high south of the mountains, who would locate here if this valley were truthfully represented to them."

Flower Culture.

A LOS ANGELES correspondent, referring to a recent mention in The Times of the raising of flowers for sale, asks for information in regard to the culture of roses, smilax, carnations, violets and other flowers. It would be impossible to give satisfactory information on this subject within the limited space of this department of The Times, even if the editor of the department were capable of doing so, which he is not. The correspondent is referred to a book published a few years ago in Los Angeles, entitled "Gardening in California," by William S. Lyon, which may, doubtless, be obtained at the book stores. The book is designed chiefly for the use of amateurs.

Water for Bisbee.

THE mining town of Bisbee, in Arizona, is putting on metropolitan airs. The International Land and Improvement Company is engaged in grading the streets and putting in an extensive water service, four-inch pipes being used.

Oceanside.

THE following particulars regarding Oceanside, in San Diego county, of which necessarily only a brief mention was made in the Midwinter Times, are from the Oceanside Blade:

"In location, climate and surroundings Oceanside offers unusual advantages to the transient visitor or the homemaker. The town is situated on the coast on the main line of the S. C. R. R., and forty miles north of San Diego, the county seat. Branch lines run to Fallbrook and Escondido. The site of the town is forty feet above the beach, insuring fine drainage and the alternating land and sea breezes afford perhaps the most perfect climate in the world. The peculiar configuration of the mountains back from the coast gives Oceanside, annually, more rainfall than any other of the seacoast towns of the county.

Oceanside is incorporated and the city owns and operates its own water system which is one of the best of any of the smaller towns of the State. The water, which is of excellent quality, is obtained from deep wells sunk in the bed of the San Luis Rey River, at the mouth of which the town is located. New and modern pumping machinery recently installed furnishes an ample supply. The rates are very reasonable.

One of the chief attractions of the place is the magnificent beach, which hard and level, extends for miles, affording the finest driving and surf bathing to be found anywhere. Residents of inland towns annually avail themselves of the many facilities for seaside enjoyment, and as a resort Oceanside is yearly gaining in popularity. The winter climate is unsurpassed for mildness and evenness of temperature.

Business enterprises of all kinds are represented, their being grocery, drug, dry goods, hardware, stationery and other stores, a foundry and machine shop, flouring mill, grain warehouses, weekly newspaper, bank, etc. Capital has recently been invested in new enterprises, chief among which is the plant of the California Salt Company, which is operating, making salt at the Carlsbad and La Costa sloughs. The evaporating plants when worked to their full capacity will have an output of several thousand tons annually.

The country surrounding Oceanside produces large quantities of hay, grain, fruit, honey and dairy products, for which the town is the shipping point.

Extending back from the coast twenty-five miles or more is the San Luis Rey Valley.

Prices of farming land around Oceanside range from \$10 per acre upward. Values of town property have recently shown a healthy rise. Lots can be obtained for from \$15 to \$250 according to location.

The streets are graded and planted to palms, eucalyptus, pepper, cypress and other trees. A daily stage connects with Fallbrook, Pala and intermediate points. Excellent churches and schools, lodges and kindred organizations add to the many attractions for homeseekers. The locality is exceptionally free from violent storms. The soil being a sandy loam no inconvenience is experienced from mud during the rainy season. Many resources of the locality are as yet undeveloped. Clay suitable for brickmaking, moulding sand, mineral paint, sandstone and limestone are some of the materials that are known to be close at hand.

Electricity at Riverside.

MUNICIPAL ownership of the electric lighting plant appears to be a decided success in Riverside. The Riverside Press says:

There is general satisfaction over the fact that the city has contracted for more electric power. The demands for power have multiplied tenfold over the modest estimates made when we first voted bonds and they are constantly increasing. The rapid growth of the city makes a steadily-increasing demand for electric lights and new motors for packing-houses, manufacturing purposes, and pumping plants are being rapidly installed. The street railway lines are sure to be extended and Sherman Institute will be another larger customer for power. The city is definitely committed to the policy of municipal ownership and the only prudent thing to do is to make provision for the future by providing the power we need. There will soon be a demand for 2000 horse power, and if the plants proposed are built Riverside will have an equipment of electric power such as no other city of its size in the country enjoys.

We shall soon be not only the greatest orange-growing

district in the world, but the greatest electric city. We believe both of the contracts just made are good ones; and the trustees deserve credit for the thorough investigation they made in making the propositions and the seal with which they got a good bargain for the city.

A Santa Barbara County Valley.

THE Santa Barbara News recently contained the following:

Goleta is particularly awake. The last few years have been remarkable for unusual activity in real estate actions, and indications promise a continued movement is not attributable to decline in demand might be supposed because of the long depression. Indeed prices hold up well, and expressions of opinion about the weather are low-voiced and subdued. We remember how in years past we fretted in alarm, nursing our anxiety through the uncertainty almost to the verge of despair, and presto! down it came, the rain, floods of it. Farmers hustled, their plows speedily turned, waiting soil and soon the whole broad face of the valley was laughing with promise of abundant promise was fulfilled. There is now no cause for alarm. Our earliest sown grain does not always make crops, and the spring rains are decidedly unable for summer crops.

Considerable improvement in the line of going on all around. The new blacksmith shop is the third within the radius of a mile.

Profits from Desert Melons.

THE Inyo Submarine publishes the following, showing profits in melon culture, which until a few years ago was regarded as utterly worthless for agricultural purposes in the State of California, County of Riverside.

Before me, H. E. Tallant, a Justice of the Peace, personally appeared H. E. Fortney, who being sworn, deposes and says:

That he is a resident of Coachella, Riverside county, State of California, on Section 6, Township 4 N., Range 12 E.; planted sixteen (16) acres to cantaloupe in February, 1901, and commenced shipping them the 10th day of June, 1901, receiving net, after deducting freight and commission, twenty-one hundred and thirty dollars and thirteen cents (\$2134.13). From the same acres planted to watermelons received net one hundred and thirty dollars.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 10th day of November, 1901.

H. E. Tallant, Justice of the Peace, Indio Township, State of California, County of Riverside.

Before me, H. E. Tallant, Justice of the Peace, personally appeared J. L. Rector, who, being sworn, deposes and says:

That Rector Bros., are residents of Coachella, Riverside county, State of California, on Section 6, Range 12 E.; they planted twenty-two acres to cantaloupe melons in February, 1901, and commenced shipping the same the 10th day of June, 1901, net, after deducting freight and commission, one hundred and thirty dollars per acre.

That from two and one-fourth acres planted to melons, they received net, five hundred and thirty dollars, after deducting freight and commission.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of November, 1901.

H. E. Tallant, Justice of the Peace, Indio Township.

A Growing Foothill Town.

INDINGS of prosperity are told of Sherman, which has sprung up about the power plant of the Los Angeles-Pacific (electric) Railway Company in the foothills. Within the past eighteen months there have been constructed twenty-six houses, costing approximately \$24,000. The gross receipts of the Sherman office for the first three quarters of 1900 were one hundred and fifty-four dollars. The gross receipts for the corresponding quarter of 1901 amounted to one hundred and eighty-nine dollars showing an increase of 22 per cent. The population of Sherman is one hundred and forty. The number of men employed on the railway and in its shops is one hundred and fifty. The money distributed at Sherman is about \$10,000 per month. The church, which is inadequate for the accommodation of the people, has houses of six or seven rooms are said to be under the use of the railway employees. Large quantities of winter vegetables grown in the foothills have been shipped.

In Southern Ventura County.

FOLLOWING is from the Oxnard Courier: "One of the greatest indications of the development of business in the south side of the county is one of the concerns that has developed in the amount of new business is the S. P. Milling Company, the year, besides its warehouses already built at Oxnard and Camarillo, it has built a 75x300-foot building at Moorpark, and one at Santa Barbara, thoroughly equipped with office, double elevators, trucks, etc. As these different houses, along the coast, which is also under the management of the Ventura county this year, it might be well to show each one separately and show its business. The company of wholesale dealing in flour, furnishing the flour that commodity used by the Oxnard mill."

CARE OF THE BODY.

VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS FOR ACQUIRING AND PRESERVING HEALTH.

Compiled for The Times.

A German View of Woman.

BRIEF reference was made in this department, a few weeks ago, to anatomical and psychological investigations made by a German professor, Dr. J. P. Moebius, for the purpose of endeavoring to find the place which woman occupies in life. The reference was founded on a short review in an exchange. Since then, there has been received a copy of a quarterly medical publication, the *Almanach und Neurologist*, of St. Louis, which contains a translation of Dr. Moebius's paper. It contains some novel and rather striking ideas, and is worthy of more extended reference.

The title of Dr. Moebius's essay is "The Physiological Mental Weakness of Women." He defines mental weakness as "that which lies between idleness and the normal condition." While he does not entirely assent to all the statements of Italian writers who have treated at length on this subject, he believes that, on the whole, the evidence of mental inferiority of women is very well presented. The presentation of the Italians occupies 192 pages, but Dr. Moebius thinks that if one should go through a thoroughly large book would result. It would be a most difficult task for a German professor to handle such a subject as this within the narrow limits of 192 pages. In many respects this essay of the German professor reminds one vividly of Teufelsdröck's *Essay on Clothes*, as presented by Carlyle. Dr. Moebius believes that "physically, irrespective of the sexual characteristics, woman is an intermediate between child and man, and mentally also, in many respects at least." He says that Ruedinger, another well-known German writer on physiological topics, found in a low intelligence, for example the negro, "consciousness of the parietal lobe similar to the female, while a man of high mentality the larger development of the frontal lobe presents an entirely different picture." From this he concludes that parts of the brain extremely important to mentality are less developed in woman than in man, and that this difference exists at birth.

As to the senses, he says they seem to be equally acute in both sexes, although Lombroso believes to have found that the cutaneous pain sense is less in woman. Dr. Moebius does not even leave women the credit for acuity in light occupations, such as is usually granted to them. He says that, as soon as a man takes up woman's work—tailoring, weaving, cooking, etc.—he does it better than the woman. Instinct, he believes, plays a greater role in woman than in man. "Instinct makes the woman child-like, dependent, secure and cheerful." He says: "It is this peculiar power, it renders her adorable and attractive. Very many feminine attributes are dependent on this animal-like condition. Chiefly absence of real judgment. What is regarded true and good is true and good for woman. They are very conservative and loath innovations, except of the instances in which the innovation confers some advantages, or the loved one is interested in it. In animals they always do the same thing, hence the human race would have remained in its primitive state if there were only women. All progress is due to man. Therefore the woman is like a dead weight on his side, she prevents much restlessness and meddlesome interference, but she also restrains him from noble aims, for she is unable to distinguish good from evil and merely subjects everything to custom and 'the word of people.' A high mental development affords the insight that by promotion of the general weal the weal is promoted. Most women remain in the intermediate state; their morals are entirely those of habit or unconscious rectitude, the moral concept is incomprehensible for them and reflection only makes them wiser. To this bias is added the narrowness of the intellectual scope due to their natural position. They are in the children and the husband; what is outside of the family does not interest them. Justice, regardless of the person is an empty phrase for them. It is evidently incorrect to call women immoral, but they are morally biased or defective."

In short, our German professor believes that "if woman was not physically and mentally weak; if she was not, as a rule, rendered harmless by circumstances, she would be extremely dangerous." Here is another extract:

"Carelessness and loquacity are always to be counted included among feminine traits of character. It affords woman infinite pleasure. Is the true feminine sport. That may perhaps be understood when the domestic animals are taken into account. The cat jumps after the ball and so practices for catching mice; woman exercises her tongue during her whole life to be prepared for wordy contest."

Turning to the question of the intellectual faculties, Dr. Moebius is good enough to admit that "intellectual memory—in so far as special talents are concerned, is not bad in many women." He quickly qualifies this admission, however, by adding that "if learning does not offer a personal advantage in bettering prospects it is repugnant to her." Real creation, invention, planning new methods, is, he says, denied woman. In substantiation of this statement he refers to one branch—music—which, he says, has never been a masculine affair. On the contrary, more girls than boys have been interested in music. What, asks he, has been the record? Women sing and play, in part, very well. Where the female composer who has attained any note? In painting, he claims that the great majority of female artists are wholly devoid of creative fancy, and make only a medium technique—flowers, still life, etc. This subject he dismisses with the statement

that "the absence of the ability to combine, that is, in art, the want of imagination, renders feminine art as a whole worthless." In obstetrics he says that women have, indeed, hindered rather than enhanced, and in support of this he quotes another well-known German writer. As to literature, "the few literary women whose names appear in the history of the past two centuries were good scholars, but nothing more."

Dr. Moebius declares that nothing is more absurd than to wish to forbid woman lying. Hypocrisy, that is to say falsehood, is, he says, the natural and indispensable weapon of woman, which she cannot forego. He thinks that no intelligent man would seek a literary woman to care for his children. Someone has said that nothing should be required of woman but to be "healthy and stupid." Dr. Moebius admits that this is a crude admission, but he says that there is truth in the paradox. Proportionately as what we call civilization advances, he says, fertility declines—"the better the school the worse the confinements, less becomes the secretion of milk, in brief the more useless woman becomes." In support of this statement he quotes Lombroso, who shows that in the whole animal kingdom intelligence is in inverse ratio to fertility—that female ants and bees acquire higher intelligence at the expense of the species, while the queen bee, alone capable of procreation, is stupid. As civilization advances, he foresees that the urban population, with its special cerebral activity, must gradually become sterile, and would become extinct, but for the influx from the country. As a sign of modern degeneration, he notes the increase of feminine men and masculine women.

The law, Dr. Moebius believes, should have regard for the physiological mental weakness of woman—that it is a great injustice to measure both sexes by the same standard.

Not only, according to Dr. Moebius, has woman less mental capacity than man, but she loses what she has much earlier, the change, according to him, being coincident with the cessation of the procreative faculty. Here is a closing extract from this "able essay":

"Feminine talent is merely the aptitude for love affairs; here the will controls the intellect, sharpens and braces it. All other affairs only obtain real importance through their relation to the cardinal matter."

In concluding his remarks, Dr. Moebius naively observes: "If we perceive that we are necessitated to call the normal woman weak-minded in comparison to man, nothing to her detriment is thus implied." Sure!

The conclusions of this German professor may rest upon a material substratum of truth, but—well, there are probably no strong-minded women or women's clubs in the neighborhood where the learned doctor resides. It would not be surprising to learn that Dr. Moebius is a henpecked husband, who stands in mortal dread of his wife.

Nature's Timely Hints.

THE following valuable suggestions are from the *London Mail*:

"Nature scarce ever strikes without warning. In so far as disease is concerned it gives clear signs of what is impending day, weeks, months, and even years before the attack. If people looked for these signs and took warning from them they would escape much serious illness and live many years longer than they do. It is indeed remarkable how careless we are in this respect. A man who will anxiously scan the sky for signs of coming rain lest his top hat may get spoiled will never dream of examining his eyes, nose or finger nails for signs of coming illness."

"The sneeze, for instance, is very significant. It is always a sign that something is injuring the air passages, anywhere from the nose down to the lungs. Should it be only a case of snuff or pepper, of course the sneeze is of no consequence. But often it is an indication of congestion. There is inflammation somewhere, with too much blood, and the object of the sneeze is to give relief by getting rid of some of the fluid. This sneeze is a warning that every prudent person should attend to. It is at least the forerunner of a cold. But it may indicate an approaching attack of bronchitis or pneumonia. When there is much sneezing, accompanied by something like a small shower of rain, the victim will do well to take a warm footbath, go to bed, and adopt the other usual remedies to cure a cold."

"The winter cold itself is a grave warning. When it recurs two or three times every winter, it is sure to be followed, in the end, by chronic bronchitis. Once this comes on it is practically incurable."

"Men are started on their lives much as a shell from a cannon—with a certain fixed quantity of energy. If disease or accident does not carry them off, they will die some time of what we call old age—in other words, when the energy with which they started is spent. Some have energy enough to carry them over the full century; others have only sufficient to keep them going for ninety, eighty, seventy, sixty or fewer years. Now, early baldness is a sure sign, with some exceptions, that the energy is likely to fall sooner than in the average man. But all kinds of baldness have not this significance. Sometimes the loss of hair arises from scalp disease, caused probably by microbes. The warning baldness is that kind which commences about the temples and on the crown of the head, and gradually eats its way over the scalp, until only a circular fringe of hair is left."

"Blue nails, or blue hands, betoken weak or obstructed circulation. They are a warning against overexertion of any kind. The obstruction may occur from disorder of several organs in the body. But most commonly the blueness indicates that the heart is not up to the mark."

"Yawning is a somewhat similar warning. It is a sign that the steam has run down and that it is time to go to bed, or perhaps to go into the open air. When you sit in a close room the lungs do not receive sufficient of the vital gas, oxygen. The yawn is then a desperate effort of the lungs to properly aerate the blood, and it warns you to open the windows or to leave the room. When you are out of bed too long or when you have done an unusually hard day's work, the waste products of your body are present in excessive quantity.

Then the yawn is a warning to you to lie down and rest.

"Most people have a great horror of getting a 'stroke' or fit of apoplexy. It is not by any means as unpleasant as the toothache, but the suddenness of it is what appalls. There is really no suddenness about it, however. No disease gives such early warning. A 'stroke' is a very simple occurrence, and not at all horrible. It results from two or three causes, but the most common one is this: A little artery in the brain wears out and lets some blood escape, which clots, presses on the brain, and paralyzes whatever part of the body is governed by the piece of brain pressed upon. Now this artery wears out only in common with other arteries of the body. In some people they all become what is called atheromatous, or hard and brittle. At the same time they become tortuous, or twisted. We can see these hard and tortuous arteries on the temples, and then we know it is not safe to do anything which will congest the brain, lest the one little artery there, which is especially liable to give way, shall let the blood escape. Likewise warning is often given by the piece of brain pressed upon. They break and let out little traces of blood, which can easily be seen. But a cold or sleepless night may do the same. When these signs occur, and they occur months and years before the stroke, do not get excited or angry, no matter how great the provocation, do not rush to catch an omnibus, or in any way overexert yourself, and do not dine too heartily. By taking the warnings given by nature you will insure yourself against this pleasantest way of leaving the world, and be sure of dying of cholera, or smallpox, or some other respectable disease."

"The tongue gives many warnings. If it is large, flabby, and yellow, you are eating too much or in some way mismanaging your feeding. If it is small, red, and inflamed, your stomach is inflamed, too, and you must live for a time on milk and bismuth mixture, and avoid tea and alcohol."

"Do you feel depressed and look blue after your cold bath? Then be warned and give it up till fine weather, or take it tepid. Otherwise, owing to lowered vitality, you run a good chance of getting whatever infectious disease is going."

"Is there a blue line on your gums near the teeth? Perhaps you are suffering from lead poisoning, so attend to the water pipes, or, if you are a painter, carefully wash your hands and clean your nails before eating."

"Is there a red line on your gums? Go to a sanitarium for consumptives, or at least take cod liver oil, open your windows night and day, and consult a doctor."

A Wonderful Surgical Operation.

AS THE Cincinnati Enquirer remarks, in reporting the case, modern surgery has accomplished so much within a decade that it is no longer a surprise when some surgeon dares to venture just a step farther. If the tendency to cut and slash on the slightest provocation, even when milder measures might suffice, and the torturing of innocent animals by vivisection without the use of anesthetics, were abolished, the surgical profession might justly claim universal praise and respect. Following is a description of a proposed wonderful feat in surgery in Cincinnati:

"Such an attempt will be made at the City Hospital in a few days upon Nathaniel Penney, whose life is hanging by a thread. Penney, who lives at 7 Taylor street, was admitted to the hospital December 5, suffering from an aneurism of the abdominal aorta. The lower arch of the great artery supplying the blood to the stomach from the heart had become weakened, its walls distending and forming a sac, and to save his life the attending physicians have decided upon heroic measures. As soon as the patient shall have gained sufficient strength to bear the ordeal he will be placed under the influence of a powerful anesthetic. An incision several inches in length will be made below the heart. The needle of a peculiarly-constructed hypodermic syringe will then be inserted through the opening directly into the aneurism. This syringe will be filled with gelatine, and the charge several times repeated will be shot into the sac. Then another needle, one end of which will be connected with an electric current, will be inserted into the sac and the current turned on. The theory upon which this unique method is employed is that the gelatine mixing with the blood and both fluid and semi-fluid being whipped up by the electric current will cause coagulation and cause the accumulated blood in the sac to form into a clot. In this condition the pressure on the walls of the artery will be removed, and nature will then come to the aid of science and by strengthening the walls avert the danger of collapse. The contemplated operation is an innovation upon the method which on several occasions has been tried, but without success, of introducing hair and fine steel springs into the aneurism with the same purpose in view."

The Case of President McKinley.

THE discussion in regard to asserted wrong treatment of the case of President McKinley still continues in medical publications. Modern Medical Science, in its December number, says:

"We had good reason to announce public and authoritative criticisms of great severity from out the small, very small, number of men who are really surgeons and not merely noted operators. Yet, upon consultation, we have felt constrained to agree with those gentlemen, whose voices have not been heard in the fraternal chorus, and whose names would surprise the profession and the public; that the opportunity for this most important discussion will improve by delay. So great a case, and so lamentably vulnerable, cannot drop out of sight, and the desperate efforts of the professional leaders to cover it with an avalanche of testimonials, will have the effect to pile the monument of incompetency higher in the sight of men. We do not expect, therefore, to drop the subject permanently, but to make it tributary, later, to better knowledge than the professional oracles have been willing, where they have been able, to teach, in such discussion as the interests of mankind and of medicine demand on this most extraordinary occasion."

The Youths' Own Page—Our Boys and Girls.

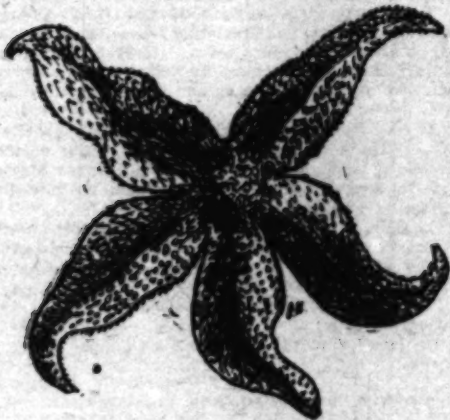
STARFISHES AND SEA URCHINS.

SOMETHING ABOUT THEIR PECULIARITIES AND THEIR MODES OF LIVING.

By a Special Contributor.

THE curio monger along our southern beaches chooses the early morning hour to spy and obtain what is of interest to him. Long before the eager crowd comes he has haunted and scoured the shore. It is not the great ocean that claims his attention, but what it casts forth and withholds. Down in its depths are wonders, and these he must have. Not the least in the collection are the interesting starfishes and sea urchins.

Unfortunately for men, the Greeks discovered and named the greater portion of these animals, and their long names have clung to them down through the centuries. The starfish and sea urchin both belong to the Echinodermata, in Greek meaning hedgehog and skin, indicating an animal bristling with spines like a hedgehog. Their organization is among the most perfect of all the annulose animals and are a kind of transition be-



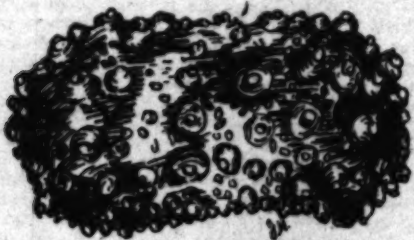
STAR FISH.

tween them and animals of more complicated frame.

Nearly all the radiates, or star-shaped animals, live in the sea or ocean; only a few kinds living in brooks, ponds and lakes. Those in sweet water are poorly colored and lack in beauty. The starfishes are exclusively and essentially inhabitants of the sea, and are never met with in fresh water. In every sea and under all latitudes, they are to be found. The tropical regions boast the greater number and those the more richly varied in hue, although I have found some of unsurpassed beauty among those gathered off the coast of California.

The animals of the radiate family are sometimes free and sometimes attached by a stem, flexible or otherwise, representing an appearance more or less regular in all its parts, after the manner of a circle or star. That of the ordinary starfish consists of a flat central disk, with five or more lobes radiating from it. These elongated arms secrete in all their tissues, or only in the integument, numerous, symmetrical, calcareous plates. These harden and form an internal skeleton, leathery in texture.

The young starfishes are produced by eggs, which usually are stored or retained under the parent's body



SEA URCHIN WITHOUT SPINES.

and thus protected. Unlike the human race, the young grow more beautiful with age; the older the more perfect. Immediately after birth the young starfishes have a depressed and rounded body, with four club-shaped arms or appendages at their anterior extremity. What short, dumpy little things they are, and how helpless! Eight days the waves wash over them before the fine rays begin to increase. After eight days more two rows of feet appear and develop. Like most young they must reach a certain age before they can stand on their own feet. These feet are under each ray and assist in the locomotion of the animal. The rays are also furrowed underneath and pierced by many holes, through which pass the so-called legs. These sucker-like tentacles are very tough when in the salt water.

The worst enemy of our oyster beds is the starfish. His omnivorous appetite is beyond all belief. The ravenous creature is always on the lookout for prey. Sure as fate, if you find him in a curled up condition, you can rest assured he is gorging himself with an oyster, dog whelp, or horse mussel—anything handy that will tickle his palate. A queer thing about this ogre, his mouth is on his under side. This leads to the stomach, which appears to be very flexible. After the starfish has digested his food, the stomach slowly returns to its

place, the monster's arms straighten out and he makes himself comfortable for his after-dinner nap.

Sometimes in a single night the greater part of an oyster bed will be destroyed. Some say the starfish wraps his turned-out stomach about his prey, not attempting to consume the limy shell by which the oyster is inclosed. The captured creature soon sickens, relaxes its hold, and the shell opening, allows the radiate to suck out the gelatinous inside, and throw off the hard skeleton. According to other shrewd observers of nature the starfish suffocates the oyster by grasping two of its fingers so closely to the edge of the valves that the prisoner finds it beyond his power to open his shell. Sometimes the voracious animal meets with punishment, breaking off one of its fingers while indulging in his favorite pastime. Like all animals of the lower orders, it has the power of reproducing parts of its body that have been broken off.

The starfish is more ornamental than useful. When dead he is not so brilliant in color as when alive. I have seen them clinging to the piles of the wharf at Port Harford, lending a rich touch of color to the blackened wharf. Most of them were lavender and yellow-orange in color, while here and there a yellowish-gray or garnet-red showed above the green splashing ocean swells as the boat entered the port. They appeared to be the only bright spot about the place that dull and fog-laden morning. So tightly did they cling to the wharf that all effort to pry them off was useless.

Beyond doubt the nearest interesting relative of the starfish is his ugly cousin, the sea urchin. The name is very suitable, for before cleaning and polishing this creature is very homely, and covered with spines. These protect and defend it from danger, and stand out in all directions from the shell. The spines have a "ball and cup" joint. On the shell are little round knobs to which the spines are attached by a thin skin, covering the outside of the shell. It is by the action of this skin that the spines are moved. The shell consists of five or six hundred pieces. These increase in size with the age of the animal.

The double curved rows of little dots show the holes through which the sea urchin puts out its tubular feet, on which it walks. These tubular organs are also used in seizing food. The movements of these curious creatures are very slow, their only object being to catch the bodies of animals and marine plants; or by extending or contracting their arms to feel their way through the water to some new locality. The most of them have a sort of root or long flexible stem, holding them firmly to some rock, allowing only a limited space for them to subsist in.

The young, after hatching from eggs dropped on the rocks, attach themselves to the stones by a root until they reach a certain age. Then the young urchins break away from the rock or parent stem and strive for a new home. They have little instinct to travel.

The greater number of those purple-shaded and marked with white upon the ventral surface come from the Mediterranean Sea. The most common ones are those seen in our curio stores, showing delicate pink and lavender shades.

Outside the use the sea urchin is put to for ornament and fancy work, it is sought as a food. Like oysters, they are sometimes eaten raw. Cut into four parts the flesh can be taken out with a spoon. It is also, but more rarely, dressed by boiling and eaten from the shell like an egg. This has given them the name "sea-egg," by which the urchin is known in many countries.

JOSEPHINE HAAS.

MOLLY'S NEW DRESS.

HOW SHE HELPED THE SOUVENIR AND AT THE SAME TIME EARNED SOME MONEY.

By a Special Contributor.

Molly Millwinney had a new dress. There are little girls, at least so Mrs. Millwinney said, who have a new dress every year and she once heard of a girl who had twenty-four at one time, who wasn't a queen's daughter, either!

When Molly heard that she opened wide her big eyes; Molly was 16 years old and this was the very first new dress she could remember.

But there was something about Molly Millwinney's new dress which made it more beautiful and precious than any worn by the little girl with twenty-four, and which even the dresses of a princess lack, and that was that it was bought with money Molly herself had earned.

It happened this way. One day when Jacky, Molly, Mickey and Midge, with Merry-three-legs, their jolly little dog (who had lost a limb and scarcely missed it,) were playing on Sandy Beach, where the Millwinneys lived, they saw a funny little old woman bobbing up and down behind the sand dunes. She wore a brown skirt, a red knit jersey and had a queer, peaked black hat tied tight down over her ears. On her arm she carried a queerer basket, made by fastening a handle of rope to a cotton flour sack so stiffened with glue that it would stand alone.

It was very unusual to see a stranger on Sandy Beach; it was such a far-away, lonely spot.

"She's picking up something," whispered Molly, mysteriously.

"There ain't any shells back there, nor driftwood; nothing but wizzled up kelp; 'tain't good for nothing," said Jacky.

"Maybe she cooks with it," suggested Mickey.

"Pooh, 'twouldn't burn a minuita."

The old woman was coming nearer; sure enough, she was poking about the dunes with a long stick, uncover-

ing the little pointed kelp pods, dropping them in a singular bag-basket.

"What do you 'pose she does with 'em?" asked Jacky, staring curiously.

"I don't care what she does with 'em; let's go and see," said Jacky. But Molly didn't want to go. She wanted to watch the stranger, so as Jacky, Midge tucked up trousers and skirts and started to meet the rollicking waves, Molly stole off to the dunes.

"Good morning, little girl," said the old woman. Molly came quite near. Then she picked up a bag of kelp, and, shaking the sand from it, popped it into her bag. Molly wanted dreadfully to ask her what she was afraid it wouldn't be polite. Then she, looking in the dune with her bare toes, and feeling a fat, smooth kelp ball, handed them to the woman.

"Thank you, my dear, those will do nicely," said the strange person.

"I know where there are heaps of 'em, down the cove," said Molly.

"Dear me! Is it far? You see stooping so bad for the back, and I'm not so young as I was, explained the little stranger, whose face was wrinkled.

"I'll fetch 'em for you," offered Molly, eagerly.

The old woman sat down on a nice, warm dune, you, dearie, that's kind; but I couldn't let you go for nothing."

"I wouldn't do it for nothing," replied Molly. "I'd do it for you." Which was really such a praiseworthy way of looking at it that this queer person claimed more blankly, "Dear me!" and Molly went for the cove.

When she came back, with her dress skirt stuck in kelp, the old woman said, "You are a good girl. What's your name?"

"Molly; what's yours?" inquired Molly quite fully.

"Miss Stubbs; I'm a souvenir artist," returned the lady, impressively.

Molly looked at Miss Stubbs with wonder and awe; not that she had any idea what a souvenir artist was, but it certainly had a very grand sound.

"I suppose you would like to know what I do," said Miss Stubbs, shaking her bag, now full. "I use them in my business." This was interesting, but not quite clear, and as Molly looked at Miss Stubbs continued, "I make wonderful out of them and out of shells, for the stores; they have a large custom from the leading curio stores West." This Miss Stubbs said quite proudly.

"I've just taken a little cottage down around here to avail myself of climatic conditions and the treasures so lavishly scattered here."

Molly Millwinney had seldom heard such language, so she said, "Yes" very respectfully indeed. Miss Stubbs continued:

"If you will come some day to my humble abode, show you some of my art work; but please don't bring your dog. I am very timid about dogs." And Miss Stubbs drew her scant skirts tight about her, and Merry-three-legs suspiciously as he rubbed his head against Molly's bare legs. Then lowering her voice to a confidential whisper, Miss Stubbs confided, "And I like boys, either!"

That any one should be afraid of Merry-three-legs was not like Jacky and Mickey was even more than being a souvenir artist, whatever it might be. Molly replied, "I'll come some day, if maw'll let me like to."

But when Molly told her mother, Mrs. Millwinney looked thoughtful.

"Can I go, maw?" begged Molly, eagerly.

"Deed, honey—I couldn't let you go by yourself one day when your paw's feeling right smart, may be with you."

But paw seldom did feel right smart.

It was several days before Molly met her queer friend again.

"Well; you haven't been yet to visit me, my dear," claimed Miss Stubbs, when Molly brought her bundle of kelp she'd been saving and two curious children called "angel's wings."

Then Molly told Miss Stubbs what her mother said, and Miss Stubbs answered briskly: "Very good, and proper, my dear; your mother is a born thinker I will, under the circumstances, waive and call myself." Whereupon—much to Molly's surprise—the little old lady walked home with her.

Mr. Millwinney was sitting on the porch, and Mickey a boat, and Jacky was rigging up a sail.

"Here comes the crazy woman," said Jacky.

"I'll run and shut up Merry-three-legs," and he hurried the small fox terrier into the lean-to shed.

"Why do you call her crazy?" asked Mr. Millwinney.

"Didn't maw tell you? She's afraid of dogs and like boys!"

Well; to be sure! Such evidences of insanity are to be overlooked.

Mother Millwinney came out to greet the guest, brought the one rocking chair which was not in Jacky and Mickey hid behind the henhouse.

The little old lady spread out her brown skirt and wore of velvet and she a queen calling upon a press. Mrs. Millwinney was much impressed; she guest had gone she said to father Millwinney.

"I reckon she's kind of crack-brained, but poor dear. I suspicion it would be a real shame if little sister go and see her now and then."

So the next day Molly trudged around the beach

home of the souvenir artist, and a marvelous place the two-room house proved to be.

Tables and shelves were filled with curious bits of work in many stages of incompleteness, and boxes of things were standing ready to be shipped away. There were baskets, pincushions, frames, match-holders, pin trays, needle cases, all fashioned from shells and many of them painted—entirely by hand, Miss Stubbs assured Molly—with sprays of flowers the like of which were never seen on land nor sea. Molly found them rarely beautiful. And the help—what hadn't been done with it. Flare and yards of it, mixed with wampum, had been strung and lay in great coils, like brown, bead necklaces stacked in corners and under work tables.

These are for portieres and lambrequins," explained the obliging hostess; and Molly said, "Yes'm," as politely as if she had ever seen either or knew in the very least what the strange person meant. But the help—those she did know! With their rolled-up eyes and comic expression, they were perfectly fascinating; and they grinned at her from the top of penwipers and stared at her from calendars and holiday cards.

It was a wonderland—this workshop; and Molly, spell-bound, could scarcely tear herself away. Her visits became frequent, and she always won a welcome with some new sea treasures.

She came so often and brought so much that the old lady scarcely needed to tramp the shore at all, and perhaps that is why her rheumatism got so bad that one day Molly found her all stiffened up and miserable.

It was the day Molly brought her twelve wonderful baby pods, round like oak balls, dry, brown, and at the back of each flat sphere a black twisted stem six or eight inches long.

"Oh, Miss Stubbs," cried Molly, "it's just exactly like a Chinaman's pigtail."

"Why, so 'tis, child. Now weren't you cute to think of a Chinaman's pigtail?"

"I never feel sick, Miss Stubbs, can't I stay and help?" said Miss Stubbs, who felt very poorly, indeed, said Molly.

After the dishes were washed and the house "red" as Molly said, she brought her chair to watch the souvenir artist paint.

"Why don't you make some penwipers, Miss Stubbs, like those like Chinamen wear, and then paint Chinese faces on the faces with the pigtailed instead of just brownies like these? See, I'll help."

"Now no!" stammered Miss Stubbs, all in a flutter. "What a clever child; I wonder if I could? Brownies don't sell as they did; and such a wise suggestion about the blue penwipers, too; you certainly have the artistic temperament."

That was probably something desirable, as Miss Stubbs seemed so pleased, and the Chinese penwipers turned out a great success.

"I'm sure they'll sell," trilled Miss Stubbs in a burst of enthusiasm, as she viewed the twelve almond-eyed, black-eyed orientals, and you shall have half the money!"

"Oh, no," cried Molly. "Please, no."

"No, child; it's no more than right; and all you've done for me! The idea was yours; I shall insist." Miss Stubbs was prepared to be very firm, indeed.

Molly had almost forgotten about the Chinamen, when Miss Stubbs welcomed her warmly, her black, beaming face gleaming with suppressed excitement. "You, child, I thought you would never come. See me and producing a round, yellow gold piece, the little old woman said, solemnly: "That's what I give the twelve Chinese penwipers, and half of it belongs to you!"

Molly eyed the bright half eagle with a speculative air. "How can you break it?" she inquired. "Will you break it in two?"

"Ahem—well, no," admitted Miss Stubbs. "That would surely be—expedient."

Then taking down a green plush bag, she dropped the gold piece in and drew out two big silver disks and one smaller one. "There," she said, "that is just half of the gold piece," which seemed to Molly a more astonishing and mysterious bit of witchcraft than might be reasonably expected even of a souvenir artist.

So Molly carried the silver home, telling father and mother all about it.

"It's money, child," explained Mr. Millwinney. "And what will you do with it?"

"What's it good for, paw?" asked Molly.

"Dear the innocent lamb," cried Mrs. Millwinney. "To buy things, of course, honey."

"Oh!" Molly's eyes were shining. "Will it buy potatoes?"

"Dead it will, child."

"Then you take it, paw, 'cause you wished we had potatoes for dinner."

Father Millwinney took the smallest piece. "This will buy plenty of potatoes," he said, smiling.

Molly held one silver dollar in each hand, regarding them with a puzzled air; then she cried: "You take these, mav, 'cause you know there never is money enough."

"I'll take one, honey, for the flour barrel is clean empty, but the other'll be just enough to buy you a new dress."

Molly's eyes danced. "Blue, with white trimming, like the preacher's little girl?"

"Just like that; was there ever such a fortunate child?"

It would have been very hard to convince Father Millwinney, in her new, blue calico with white dots and neat white bands of cotton braid ornamenting neck, yoke and sleeves, that there were any girls in the world who would not have been as happy as she over her new gown.

"I'll Midge only had one, too," she said wistfully.

"Dear, child, I'm going to make Midge a brand new dress out of your old one," announced Mother Millwinney; and this was a miracle often performed in the Millwinney family, which did not savor of witchcraft at all!

ISABEL BATES WINSLOW.

THE CLASS DINNER.

HOW THE SENIOR CLASS OF THE GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL OUTWITTED THEIR BOY RIVALS.

By a Special Contributor.

The senior class of the Girls' High School were to give their annual dinner, appearing in cap and gown for the first time, and great was the excitement as they assembled for the last business meeting before the event. The president rose from her seat and gave the desk a loud rap with her gavel.

"Come to order, girls. You all know why we have met. Our rivals of the Boys' High School are up to some mischief; they have never forgiven us for capturing their menu cards last year at their dinner, and I wouldn't like them to spoil our fun. Besides, I am sure we can get ahead of them. Are there any suggestions?"

A dozen girls began to talk at once, and above them came a clear voice:

"Mr. President." There was a ripple of laughter at this, and cries of "Mr., Mr." filled the room, but the speaker went on.

"As chairman of the Dinner Committee, I have a plan to propose. Suppose we—"

Here twenty-four heads clustered together and suppressed "Ohs and ahs" could be heard from time to time.

In the corridor outside, a lonely figure stood peeping through the keyhole. This was the president of the senior class of the Boys' High School—Tom Madison—and he was pretty mad that keyholes were not made larger. He could not see much, only the backs of three or four girls; he recognized his sister, Kitty, and at one time she looked right at the door and he ducked for fear that he would be discovered. He was angry, too, because they were whispering.

"Just like girls," he thought, "secrets, secrets, secrets. But we'll get even with them yet."

He was very tired; for fifteen minutes he had been bending by the door, and so far, he had heard nothing much.

"This is worse," he said, "than playing football all day. Hello! What's this." He could see the president now; she was in the middle of the room. She was very pretty, Tom thought; he liked brown hair; she was the only girl he knew who could treat a fellow right; even his sister Kitty was too much like other girls to be taken into his confidence. He tingled all over when he saw Mary Bronson, but he didn't have time to think then, for she began to speak.

"You all agree?" she asked, "the room next to the dining-room at 7:30; not a word to anybody. I'm sure mama will help us. You have your gowns, haven't you?"

Tom didn't wait for any more; he rushed down the corridor as if he was making a home run; he flung open a door to the left, and fell into the arms of a crowd of boys.

"Bless your president!" he panted, "I have it all. We will be avenged, and our honor upheld. A fine piece of detective work. I hold the class in my hands," he added, making an expressive gesture, "and they are at our mercy. Listen! The dinner is to be held at Mrs. Bronson's. I heard them say so, and their menu cards—"

"Well, well," came some impatient voices, "go on, hurry up."

"Their menu cards," continued Tom, dropping his voice, "are to be placed in the room next to the dining-room; those are the very words." He was excited now; he had to sit down and the fellows stood around him.

"You're a trump, old man," said Jim Larkin, he of the red hair and snubby nose.

"I knew you'd do us proud." Archie Long grinned and shook his football locks till his head looked like a feather duster. "Say, boys," he added, "What's the matter with Tommy Madison?"

"He's all right," came the answer.

"Who's all right?"

"Tommy Madison!" with a deafening roar.

The president of the class rose and raised his hand for silence.

"Gentlemen," he said, clearing his voice, "now is the time for us to act. At 7 o'clock tomorrow evening you are to assemble here. You are to watch all those who go toward Mrs. Bronson's. If the Menu Card Committee pass; you know what to do; get the cards as peaceably as possible, but get them," he said with emphasis. Cries of "We will, we will," came from all parts of the room.

"Now, the rest," continued Tom, "is a risky business. We must be very careful. Of course, only one of us can get the cards if they are at Mrs. Bronson's. I know the house, for I've been there quite often." He laughed nervously.

"I wonder what for?" said some one.

"Come to order," said Tom severely. He continued: "I've done the work so far and I think I can end it successfully. Victory shall be ours, as sure as my name is Tom Madison!"

At this they all cheered and meeting was adjourned. Tom went home walking on air. He met several of the girls on the way and smiled pleasantly. As he passed one group he bowed. His sister and Mary Bronson were among them. He was almost sorry that he was going to play such a trick on them, but war was war and he must fight it to the bitter end. Of course he would not fail!

That night at the dinner table Tom eyed Kitty suspiciously. He never said a word about the coming event. He was very meek as he looked at the new white dress spread out on the bed upstairs. And when he said good-night, he added patronizingly, "I hope you'll have fun tomorrow, Kitty."

He had some misgivings all the next day, for he could not get over the idea that boys should not have such feuds with girls, but he still smarted under the defeat of last year. Successful this time, he would not consent to such tricks again. He thought Kitty looked stunning in her cap and gown. She was a veritable Portia and so unsuspecting.

The hour came. All the fellows answered to their names as they were called, and creeping down the street, went to their posts about the Bronson house. They could see the girls arriving before the gayly-

lighted door. They could hear the merry voices and now and then a class cry.

"All right," came a low voice through the darkness. "Keep your places and remember last year. I'm gone." Tom sped away down the street. He had his course all planned and hurried around to the back of the house. The cellar door was open and he slipped in. He groped about and climbed a flight of stairs, until he reached a door. He knew this opened into a hall next to the room in which the precious menu cards lay. He stood very still, with his hand upon the knob. He could hear voices. Some one must be very near. He peeped through a crack and saw some girls around a mirror. They looked very jolly as they stood there and one of them raised her cap.

"Here's to its success," she said, and there was a general laugh as they went away.

Tom cautiously opened the door. From where he stood, he had a fine view of the room beyond; he could see girls, clad in cap and gown, chatting with one another. Over the mantel, the class colors—orange and white—were gracefully draped, and streamers were festooned about the chandelier. One of the girls had a mandolin; she began playing some songs, and soon the others joined in. Tom almost forgot what he had come to do. He crept on toward the room; the door was wide open and he could see the package on the table. With that in his hands he could cry victory and all would be well. He slipped in and hastily put the package in his pocket. Yes, it felt like the menu cards and ah! revenge is sweet!

He turned to go, just in time to see the door close and to hear the key click in the lock. His heart beat fast; he ran to the window and tried to open it, but it was held by a secret catch; he went to the other door and tried it—locked. Tom Madison, president of the senior class of the Boys' High School, was a prisoner.

He walked the room; he was very angry and could almost have cried. What would the fellows say of him, who had boasted of such success. Oh, it was dreadful! He threw himself into a big armchair and waited; he was next to the dining-room and could hear the tread of feet and smell the odor of good things. It was certainly too hard a punishment for him. Should he knock on the door and ask for mercy? No, he would be a martyr!

A half hour passed and he knew that they were at dinner. Every word they said reached him where he sat.

"Has he moved?" said one.

"Wasn't it done splendidly?" said another.

"Let's bring him out," suggested a third.

Some one rose and came toward the door. Tom trembled as he heard the key turn and braced himself for what was to come. The door opened and three girls stood before him.

"We are a committee," said one—Fannie Burke—Tom knew her and he lowered his eyes. The girl continued:—"appointed to escort you to the table. Come."

The prisoner did not attempt to resist; he was as meek as a lamb, he entered the long room amid the clapping of hands. On ordinary occasions he would have given almost anything for such company; now it was degrading. He stood where he was placed and the three girls sat down. Three others arose.

"We are a committee on punishment," said one. "Come." He did as he was bid and walked to the head of the table.

"We have been told," said another, "that you sing. Sing!"

Tom looked appealingly around the table; he tried to catch Kitty's eye, but she didn't look at him. He longed for a trap door or something to swallow him up. What should he do?

"Ladies," he began.

"Hear, hear," cried several, "we will have a song—he sings, hear, hear!"

Tom closed his eyes; he had to do it—anything to get through; he opened his mouth but no song came.

"Beautiful! Oh, divine!" The committee sat down and three others rose.

"We are a committee on refreshments. Come!" said one. They placed him in a chair opposite the president, and put a bowl of milk before him. Tom turned as red as fire, for he felt Mary Bronson's eyes upon him. He couldn't eat; there was a lump in his throat and he was coming to the end of his patience. Mary saw this and got up—much to the relief of Kitty, for she was now very sorry for Tom.

"Girls," said the president, her face flushed with excitement, "I think we have accomplished our end. Now that we are victorious, let us be kind. There are a few questions, though, that I would like to ask." She smiled as she turned to Tom.

"You came to capture the menu cards?"

"Yes."

"You overheard part of our conversation yesterday?"

"Yes."

"Didn't you know that a false package was placed in the room to draw you on?"

"No, no." Tom had never thought of the cards after he was locked in.

"You acknowledge yourself beaten?"

"Ye-es." It cost Tom lots to say that.

"Well," continued the president, "you were wrong to think us without any plans, and we are sorry for you. We know what your scouts are doing outside; we know that they are waiting for you—and the menu cards—"

She drew a package from the table and opened it—white cards with the class flag on top; these were distributed among the girls, and one was left over.

"It would be a pity to let you go without one," Mary said, passing it to him, "and we promise not to mention anything of this." She made a sign and the class stood. How fresh and pretty in their caps and gowns!

"Girls," said the president, "you agree to let the prisoner go?"

"We do," they cried.

Mary lifted a tumbler of water, and the others followed her example. She passed a glass to Tom.

"A toast," she said, smiling.

Tom seized the water, and in a loud voice, cried: "The Girls' High School!" and disappeared.

The boys didn't ask anything about the class dinner; they did not have to, for Tom told them all about it. And he added:

"They didn't behave like girls at all. They were as kind as if they had been you fellows."



Woman and Home—Our Wives and Daughters.

SPRING FROCKS AND FRILLS.

WELL-FITTED WARDROBES DEMAND AT LEAST ONE TRANSPARENT GOWN.

From a Special Correspondent.

NEW YORK, Jan. 20, 1902.—As far as frocks and frills are concerned, spring is here. It is a hot-house, steam-heated, plate-glass-protected spring. It is true, but as dressmakers reckon the seasons, the winter is officially a thing of the past, and sample matching and general shopping is discussed only in linen, muslin, challie, lawn, veiling and gingham terms. Every woman who has eyes to use and ears to hear and energy enough to carry her around to the dressmaker's is well aware of the supreme importance of having a spring hop sack, a camel's-hair veiling or a very light jute cloth made up immediately for the premeditated trip South or for possible changes in the weather from frost to sunshine.

Every well-regulated wardrobe must count at least one transparent woolen gown, and, spite of strenuous efforts of manufacturers and modistes to introduce other less hackneyed colors, some shade of blue is the general preference. From dark Holland linen blue to bright Jay blue the women select these gowns, and a



A DARK BLUE LINEN.

good many of them betray a warm liking for veilings that are woven with hemstitched stripes or with little satin or silk dots and wiggles and diamonds and stars. On another side a preference is shown for big and little velvet disks applied to the rough surface of the veiling, and this last is quite the smartest frivolity of the moment.

Upholstery Lace.

Does it not go without saying that the well-designed veiling is trimmed with lace? There is a sketch of a lately-completed blue "flimsy" to show one of the best ways of trimming with velvet dots and heavy upholstery



ONE OF THE NEW HALF-WEIGHT PEAU DE SOIE.

lace. The foundation of this not expensive woolen material, which used to be called English etamine, is a changeable dark green taffeta. Here it is necessary to say parenthetically that a dark taffeta, full of quick, changeable lights, is the requisite foundation for any of these blue transparent woollens. The taffeta shows hardly at all through the curved band of ecru upholstery lace that is let in to aid in breaking the line of the skirt, because upholstery lace is thick, made of rough jute, or unbleached cotton, or unbleached flax. It is nevertheless tremendously effective as an adjunct to a hairy surface, woolly material, and as it is as often as not dyed in one or two colors, it sympathizes well with all the spring cloths. In this particular gown a series of wine red velvet disks are applied just above the course the lace takes, and with this smart and simple skirt a decorative waist, trimmed with an abundance of lace, a wide-tucked collar of taffeta like the lining, and big frills and choux of hyacinth blue liberty silk allows for just

that note of spring-like gaiety that every new gown should unmistakably strike.

Summer Silks.

After open-meshed woolly fabrics, the next dressmaking interest centers about the spring silks. Foulards, of course, we always have with us, with taffeta reverse and



A SPRING CHALLIE TRIMMED WITH DOTTED MATERIAL.

crepe de chine. They, however, are tried and true friends of long standing, and the ardent shopper always has eyes out this season for some stiffen novelty. Half weight peau de sole has been accorded this year the position as a popular novelty that we gave twelve months ago to Louisiana. Louisiana was worn and found wanting, and those who proved it inadequate are now sure that half-weight peau de sole possesses every admirable quality. It is soft, rich, light to carry, but very durable, and it comes in lovely new colors.

For evening wear there is sunset pink, limestone white and an exquisite azure called prairie blue. Soberer tones for afternoon gowns are a shade of tan that the saleswomen call tawny, flint gray and willow green. It need hardly be mentioned that these silks are only made into gowns for occasions and that they are all trimmed



A TRANSPARENT WOOL OVER A COLORED SILK SLIP.

with lace. To show how slightly we have departed from the fashions of the past five years, a perfectly fresh model of 1893, worked out in heavy Flemish lace and the new peau de sole, is given. Its broad, stitched-down tucks is the one essentially modern feature in this nice study in willow green and imitation antique lace.

Satisfactory Economy.

The best news about the challies is that they are to be worn just as faithfully as ever and that no woman can purchase more wisely than at the counter where pretty close striped ones are sold. Very close striped green and black, blue and black, black and white, and lilac and black challies beguile one at every turn. Some of the loveliest of this type have their stripes no wider than hair lines, with just here and there on each width a black or green or blue polka dot. After all is done and said in the name and credit of other spring fabrics, the challie comes nearer to combining satisfactory effects with economy than any other material in the market. Let any woman look well at the challie gown of the accompanying illustration and deny this if she can. On a mercerized silk foundation this hair striped green and black challie is hung, and its sole garnishment consists of green grosgrain ribbon embroidered in black dots;

for all that, 'tis a perfect little spring machine to wear to the King's coronation.

Effective Trimming.

Trimming with bands of dotted material prove to be a strong feature from this time forward. Branches of tailoring and dressmaking, and in a line of things it is to be the ruling passion. Wonderful to behold are the soft satin-surfaced damask dotted linens, the linen bagging, the linens and the embroidered linens, all of which shops where the spring stock is being sold, are almost irresistible attractions are linen robes with stitched treatments and rough, prickly, prickly frocks. Quite as sweetly typical and sturdy as anything yet seen in linen goods is a gown of the linen, trimmed with broad bands of cream with thickly and heavily embroidered in black dots. This was sold a hat of violet blue straw, decorated with mammoth ox-eyed daisies that had black velvet and petals of glossy white linen.

This brings us naturally round to discussing in general, and spring flowers in particular, of straw crowns with taffeta brims or tulle that have straw brims will soon be forced to wear before we get comfortably into all straw. As to the flowers it is almost more than human and blood can do to resist buying handfuls of poppies on felt and velvet winter headgear. Whence a floral way so far has appeared in trails and Crispin rambler and creamy bankswillows come together and gloriously crown a flexible hay wreath of variegated, "ladies' parasols," nasturtiums, wallflowers, nasturtiums and orchids in ropes and hanging clusters nod behind the plate-glass windows naturally as in a garden, and women buy them with much avidity as though their heads were bare. It was the time for wearing wreaths of roses in the

MARY

WHAT SOME WOMEN DO.

THE STORY OF A SMALL CO-OPERATIVE TAKING IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

By a Special Contributor.

Two young women, who had been reared in a city and were accustomed to working industries wherever their services were most needed, in the garden, among the flowers, picking fruit, or better, grew weary of the homely tasks of the country and decided to seek employment in the city.

They were fairly well educated, pleasing in appearance, and ambitious to become independent, supporting outside the sheltering roof of home. Their parents urged no objections, as they had seen the ability of their daughters.

Positions were soon secured as salesladies in a dry goods establishment, and, being faithful and tentative to their duties, they soon won the confidence of their employers and made friends among the playmates.

At the end of a year they found the constant nervous strain very hard to endure and longed for the green fields and freedom of the country. Among their new acquaintances were several young women, who were anxious to obtain employment that would give outdoor exercise and from the task of standing all day behind a counter.

The girls talked the matter over among themselves and all agreed that if any practicable enterprise could be decided upon, having for its object more active and agreeable employment, personal liberty and reasonable prospect of ultimate financial independence, they would write and form a small co-operative shop.

Various enterprises were discussed, but each was rejected on account of the investment of an amount of capital not within the country girls, with memories of their boyhood, away from the bustle and noise of the city, and a home in the country, a proposition was heartily indorsed by the others.

After considering the various kinds of business that could be profitably engaged in outside the city, they decided to rent a place where poultry-raising could be carried on, and each member of the little company in a small amount of money to get the business started.

Near the outskirts of the city they found a ranch, owned by an old couple, who were ready for the place properly, and offered it at a low price provided they could retain a couple of rooms for their own occupancy. It was a pretty, old-fashioned place with wings and additions to the original structure, large, comfortable and roomy. The girls, who had been the life of the old couple, scattered abroad; some had married and gone to their own homes, some had gone out into the world to wider scope for their ambition, while others had come to the City of Silence, and their quiet abode was given by the hands of the lonely old mother.

The place was just what was desired, and a party of the old folks an important consideration for young women starting out alone and in many directions. The negotiations were quickly and possession taken.

There was a quantity of old furniture brought through the rooms, dingy curtains and faded brightened here and there by a better piece of modern make and design. The use of these things, which had been a perplexing problem to the girls, the means for furnishing a house, as they poured every dollar of their limited capital into the

January 26, 1902.]

through the rooms showed them that the house was everything necessary for their convenience and comfort. They knew the wonderful possibilities and the effects to be wrought with a pot of paint, a yard of dainty muslin and bright cretonne, by a good hand, and they set themselves to the work of renovation and transformation with enthusiasm.

While some were at work indoors, others were employed outside. In the commodious barn were the agricultural tools and farm implements of years. The sheds and outbuildings, which had been used for carriages and wagon-houses and shelter for stock, proved valuable material for chicken-houses, coops, pens, and

runs on poultry-raising by the best authorities were obtained and carefully studied. Successful poultry breeders were visited and consulted, and every item of information they could glean from any reliable source was carefully sought and applied in the planning and development of the business.

The very best breeds of chickens were purchased. These known as the standard egg-producing varieties, and those adapted for table use, on account of size and flavor of the meat, were the kinds selected.

Ducks, and turkeys were added as the young house familiar with the requirements of the farm, until the place was fully equipped and stocked. From the very first it proved a paying investment, as everything was first-class in its line. Later on the income was increased by raising song birds, the girls acting as an aviary a great sunny room which was connected with the main building by a wire-screened porch, where, in pleasant weather, hung many cages of songsters, sitting about, flooding the air with

SMART SPRING STYLES.

CHIFFON MUFF AND BOA THAT WILL TAKE THE PLACE OF FURS.

From a Special Correspondent.

NEW YORK, Jan. 20.—Though winter is still with us, spring fashions have begun to bloom on every side. As yet they are necessarily tentative, but the wind is blowing so hard in two directions that one can not help but believe that some of these early flowers are definitely significant of the new season's trend.

To begin, it is plainly evident that the skirted coat has come to stay, though the latest models bear little resemblance to the Louis affairs seen this long while. Fitted close to the figure, and with basques put on at the waist line, they are called frock coats and are such in every sense of the word. The snug sleeves are only slightly fuller at the top than those which adorn man's habiliment of the same name, and there are the same flat buttons and silk or satin revers.

To make the frock coat even more mannish in suggestion the skirt which accompanies it must have a riding habit plainness.

The Spring's Flaring Hats.

Coming to hats, let me tell you at once that the champagne of the printemps are coquettish in the extreme. All dressy brim hats as yet seen are given to an extravagant flaring at the left side, the line made by this great lift creating, in some instances, the effect of an aureole. At the right the brim droops so low as to often hide all but the lower portion of the face; and if it happens to be edged with a fall of lace, as frequently occurs, the countenance is all but eclipsed. Many flowers are seen

trimmed with all sorts of fanciful trifles, no adornment could be more coquettish than these dainty accessories. The muffs are to be very large, as the photograph shows, but any airy textile may be used for them. It is only necessary for the set to be very frilly and of thin material; and if her finger is light, any woman can make them at moderately small cost.

The set pictured is of white chiffon, with a black and white chenille cord edging the ruffles and round black velvet dangles.

NINA FITCH.

THE RICHEST NATION.

Some interesting statistics have been prepared by the United States Bureau of Statistics for the London Daily Mail Year-Book. They are very far from being exhaustive, or contributions to the discussion now going on over the enormous balance apparently due us from foreign countries as the result of the commerce of the last ten years. They are interesting and important, however, as far as they go. They put the United States at the head of the nations in point of wealth, estimating our property at \$81,750,000,000; that of the United Kingdom at \$59,000,000,000; that of France at \$48,000,000,000; that of Germany at \$40,000,000,000; and that of Russia at \$32,000,000,000. At the same time our public debt is the smallest, and that of France is the largest. The percentage of debt to wealth is also lowest in the United States, being 1.4, while the percentage of debt to wealth in France is 12.3; in Russia, 11.1; in Germany, 8.1. It is very clear that we can go on spending money for a good many years to come without incurring a debt as great as that of the United Kingdom, for example, which is the next smallest to our own, but is still \$2,150,000,000 in excess of ours. But do we want to? Are we to be tempted further into debt by the example of other nations? If there is danger of this, it is a pity that the



FOR YOUTHFUL HEADS.



CHIFFON MUFF AND BOA.



THE SPRING'S FLARING HATS.

of song, making their care and rearing a pleasant and pleasing occupation.

Change from the tedious monotony of the store highly beneficial, and thoroughly enjoyed by the household. There were no drones in that of industry. Everyone worked with a will and determination to succeed, and they soon found themselves on the high road to prosperity. Every detail was conducted on the strictest business principles, by which they gained a reputation for integrity and honorable dealing. The sale of eggs and fowls yielded a handsome profit each year, and commanded the highest market prices. These enterprising young women did others can with an equal amount of pluck, perseverance, and hard industry.

How many outdoor employments women can engage in as successfully as men, and thereby reap a double in both brain and brawn, as well as finances, something that so few women avail themselves of golden opportunities, but remain in shops, stores and factories, eking out a poor subsistence, when health, and fortune can be had for the effort.

Strife of frost no such fortunate conditions obtain here in this sun-kissed land are found combined of soil, climate, and other natural advantages that anywhere on the face of this beautiful earth; the bountiful heritage of Southern California.

JULIA A. GARRISON.

LIFE-SAVING POLICE DOGS IN PARIS.

Some time past a section of the Paris police, known as "agents plongeurs," has done valiant service in saving drowning persons from the Seine. They were reinforced lately by two Newfoundland dogs, the fact, which have been trained to pull people from the water. They understand their humanitarian duty thoroughly and wear collars with the inscription: "Police, River Brigade."—(London

on these charming hats, some of which are diaphanous affairs of lace stretched over wire frames.

A beautiful chapeau of black Chantilly shows the airy treatment, and the brim-full mentioned. The left side flares away from the face in the approved manner, the delicate veiling of a wreath of pink crush roses, and a source of lace resting upon the head, giving something of a Spanish look. An open band of jet, over white, lifts the structure from the head, and about the crown there is a closely-massed garland of the crush roses.

With this headpiece, a ruffle of coarse black net, edged with a scattering fringing of white velvet in three-inch pieces, is an effective neck finish.

For Youthful Heads.

A more juvenile chapeau is shown by the young lady in the white lace bodice, which, by the way, is one of those elaborate guipure affairs, which are sold unlined in the shops. In mounting them, the modish dress-maker first covers the silk foundation with a blouse bodice of chiffon, which device increases the richness of the lace, as well as the look of subtlety all smart bodices must have nowadays.

To return to the hat, another made shape, with the all conquering side lift. It is of black taffeta in loose folds—not tucks, something that is only mashed over to look like them, and held in place by invisible stitches. The brim is lined with apple blossom pink taffeta, lightly shirred, and masses of pale pink roses are delightful garnishings.

Chiffon Muff and Boa.

The fourth photograph depicts the girl of the season as she will look when it is time to drop her furs. The chiffon sets with which she will replace them will be found even more becoming, for muffs and collars of chiffon are to be the thing for late Lenten and Easter wear.

Crimped, fluffed and ruffled, in black and white, and

compiler of these statistics did not furnish us also with a comparative table of taxation, so that we might know how much public extravagance costs the private burden-bearer. The remainder of the table shows that our wheat crop in 1901 was nearly 450,000,000 bushels in excess of the crop of Russia, which is our nearest competitor, but produces less than half our own product. In 1900 we made about 5,600,000 more tons of pig-iron than were made in the United Kingdom, and nearly 6,000,000 more tons of steel.—[Harper's Weekly.]



Furs.

Seal garments made to order; also old seal garments remodeled into latest style. Reshaping and redeyeing of seal a specialty.

A full line of skins in stock.

D. Bonoff,
Furrier.

Formerly with Marshall Field of Chicago. Tel. James 3804.
247 S. Broadway. Opp. City Hall.

By a Special Contributor.

"They say that, in a moment of extreme peril, everything in his life passes before a man, and it was with me. I thought of my family and younger days of my twin brother and his family, and so on, and then suddenly I remembered the saying of an old hunter, that any wild animal, just before the kill, will put out its tongue and wet its chops."

"But I think I shall always feel a certain amount of regard for that old hat, for it saved my life that day, and I wouldn't part with it for a goodly sum. W. J. H."

Philly, grave historian that he was, records eighty-five remedies derived from odorous rue, forty-one whose base was mint, thirty-two balms from roses, twenty-one from lilies, bulb and bloom, and seventeen medicinalments strong in the virtue of violets. Thus it appears

In general are not strong salubers, and set up violent ills. None the less, they have it. Withness the refreshment of lavender water is faint from heat or crowding. Lavender is suited to high-strung temperaments. It is as well as refreshing, without being unduly so. Jasmine should always be used pure. Alone it braces the whole system, but in almost all ills is singularly depressing. Neroli is the essence of neroli and neroli together in faint essence make of neroli for all who have hysterical tendencies.

Late Novels Rented.	Libraries For
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THE ADIRONDACK PORCUPINE.

WHITE OLD THEORIES, ITS TAIL, IS ITS WEAPON OF OFFENSE.

[New York Correspondence New York Sun:] The porcupine, as found in the Adirondack region, is an interesting though unlovely beast. It is shaped like a badger, and while always hungry, has never been known to be thin.

It has a monkey face and a split lip which discloses yellowish-red teeth, of formidable size. Its tail is its weapon of offense.

It used to be said that the porcupine when attacked curled itself into a ball and remained passive while its quills lashed in its quills. Owners of dogs found that this could not be the case, for after encountering a porcupine the dog was about as apt to have quills in its chest or legs as in its mouth. For want of a better explanation the theory was broached that the porcupine shot its quills, and this is still a popular belief.

As a matter of fact, the porcupine fights with its tail, using it as a man would a club. The tail is heavy and muscular and covered with quills and the porcupine wags it with such effect that it can drive quills into a dog's handle, to say nothing of burying them out of sight in the soft flesh of a dog's nose.

When a porcupine turns tail it is a signal for the beginning of hostilities, and not an indication of defeat. If possible, the animal conceals its head under a rock or behind a tree, peering over its shoulder meanwhile with its bloodshot eyes focused on its enemy. The moment the enemy comes within range, smack! goes the tail, and the unfortunate assailant, which if unsophisticated enough to think it has found a soft mark, receives a third-shot load of quills.

Animals have sense enough not to investigate a porcupine after this, but a grumpy dog is apt to take offense at its reception and to start in to chew holes in the porcupine. It is very seldom that the dog succeeds in its commendable object. Its every attack is met by the quick, lateral movements of the porcupine's body, and even if the dog does get a good hold of the tail, the porcupine is so powerful and heavy that the dog cannot easily dislodge it or succeed in breaking its tail column.

Wolves, lynxes and panthers are said to eat porcupines, catching the animal unawares and turning it over on its back by a dexterous sweep of the paw, and afterwards eating it out of its protective armor, as the porcupine has no quills underneath.

The ingenious author of "The Swiss Family Robinson" has told how one of the dogs was clothed with a porcupine's skin as a protection from the beasts of the forest, but he neglects to explain how it was possible for the dog to sit down or curl itself up for the night without injury from the quills. In the living porcupine the quills commonly lie flat along the animal's back and are only erected when danger is at hand.

The porcupine is well supplied in its covering, for it has not only a complete suit of fur under its quills, but in places bristles as well, thus illustrating very clearly the natural gradation from hairs to spines; and the hair of the porcupine is six or seven inches long on the back, the quills as a rule are not much more than two or three inches in length, and are more or less hidden in the fur.

The Indians used to take the quills and dye them in bright colors for purposes of adornment. The Indians are said to be also extremely fond of the porcupine as an article of diet.

Some cottagers in Keene Valley, who read this statement in an encyclopedia, put it to a practical test by roasting a small porcupine and roasting it. It never failed the table, however, for the naturally unpleasant odor was increased to such an extent by the heat of the fire that the outraged cook dragged it from the stove when it had roasted five minutes.

The porcupine is slow and clumsy in its movements under all circumstances. On the ground its walk is suggestive of the progress of a pompous, middle-aged gentleman of considerable avoirdupois. It is a sure climber, and it is next to impossible to dislodge one of these animals from a tree by shaking.

Porcupines spend much of their time in trees. They are not inner bark of hemlock, elm, birch and basswood, and at times spend many days in the same tree descending to the ground. They eat the bark

from half or three-quarters the circumference of the tree, but rarely, if ever, completely girdle it, and consequently they do not kill the tree, as has sometimes been stated.

Porcupines are not strict vegetarians, however. They will eat insects, eggs and other animal food, and are inordinately fond of grease and salt, as well as sweets. Many a housekeeper in the Adirondacks has found her pantry in disorder as a result of the porcupine's craving for the good things inside.

Porcupines are expert thieves, and if they cannot force a window they will at times gnaw a hole through a door to gain admittance. Once in the pantry they sample all the articles, and often do more damage by upsetting things than by the actual pilfering. Their visits are commonly nocturnal.

As the porcupine is almost certain to return on subsequent nights, it is an easy matter to rid oneself of this troublesome visitor either by sitting up and awaiting its coming or by means of traps.

When a lumber camp is abandoned it is sooner or later taken possession of by porcupines. They build nests under the floor, and seem to find the lighter woodwork of the building a nourishing diet. They chew great holes in the doors and window frames, but their special tidbits seem to be the tables and the floor where the camp cook spilled bacon grease.

Worn-out ax handles, which still retain some of the salt from the sweat of the chopper's hands, are next on the menu, and if they can find an old pork barrel with a saline accumulation in the bottom, they are transported to the seventh heaven of delight.

Sometimes other domestic animals besides dogs suffer from slaps of the porcupine's tail. Charley Palmer of Essex had a steer from whose nose he extracted with considerable difficulty forty-five porcupine quills, and Meeker Sibley, a neighbor, found quills in the nose of one of his colts.

The quills of the porcupine are white, with black, delicately-pointed tips, and are rather brittle. The microscope reveals the fact that they are provided with many barbs pointing backward. These barbs hold on tenaciously when the quills are imbedded in anything.

As a general thing porcupines are peacefully inclined and do not court observation, but at the time of their love making, in October, there are cases on record of individuals that attempted to attack men. A hunter who was twice approached by pugnacious porcupines, says that on both occasions he had stopped and was listening for deer.

The animals approached from distances of thirty or forty yards, moving quite slowly with quills erect and making a clicking noise with their teeth. In one instance the porcupine approached within six inches of the hunter's foot and was killed by a sharp tap on the first dorsal vertebra with the end of the rifle barrel. He says:

"I am curious to know how the porcupine would have given fight. It is possible it might have wheeled at the last moment and given me a slap with its tail, as it fights dogs, but I rather imagine it would have tried to bite my feet or legs, judging from the way it was snapping its teeth."

Porcupines when full grown weigh from twenty-five to forty pounds. The Indians and larger carnivores that used to prey upon them have practically disappeared from the Adirondacks and, as they are little hunted, they are apparently increasing in numbers.

SECRET VAULTS AND HIDING PLACES
HOW NICHOLAS OWEN LOST HIS LIFE IN SAVING OTHERS IN THE DAYS LONG AGO.

By a Special Contributor.

In the days of Bloody Mary the Protestants of England were sore put to it to preserve their form of worship and their heads at the same time.

With the accession of "Good Queen Bess," the gibbet and the stake and the ax were dreadfully busy with their life-taking work on the persons of loyal Jesuits, especially the priests. Not only is necessity the mother of invention, but emergency brings forth the man; and so it happened that when the cruel, relentless emissaries of the Red-Haired Elizabeth were waging war against all Catholic families, there rose up to their succor one Nicholas Owen, himself a Jesuit.

Owen was something of an architect and builder and

a mighty clever craftsman; and in those desperate days when no one knew when there would come that dreadful knocking on the door—"Open in the Queen's name!" he devoted himself heart and soul to the work of building hiding places for fugitive priests and secret chambers where the loyal Catholics might worship in fair safety. After a while, there was scarcely a Catholic family of any prominence that did not have some sort of place of concealment. It was in 1591 that a priest was hanged in London before the door of a house in which he had said mass the month before.

Poor Owen! There came a day when sounded the dreadful knocking at his own door.

It was at Hindlip Hall, a noble old English castle. The cunning Nicholas had worked probably for months riddling its thick walls with hidden passageways and chambers until the place was fairly alive with fugitives burrowing around like rats between the floors. Then suddenly the royal pursuivants swooped down on him.

The authorities had got word of his marvelous skill and energy in hiding fugitives, and they proceeded "to coax" him to divulge the whereabouts of many missing priests. But he declined to buy his life at the cost of so many others; so in 1606, we are told, he was put to death, having been torn to pieces on the rack, a martyr to faith and friendship. Every once in a while the dismantling or remodeling of an old manor house or castle reveals some secret passageway or chamber whose existence had remained unknown for centuries; and many of these no doubt were the work of Owen. To show the consummate skill of this man—one old pile of masonry was searched continuously for two weeks by a small army of carpenters and masons, every foot of wall being carefully measured for false ceilings and the like. The searchers were completely baffled and abandoned their search, while all the time (only a wall's thickness from them) a poor, miserable wretch lay cramped and huddled in a tiny space, half-starved and nearly suffocated.

Broad Oaks, an old Tudor house, which still contains its hidden chapel, was a favorite place for priest hunting. In 1594 a Fr. Gerard lay concealed in it for four days, while a fruitless search was made, he subsisting in the interim "on a biscuit or two and a little quince jelly which his hostess gave him as he went in."

Another dangerous game of "hide and seek," which resulted in the reverend gentleman losing his head, was the case of Fr. Wall, who was concealed in a cavity under a landing of a great oaken staircase at Harvington Hall.

He lived better (those last days) than his half-starved brother prelate mentioned above. Liquid nourishment reached him via a straw that ran through a tube in a wainscoting of the grand banquet hall. It sometimes happened that a person who sought concealment was never released, and so died of starvation or suffocation.

The last Viscount Lovel had aided with Grinabel against Henry VII, and after the battle of Stoke sought concealment in his own manor house in Oxfordshire. He was never seen again, and for two centuries his fate remained a mystery.

In 1708, or thereabouts, this ancient pile was tenanted by a farmer. One day, in investigating the partially dismantled structure, he stumbled on the secret vault. Seated before a wooden table, on which lay an open prayer book, was the skeleton of a man.

Thus was cleared up the mystery of the last Lord Lovel.

BUFFALOES IN CANADA.

The buffaloes are increasing in such proportions in Canada that they promise, in the course of a few years, to become again fairly abundant. Some time ago they threatened to become extinct. The herd of woods buffaloes in the Peace River district has trebled in size under the protection afforded it by the Northwest Mounted Police. Five years ago it was estimated that there were not more than eighty buffaloes in the herd; now there are 400.

In appearance there is little difference between the woods buffalo and the plains buffalo. The former is merely a larger, richer-coated animal. It differs materially, however, in its habits from the sub-species which inhabited the plains, and which has undoubtedly passed away, except for the presence of a few animals in captivity and in the Yellowstone National Park. This species preferred the plain and traveled hundreds of miles in its annual migrations.—[Quebec Correspondence New York Sun.]

You should be as careful of the purity of the water you drink as you are careful of the purity of the food you eat. Puritas Distilled Water should be on your table, because it is absolutely pure and, at the same time, inexpensive. Five gallons, 30c. 'Phone Private Exchange 6. Los Angeles Ice and Cold Storage Company.



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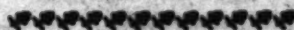
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Bishop's Soups are prepared by a skilled chef who has put years of study into the art of making a delicious, appetizing soup. The vegetables and meats used are the very choicest that money can buy. They are delicate in flavor and full of nourishment.

Bishop's Baked Beans are just as good as they bake in Boston.

When ordering Soups or Beans ask the grocer to send you "Bishop's" because you will never know what really good soup is until you try Bishop's.



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LOS ANGELES

CALIFORNIA

Imported Swedish Ligon
or cranberries, just received at the Delicatessen, B. W. Bartels & Co., 428 South Spring street, also fat English hams, Iceland halibut, finest imported Emmmentaler Swiss cheese and lots of other cheese. Telephone main 171. Goods delivered.

Nordica's Private Car.
Nordica travels in one of the finest private cars ever constructed. It is a source of much curiosity to the public. It is luxury itself, and contains an Everett piano, playing on which the great artist spends many hours while en-

SANTA ANA EXCURSION

FEBRUARY FIFTH.

MANY TOURISTS EXPECTED FROM LOS ANGELES.

Special Rate Made by Both Railroads and Visitors to Be Entertained—Plan to Develop More Water at Orange-New Machine.

SANTA ANA, Jan. 25.—Word was received here today by Frank E. President of the Chamber of Commerce, that the Santa Ana and Southern Pacific Railroad Companies have accepted February 5 as the date for the first of the series of four excursions from Los Angeles to Santa Ana, the tickets to be for the round trip, and good for three days. This is highly satisfactory, and arrangements will be made at once for the entertainment of the excursionists.

It is proposed to give them a trolley and carriage drive over some of the scenic spots in the valley and through some of the best of the orange groves, and to develop more water at Orange-New Machine.

SANTA ANA BRIEVITIES.

O. F. Remberg of Springfield, O., has purchased the Cole tract on North Main street, and will immediately build a handsome residence. Mr. and Mrs. Remberg are accompanied by their daughter, Mrs. Remberg, who is coming to Santa Ana with the same company.

A. T. Bender came here a few weeks ago, expecting to remain only a few days with friends, but he is so pleased with California that he has written to his wife at Edinboro, Pa., to dispose of their possessions and come to Santa Ana, that he has no desire to look up a better location for a home.

C. C. Collins has a force of men at work in the old Earl Fruit Company's orchard, which is being converted into a carload of more of dried apricots. The fruit was procured in the vicinity of Santa Ana and is considered the best of the season.

L. Smith of Redlands has purchased the bakery in this city, formerly conducted by Mr. and Mrs. George Schmitt. Mrs. Corvella Humphreys has returned to Los Angeles after a visit with her daughter, Mrs. E. P. Chilton. Mrs. W. A. Schaffer left today for Whittier, to be the guest of Mr. Weiss for a few days, after which she will go to San Francisco for an extended stay.

Mrs. M. G. Orr and daughter, who have been the guests of Judge and Mrs. J. W. Ballard for ten days, returned yesterday to their home in Los Angeles.

Miss Louise Braden, who has been the guest of Miss Helen Adams of Tustin for a week, left yesterday for her home in Los Angeles.

Mrs. Paul Haugh returned to Los Angeles today, accompanied by her mother, Mrs. D. H. Thomas, and sister, Miss Shirley Thomas.

Miss Miller was before Justice yesterday on the charge of cruelty to animals. He pleaded guilty, and was fined \$10.

Harry W. Lee, a recent arrival from the East, has purchased a home place of John Russell on East Seventeenth street.

Miss Corinne Penney, who has been visiting her uncle, C. F. Schmidt of his city, returned yesterday to her home in Corona.

Robert Goldman and Carl Halbridge have arrived from San Diego, expecting to make this city their future home.

Florence A. Hollister has purchased a ranch of twenty acres near Orange from Armande E. Le Price for \$10,000.

Conrad Crookshank has gone to San Francisco to take a special course in music under a noted instructor.

J. A. Turner has purchased the shoe business on Fourth street formerly conducted by Miller and Moore.

Gertrude Moore, aged 25 years, died yesterday at Torba. The funeral services were held today.

O. H. Harrison has gone to San Francisco on a business and pleasure trip of two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Smith of Pasadena, Iowa, are visiting C. Blidbach of Bala.

The rainfall in this locality during the past few days totals 1.19 inches. Miss Elva Vestal of Tustin is entertaining Miss Lila Norrish of Victor.

Mrs. L. E. Taylor is in Los Angeles visiting her son, Charles Inley.

A daughter was born yesterday to the wife of M. E. Smith of San Jose. A. P. Swift of Bala left today for San Jose on business.

CRASH OF TRAINS

DEATH AND FIRE.

CRASH OF TRAINS

DEATH AND FIRE.

Freight Wreck in a Tunnel on Southern Pacific.

Collision and Blockade Near San Luis Obispo—Timbers in the Hole Burning and Way Hard to Clear—Fireman's Back Broken.

SAN LUIS OBISPO, Jan. 25.—Shortly before 4 o'clock, this afternoon, south-bound freight train No. 24 and a work train crashed together on the Cuesta grade, between two tunnels in the Santa Luis Mountains, ten miles east of this city. Both trains were going slowly when the engine struck. The work train was forced back into one of the tunnels, where the cars were smashed up, completely blocking the hole.

Joseph McCarthy of Watsonville, the fireman on the work-train engine, was caught between the tender and cab, and his back was broken and his left arm crushed into jelly. He was at once carried down the mountain side and placed in a farm wagon and brought to this city. He passed away at 6 o'clock this evening.

Engineer Lang of the work train sustained cuts on one hand, and a foot was sprained.

Firemen Sykes jumped from the engine of the south-bound freight, and one of his legs was severely sprained. He came to McCarthy to this city. McCarthy, the dead fireman, is a single man.

The timbers in the tunnel caught fire, and there is no telling what the damage will be.

The north-bound Coast Line limited, which left here at 4 p.m., was held up at Serrano station, and brought back to this city. South-bound trains are held up following McCarthy. Working crews are now at work, but the way will not be cleared before tomorrow night, and not unless the fire in the tunnel can be extinguished.

Coroner Nichols will hold an autopsy on the body of McCarthy at 9 a.m. tomorrow, and select a jury for the inquest.

Blame for the collision, it is claimed, rests with the flagman at the tunnel on the work train.

JAW BROKEN BY FALLING BEAM.

John Glanceman of No. 5774 South Spring street was struck by a falling beam while moving an elevator at the corner of Third and Los Angeles streets at 12:30 o'clock yesterday.

His jaw was broken and it is thought his collar-bone is fractured. He was given emergency treatment at the Receiving Hospital and taken to his home, where he will be cared by Dr. C. E. Kennedy, L.O.F. of which he is a member.

REDLANDS.

YUCAIPA VALLEY SLEIGHING.

REDLANDS, Jan. 25.—The City Clerk's annual report, just completed, shows that \$46,367.27 was received from taxes and other sources. The total expenditures during the year were \$46,164.85, leaving a balance of \$202.42 on hand the 1st inst. for the general fund. Total receipts for the library fund were \$9296, and expenditures \$3817. Words have been received from Bear Valley that there has fallen over twelve inches of snow. In the Yucaipa Valley, Mill Creek and other mountain points heavy snows are also reported. Residents of the upper Yucaipa were enjoying sleigh rides this morning.

Miss Irene Morris of Ukiah, Mendocino county, died here suddenly yesterday afternoon. It was not thought that she was very sick, having had only a slight fever for several days. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Morris, came here only a few weeks ago to spend the winter owing to the ill health of Mrs. Morris. The heart-broken couple returned to their home this morning.

The Redlands Indian Association will meet on Tuesday afternoon on Cajon street. Rev. H. B. Restarick of San Diego will be in charge, and will not be able to be present.

Quincy Lee Morrow will lecture on Tuesday evening in the Y.M.C.A. auditorium in the cause of national prohibition. All those interested in photography are invited to inspect the work of the Camera Club now on exhibition in the Y.M.C.A. parlors.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Restarick of San Diego will be in charge, and will not be able to be present.

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WATER PLAN.

ORANGE, Jan. 25.—A representative of the Adams, Phillips Company, owners of the waterworks in Orange, was here a few days ago, investigating a plan to develop more water in this locality. An engineer has been employed to devise the best means of increasing the present supply, after which the company proposes, according to the statements of the representative, to develop more water and to improve the present works so that Orange and vicinity will have an ample supply of good water for years to come.

YOUNG INVENTOR.

H. C. Williams, a son of J. C. Williams of Orange, has, according to reports, invented a machine by which electricity may be generated from the earth and stored for use as motive power and for lighting. Williams is a resident of San Bernardino at the present time. He has received several favorable opinions upon his invention from scientists of note, and it is believed that he will be one of the great discoverers of the age.

VOTE CANCELED.

The directors of the Santa Ana Valley Irrigation Company met this afternoon and canceled the vote on the amendment to the bylaws permitting the board of directors to enter into a contract with James Irvine for the purchase of water rights in the Santa Ana River. The canvass had not been completed at the time last reported. The amendment had been carried by several hundred votes more than the necessary two-thirds.

ORANGE BRIEVITIES.

Mrs. E. A. Clark of San Bernardino has been visiting her son and daughter in Orange during the past week.

Mrs. Edgar Parry has received several friends and relatives in this vicinity for a few weeks.

The Christian Church has elected W. M. Boring, A. Meacham, J. E. Thomas, J. W. Stinchfield, D. C. Pixley, J. H. Hayton, W. H. Tissue, deacons; Mrs. M. V. Adams, Mrs. D. C. Pixley, deaconesses.

S. J. Smith and family and L. R. Smith have returned to Los Angeles, after a visit here with relatives and friends.

The new officers of the Christian Sunday school: O. D. Cheatham, superintendent; Mrs. A. L. Smith, secretary; Harry Smith, secretary; Miss Myrtle Stevenson, treasurer; Miss Florence Pixley, organist; Mrs. F. H. Hollister, superintendent of home department; Mrs. George Brown of Long Beach is visiting her mother, Mrs. C. A. Cobb.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Thompson, who recently arrived from Wisconsin.

FULLERTON.

FULLERTON, Jan. 25.—The Odd Fellows and Rebekah lodges installed officers jointly last night, the ceremonies being followed by a banquet.

The Stern & Goodman Crackjack baseball team defeated the High School team last night, the score standing 13 to 2.

Elmer Ford has recovered from an attack of illness of two weeks' duration.

SAN BERNARDINO.

TWO INCHES OF RAIN.

SAN BERNARDINO, Jan. 25.—There was a splendid rainfall yesterday, the precipitation for the twenty-four hours ending at 2 o'clock last evening measured 1.19 inches.

Miss Corinne Penney, who has been visiting her uncle, C. F. Schmidt of his city, returned yesterday to her home in Corona.

Robert Goldman and Carl Halbridge have arrived from San Diego, expecting to make this city their future home.

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The rainfall in this locality during the past few days totals 1.19 inches. Miss Elva Vestal of Tustin is entertaining Miss Lila Norrish of Victor.

LOS ANGELES.

LOS ANGELES, Jan. 25.—The Times Midwinter Number will be found for sale, wrapped and ready for mailing, at news stands and agencies, or will be sent by mail from this office on receipt of the price, 10c for the paper and 4c postage.

CORONA.

FRUIT CONSIGNMENTS DELAYED.

CORONA, Jan. 25.—Corona citrus-fruit shippers are disheartened because the Santa Fe is turning over all fruit cars from this point to the Southern Pacific at Colton. This makes unnecessary delay, especially the shipment for Chicago and all western and northwestern points. The time is now often fourteen days to Chicago, and eight days to New York and Boston, while the Santa Fe claims eight days as the running time to Chicago. These routings are made regardless of destination, and work great hardship on the shippers, who lose their fruit in shrinkage by the long delays.

CORONA BRIEVITIES.

On Thursday evening Past Master P. A. Bennett, assisted by Past Master H. A. L. Lutz, and a number of other officers of the Tennessean Lodge, No. 214, F. and A. M.

Last evening John H. Thompson fell from a roof while working on the roof of a building, causing a compound fracture of the lower jaw bone, and cut and bruised his head.

The showers the past few days amount to 1.19 inches. The pumps of these bodies, and yet it had rain for mailing, at news stands and agencies, or will be sent by mail from this office on receipt of the price, 10c for the paper and 4c postage.

Wanted—A hustling agent for the National Life Insurance Company at Redlands. Address Dr. T. Nichols, general agent, Douglas building.

Dr. E. J. King carries a line of fine diamonds and cut glass unequalled in the city.

When you work done by the White Star Laundry. It will please you.

When you want to buy or sell real estate, call on Arthur H. Fisher, 1011 N. Main.

Hand and Mercantile carry the most select line of drygoods in town.

Hight & Dunn are leaders in the real estate business in Redlands.

Hight & Dunn have a bargain in an orange grove. See them.

RIVERSIDE.

JAP IN THE TOLLS.

RIVERSIDE, Jan. 25.—Charles Yamashita, an enterprising Japanese who has charge of a force of orange pickers at the Japanese settlement near Fourteenth street and Pachappa avenue, was arrested yesterday by the sheriff. Charles is wanted at Oxnard, where he is said to have been hired a grocery bill of \$600. At Oxnard he had charge of a large force of Japs, who were employed digging for oranges. He was arrested yesterday for a large amount to pay the grocery bill and the wages of those under him. One week, instead of paying the bills, he was arrested yesterday by the sheriff. Charles is wanted at Oxnard, where he is said to have been hired a grocery bill of \$600. At Oxnard he had charge of a large force of Japs, who were employed digging for oranges. He was arrested yesterday for a large amount to pay the grocery bill and the wages of those under him. One week, instead of paying the bills, he was arrested yesterday by the sheriff. 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the deposed clerk, E. W. Wil-
son, with the assistance of his legal
Attorney Thomas D. Rjordan,
to oust, was purged of con-
fidence by Superior Judge Cook this
morning.

new Killman of Evergreen. He
tracking a lost colt in the hills

Liberal Sized Bottles,
25c and 50c.

.....

CALLS RAKER A MIXTURE

Ingredients of Lawyer
Puzzle the Judge.

Court not Inconstant
Like the Moon.

Lookout Lynching Case Drags
Like a Begging Cripple—
Trouble not Over.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS-P.M. 1
ALBUQUERQUE, Jan. 25.—(Exclusive Dispatch.)—The reputation of Robert Courtwright, one of the chief witnesses for the prosecution, seems to be a mixture of gold and silver. The judge, in the Courtwright case, is not a mixture of gold and silver. The judge, in the Courtwright case, is not a mixture of gold and silver.

Three witnesses were on the stand this afternoon, Thomas H. McClure, C. J. Gooch and Sam Parks. The first mentioned witness was put on the stand to show that Brown and the other defendants in the lynching case were good reputations up to the time of the lynching.

Gooch, a stockman, testified that he was in Lookout on the afternoon of May 30 last. He stated in answer to questions put to him by Raker that he knew the defendants in the lynching case. He stated that he knew the defendants in the lynching case.

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video that school children en route to or from school shall be carried for half fare.

Filmers' New Place.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 25.—(Exclusive Dispatch.)—The reputation of Robert Courtwright, one of the chief witnesses for the prosecution, seems to be a mixture of gold and silver.

TO STRENGTHEN JULIET.

COURT HENRI VITZJAMES MUST
SEEK ANOTHER BRIDE.

Prima Donna Sanderson Writes a Curt
Note to Parisian Newspapers Asking
Them to Announce Without Comment
That the Engagement is Off.

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WASHINGTON.

Continued from First Page

business was confined to that of an observer in an official position dealing with the tariff of Cuba. This has led him to hope that if there was any change in the tariff, it would be such an adjustment as would throw into the hands of the United States the large amount of Cuban trade now taken by foreign countries.

Speaking first of the condition of the Cuban sugar industry, he said it was greatly depressed. The United States sugar business of the island at \$200,000,000, and said about three-fourths of the people were dependent in one way or another on the sugar industry.

Chairman Payne asked Col. Bliss to state what advantages the United States could gain from Cuba, and Mr. Payne also called attention to the low tariff rate Cuba imposed against the United States. Col. Bliss said the average ad valorem rate was about 21 per cent, and he presented tables designed to show how a tariff readjustment could throw practically all of the Cuban trade into the hands of American producers.

He also submitted a list of articles on which a differential of about 25 per cent favorable to the United States as against other foreign countries would give us the trade.

Representative Newlands of Nevada suggested that without our political control of Cuba there might be servile labor and competition with American labor. He added:

"Are the Cuban people prepared to come into political relations with the United States?"

"I think a great majority of the Cubans are ready to come in," Col. Bliss replied.

"As a territory or a state?" asked Mr. Newlands.

"They would be glad to come in as a state or a territory, or under military administration," Col. Bliss replied.

The announcement of the engagement was made on the last day of the old year, following Miss Sanderson's single appearance in New York during her recent tour when she sang in "Romeo and Juliet."

The Count accompanied Miss Sanderson to Paris. After her arrival, Count Henri, in an interview, said the date of the marriage had not been fixed, though he expected it would be before the end of February.

REACH OUT HANDS
AMONG THE STARS.

AGREABLE PASTIME FOR THE
SUCCESSOR OF MAN.

H. G. Wells, Scientist and Novelist,
Says a Being of the Future Shall
Stand on This Earth as One Stands
on a Footstool.

BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES 1
LONDON, Jan. 25.—(Exclusive Dispatch.)—H. G. Wells, scientist and novelist, who out-Darwin's his master, and dare to direct the course of the future, said today in a lecture delivered at the Royal Institution last night on the "Discovery of the Future," that he did not mean aerial flight or any single development of science, but discovery of the future as a whole.

Along certain lines with certain limitations, he said, the knowledge of things of the future was practicable and possible. As during the past century an amazing searchlight inference had been passed into the remote past, so by seeking for operating causes in the future, the searchlight of inference might be thrown into the future. The man of science would believe as he did not believe in the past.

Sam Parks, one of the defendants in the lynching case, was asked by the court whether he knew the defendants in the lynching case. He stated that he knew the defendants in the lynching case.

On cross-examination, Parks testified that he knew the defendants in the lynching case. He stated that he knew the defendants in the lynching case.

Raker, who was not on the stand, was asked by the court whether he knew the defendants in the lynching case. He stated that he knew the defendants in the lynching case.

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road and the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. He strongly urged the committee not to accept as disinterested the ex-parte statements of the corporation which he said were financially interested in the immigration of Chinese.

Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, and Gorman, chairman of the representatives of the Pacific Coast Anti-Chinese Committee, also argued in favor of the bill.

The committee adjourned until 10:30 a.m. next Tuesday.

GRIDIRON CLUB'S FEED.
FUN WITH PUBLIC MEN.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS-P.M. 1
WASHINGTON, Jan. 25.—The black-and-white flag of the Gridiron Club floated over the Arlington Hotel all day and tonight the Washington correspondents composing that organization assembled beneath their emblem for the seventeenth annual dinner. The menu was a newspaper. "The Yellow Yawp" and a more sensational paper never has been issued in Washington. It was a parody on the "Yellow Yawp" and a more sensational paper never has been issued in Washington.

Although a woman in my position can receive plenty of prescriptions from physicians without cost, it was upon the advice of a well-known Wall Street doctor that I began to take Swamp-Root. No, I will not tell you his name, for he might not like it. But all the same, I took it when I was run down from night work in the stock room. I was thin and yellow and tired even when I rose from my sleep. Swamp-Root gave me a relief for my food and cleared my blood from its stagnant impurities. Of course I do not praise Swamp-Root as a cure for all troubles, but it is splendid for the kidneys, stomach and bowels and relieves female disorders when all other remedies have failed to give relief. I know of many cases in the hospital cured by this wonderful remedy.

MISS ALICE BROWN.

Miss Alice Brown, the well-known trained nurse, is in a position to speak with knowledge. She was formerly with the St. Louis Baptist Hospital and has had many trying experiences in her arduous vocation. She adds her valuable testimony to the thousands already received by Swamp-Root. She said in a signed interview with a Reporter of the St. Louis Star:

"Although a woman in my position can receive plenty of prescriptions from physicians without cost, it was upon the advice of a well-known Wall Street doctor that I began to take Swamp-Root. No, I will not tell you his name, for he might not like it. But all the same, I took it when I was run down from night work in the stock room. I was thin and yellow and tired even when I rose from my sleep. Swamp-Root gave me a relief for my food and cleared my blood from its stagnant impurities. Of course I do not praise Swamp-Root as a cure for all troubles, but it is splendid for the kidneys, stomach and bowels and relieves female disorders when all other remedies have failed to give relief. I know of many cases in the hospital cured by this wonderful remedy.

There were a number of excellent speeches. President Roosevelt, Postmaster General Payne, Senator-elect Gorman, Senators Hanks, Platt, Edwards and Capt. Charles Clark, formerly of the Oregon, the Ambassador of the navy, were present, together with a host of other distinguished guests.

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WE HAVE IT!
The New York Vehicle
Long-Distance Tire



RECORD OF 100 PER CENT.
Competitive Test.
Made by all Carriage Dealers.

As Low as
2.50 Per Set

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Up Sale Hamburger's

127 to 145 N. SPRING ST. LOS ANGELES

enough advanced. We have 18 buyers who visit New York from one to four times a year. Once a year as a general rule one of the Messrs. Hamburger visits Europe. Our buying reaches round the world. There are some countries too remote to be visited personally and to them we send orders through their representatives in New York, Paris, London, San Francisco or Peking.

Buying goods have already begun to put in an appearance. New arrivals are seeking admission daily. To give them room and proper display we must sacrifice the goods on hand in order to enable us to reduce stock at once. This tremendous store does things in a tremendous way. The launching of this clean-up sale means money saving to every man, woman and child in Southern California who has merchandise to buy.

This elephant page teems with reduced prices, yet it is insufficient to contain a tenth part of the special reductions which are in force. Visit the store and carry away some memento of the clean-up sale.

MEN'S CLOTHING

Men's clothing includes many other bargains mentioned here, but these are of extraordinary value. The suits are the best that can be procured to be passed lightly over by any man who has a wardrobe to update. Every man should take advantage of this sale.

For \$16.65.

For \$13.65.

For \$9.65.

For \$7.65.

For \$6.65.

For \$7.65.

For \$9.65.

For \$11.65.

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Yearly Clean-up DRESS LININGS

The lining department has grown so that it had to be removed again to larger quarters. It contains every kind of lining that can be used in a dress or wrap, except, of course, silk, which is found in the regular silk department. During the clean-up sale we offer the following extraordinary values:

SPUN GLASS-In all the popular shades and black. 24 in. wide. Every yard stamped in the savings "Spun glass." Regular price 25c. Clean-up sale 18c.

MOREEN SKIRTING-Mercerized moreen with fancy satin stripes. Very desirable for petticoats. For the clean-up sale reduced from 75c a yard to 29c.

HAIR CLOTH-Black and gray French and herringbone weaves made of real hair. 18 in. wide. Reduced from 15c to 10c.

SILK-Linings in every desirable shade and black and cream. Twilled weaves 24 in. wide. Better than life grade sold by other stores. Sale price 10c.

PERCALINE-In mill ends of 1 to 4 yards. Good desirable shades for lining waists or skirts. Regular price 25c. Sale price 4c.

LINING REMNANTS-Of percaline, Anderson percaline, canvas, silks, satins, etc. Lengths of 1 to 5 yards. 25c to 35c qualities to be cleaned out 8c.

Yearly Clean-up LACES AND EMBROIDERIES

A few extraordinary bargains are offered in the lace and embroidery departments. Up-to-date styles and good qualities priced for the clean-up sale as follows:

Valenciennes lace edges and insertions in very choice patterns and widths from 1 to 1 1/2 inches. Worth up to \$1 a dozen. Reduced from 69c to 35c.

A good quality of Valenciennes lace edges and insertions in very choice patterns and widths from 1 to 1 1/2 inches. Worth up to \$1 a dozen. Reduced from 69c to 35c.

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Yearly Clean-up CLOAKS-SUITS-WAISTS

Also Furs, Skirts, Ulsters, Etc.

SHIRT WAISTS-Made of all-wool flannel in the most desirable shades and modish. Reduced from \$1.25 and \$1.75 for the clean-up sale to 95c.

FLANNEL WAISTS-Made of all-wool French flannel, trimmed with tucks, braids and buttons. Pretty styles and desirable shades. A very large assortment of \$1.50 to \$2.50 values at choice \$1.29.

WAISTS-Made of all-wool French flannel, trimmed with braid and over tucks. Buttoned front or back. All the desirable and pretty shades: \$2.50 and \$2.99. Reduced from \$2.50 to \$1.69.

SHIRT WAISTS-Made of all-wool Botany flannel, trimmed with plaids and feather stitching. Pretty and desirable shades. Reduced from \$2.50 for the clean-up sale to \$1.98.

FANCY WAISTS-Made of all-wool serge flannel and of velvet. The latest styles in Persian effects and stripes. All shades. Worth from \$3.99 to \$5. Sale price \$2.98.

PINE WAISTS-In stylish modes and in the latest styles. Reduced from \$5 and \$7.50, for the clean-up sale, to \$3.98.

ULSTERS-Made of all-wool covert with fitted backs and velvet collars. Lined to the waist. Reduced from \$7.50 to \$5.

LETTERS-Made of fine Cravatette in pretty shades of Oxford, fitted backs and velvet collars. Reduced from \$2.50 for the clean-up sale to \$1.50.

ULSTERS-Made of fine Cravatette in pretty shades of Oxford, fitted backs and velvet collars. Reduced from \$2.50 for the clean-up sale to \$1.50.

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Cowhide Suit Case, \$4.59.

A genuine cowhide suit case made on a solid steel frame; lined throughout; shirt fold of the same; hinges hand riveted and capped; top and body of case stitched with heavy black linen thread; four inside leather straps; brass spring lock and side catches; 22-inch size, worth \$7.50, at \$4.59.

50c Neckwear at 15c

Men's stylish neckwear in neckties, imperials, four-in-hands and bows; a splendid assortment of colors and patterns; ties that are worth from 50c to 50c; during the clean-up sale at 15c.

20c Linen Collars, 5c

Men's four-in-hand collars made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., and known as the "Cluett" brand. The latest shape and color. All perfect, new stock, no soiled or damaged goods; regular selling price 20c each or 3 for 50c; on the bargain table Monday at 5c.

Men's \$1.50 Underwear at \$1

Men's strictly all-wool cassimere underwear in fawn and blue. Full fashioned and finished seams. Silk faced shirts and re-enforced drawers. We consider them very cheap at our regular selling price, \$1.50. Clean-up sale price \$1.

\$5 Bath Robes, \$2.85

Men's bath robes made of a good quality eldorado. Full large sleeves cut extra long. Perfectly made. A choice line of patterns to select from. All our 45 inch robes, in sizes 34 to 44, during the clean-up sale at \$2.85.

75c Neckwear at 49c

A wind-up of all our novelty stock collars. Over 300 made of the best materials, knife plaited satin, velvet, lace, etc. All the latest styles in colors and black. We have divided them into three lots and offer 75c collars at 49c, 50c ones at 35c and 75c ones for 25c.

50c Ribbons at 29c

These ribbons range from 3 to 5 inches wide and include novelty stripes, flowered effects, solid colors, solid centers with fancy borders and a variety of other designs. Well worth 50c. During the clean-up sale at 29c.

Notions

25c fancy buttons 5c card.
74c box assorted hairpins, 5c.
25c vegetable lined dress shields, 15c.
10c braid tape, 5c.
10c kid curtains, 5c.
15c velvet facing, 5c.
15c covered dress shields, 5c.
30c fancy side elastic, 10c.
25c hooks and eyes, 10c.
25c finishing braids, 5c.
10c fancy colored elastic, 5c.
15c card pearl buttons, 10c.
15c package whalebone casing, 10c.
15c correct studs, 5c.
10c illuminated hairpins, 5c doz.

Household Specials

50c 10-gallon heavy tin boiler with side handles 50c.
45c 14-quart Japanese chamber pot 35c.
Choice of 9 or 10-inch jelly cake pans, deep or shallow worth 5c, at 3c.
25c enamel lined lunch box with leather handle 25c.
60c 4-quart gray enameled tea pots 50c.
15c good size polished hatched with history handle 15c.
5c 4 and 5 hole mouse trap 5c.
THIRD FLOOR.

Crockery Specials

20c small size white stone chambers 15c.
15c 14-plat white semi porcelain cream pitcher 5c.
25c 3-inch opal gas globe 15c.
15c assorted patterns of night lamps 10c.
10c and 25c fancy painted and blue mottled cuspidors in assorted shapes at 15c.
40c good size high footed fruit bowls in cut glass pattern at 35c.
20c medium size decorated glass stand lamp with chimney to match 35c.
10c blue Japanese oatmeal bowls 5c.
\$1.49 ruby globe hall lamps with fount and burner complete at \$1.19.
THIRD FLOOR.

KNIT UNDERWEAR

Knit department for women and children has been the first floor near the soda fountain. It is easy of new manager says he will close out a whole lot of the is overstocked.

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Yearly Clean-up TRIMMINGS AND VEILING

During this clean-up sale you will have plenty of opportunities to satisfy your desires in securing pretty and good trimmings and veilings for very much less than the regular prices. For instance the following:

Colored suitable braids in bolts. Qualities which sell regularly at 10c. Reduced from 10c to 5c.

Flower groups in black and colors. 1 1/2 to 2 inches wide. Reduced from 10c to 5c.

Flower groups in all sorts of colors. 1 1/2 to 2 inches wide. Reduced from 10c to 5c.

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Yearly Clean-up UPHOLSTERY DEPARTMENT

In the fourth floor upholstery department we offer a variety of goods at reduced prices, especially for the clean-up sale. In future ads we will have more to say about this line of goods. These few items may be taken as forerunners of those which are to follow.

PRO-BUSSELS RUGS-Women like a Brussels carpet, but reversible. Handsome styles and colorings. All wool fillings. \$5 values on sale at \$3.69.

BRUSSELS RAMP-27x45 in. in size. These were purchased from a drummer who finished his trip here. Worth 50c. On sale at 50c.

RUG FRINGE-The double head style with tassels knotted by hand. All colors to match the carpet samples. 13 1/2c line at 8c.

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DINNER DRESS-SKIRT OF
LOUIS XV. HABIT CORSAGE
PEARL EMBROIDERIES

Paris Fashions—A Comprehensive View of Present and Future Styles for Women.

(Copyright, 1902.)

DRESS OF BLACK FAIRY, YOKO AND COLORED
EMBROIDERED WITH JET LACE GLENNES
MODEL BY GIGAS

peculiarity the gown would represent a typical princess style.

BOLERO YOKO.

A bolero-like yoke, cut off square and high across the front, rounds out at the sides in two jacketlike pieces, then gradually narrows, reaching the center of the back in a sharp point where it meets the collar.

The high band encircling the slender throat seems to be a continuation of this fancy yoke. The whole is formed of tulle, over which is laid black Brussels net, elaborately embroidered with jet paillettes. There is a sleeve showing very little fullness at the top, but broadening at the elbow and falling into a deep puff at the wrist, where it is gathered into a narrow jetted band, which confines a graceful frill dropping over the hands.

An oversleeve of the spangled net is held in with the other one of velvet at the armhole, but instead of following the confined lines of this it is permitted to hang loosely, forming a point at the outside and curving up toward the inner seam.

A tiny ruching of black mousseline de sole ribbon outlines the irregular border of the yoke, back and front, and, finishing at the top of the collar, renders it softer and more becoming than the glittering jet were next the face. The loose front of the gown falls straight to the floor. It is fitted closely over the hips and the back, laced up with tiny cord fastenings over after jet buttons, and spreads into a graceful train of medium length.

This effective house gown, showing no touch of color on the outside, has a lining and most beautiful petticoat of the softest rose-colored silk. The high-heeled patent leather slippers are ornamented with smart little, light rosettes of bright-hued ribbon.

The dinner dress is an exponent of one of the prettiest fashions worn by tasteful women. Pale blue tulle, in that delicate shade called by the Chinese "young blue," is the foundation, and over this is festooned softest chiffon, so that around the bottom it resembles a bank of fleecy clouds piled against a summer sky.

The smart little Louis XV bodice is made of broadened silk pompadour, coming quite low and square across the front, the coat is cut sharply away to form tiny jacketlets, and then from the sides extends over the hips and across the back in a tail effect.

Chiffon ruffles finish the neck and are caught in a soft, full knot at the bust, dropping from this point in lovely flowing ends. The plain, light-fitting sleeves are cut off straight across at the elbow, exposing the prettiest part of a woman's arm. If it be pretty at all, the back is let in a fall of pearl embroidered chiffon, coming from a point at the top of the outer seam to the sleeve and puffing as it reaches the elbow, where it is gathered up and confined under the narrow band of pearl passementerie finishing the lower edge of the short sleeve.

To further enhance the beauty of this exquisite dinner cost, pearl embroideries are applied artistically and not too elaborately.

The graceful skirt, not too long for a dinner gown, is a mass of chiffon drapings, choux and garlands of flowers. GLIMPSE OF GLIMMERING SILK. THROUGH OF GLIMMERING SILK. This one catches a glimpse of shimmering silk beneath. This foundation skirt is made to fit the figure very closely, has many gorges which flare widely at the foot, where a narrow plaited sash affords the necessary.

Over this slip and falling straight from the hips is the slightly gathered draped skirt. As it reaches the knees

it is caught here and there in a signal line running around and pulled into a soft, full rosette. Then it is permitted to fall again to within six inches of the floor, the irregular edge being scalloped and delicately embroidered with pearls.

From beneath this outer drapery is a charming foot finish, combining festoons and pale pink-tinted playmate roses. A full ruche set on the very bottom of the slip shows here other tiny bunches of these still tinier flowers, and over this is the draped flounce of the pearl embroidered mousseline to match the tunic.

This modish and dainty skirt will be found extremely pretty for a dancing frock, and the style, on account of its youthfulness and grace, would make a pretty model for a debutante's gown. Of course, the bodice is a style most unsuited for a young girl to wear, but one carrying out the design of the gown, the draperies of soft tulle, material and garlands of roses, would be quite as effective as the more elegant and stately Louis XIV dinner jacket.

For outdoor wear, with rich furs and a large picture hat, nothing could be more effective than the outdoor toilet. Rich sable-tinted velvet forms the material for this severely cut princess gown.

Velvet in any of the new and wonderful shades is beautiful, but when it shows the texture of the gown, it is played by a fine sable silk, shading from the dark stripe to the almost jet-black tint. It is "beige" in the middle.

The stately dignity of this beautiful model recommends it for a matron just past the third of youth, wearing a hood. The severely plain skirt encloses the figure loosely around the hips, the skirt is draped in a decided flare that is such a prominent feature on many of the newest skirts.

Like all fashionable gowns, particularly those designed for wear in the house, there is a slight train falling gracefully from the folds of the gown. A unique trimming is employed effectively on this gown, and it is fashioned of rich double-faced satin ribbon, shading from the palest mode to a deep sable.

This ribbon is gathered into double ruffles and put on the skirt around the bottom in a series of alternating loops, coming in to the knees in front, growing higher at the sides and back and curving out over the rounded points of the train. Narrow shaded ribbons are gathered into circles and set in the center of the downward curving loops, and smaller ones fill the interstices at the upper corners.

Quaint bretelles trim the bodice, which depends for its style on the lace trimmings and the fashion of the sleeves. A curved yoke of ecru guipure, not quite meeting in front, is applied to the smoothly-fitting velvet, and covers the straight, high collar.

Just a tiny bit of the brown velvet shows at the separation of the collar and yoke. Over the tops of the circular caplike folded pieces of the velvet, edged with two tiny ruffles of the shaded ribbon. These cones are not trimmed with the ribbon beyond the armholes.

The dress is medieval in design, is slightly fluted into the shoulder, but does not begin to blouse until the narrow neck. The gown is smaller, and is confined at the wrist by a band of ecru guipure. A few garlands in the narrow folds of the gown are between elbow and wrist are responsible for the charming shape of this sleeve, and to the smooth, fitted velvet, and covers the straight, high collar.

An elaborate and intricately designed evening gown seen on every side the one pictured here is comparatively a simple style. It depends for its beauty on richness of material and daintiness of ornamentation.

The front of the trained skirt shows five panels of ivory-white satin about two inches wide at the top, and gradually growing broader, until at the bottom they measure at least four times that width. The panels are edged with an incrustation of guipure, and between the two is a space broad enough to show the filmy material of the under-skirt. This is of soft ivory tulle, laid over satin of the same tint, which appears as a delicate foundation for the embroidery of chenille dots and strass spangles covering the tulle in artistic profusion from belt to hem.

A dainty ruffle of spangled tulle finishes the foot of the skirt and shows beneath the pointed ends of the incrustated panels.

The bodice is quite low and square both back and front. A covering of the embroidered tulle is drawn tightly over the close-fitting foundation of ivory satin. A folded girde of turquoise panne velvet starts from the center of the back and is about three inches broad there; but as it curves around the sides and reaches the front it grows narrower and finishes at the left side under a fancy buckle of brilliants.

From the bust of the low corsage drop panels of the ivory satin, shaped to match those forming the front section of the skirt and equaling them in number. These depend from the straight line of the front and one from each side, finishing a little above the others. These tiny panels of ivory incrustation of guipure like those of the skirt and are cut across the bottom in a shallow point.

On the corsage is a knot of pale blue panne velvet, with which is twisted a French crush rose. Its soft silken petals of a deep pink, giving the entire gown a decidedly chic air.

Sometimes they are fashioned of flowers entirely, again they are pretty little knots and loops of ribbon. Often they show a combination of both ribbon and flowers. To vary the effect, pendant loops may be attached, and if these are hung with tiny buds or caught with jeweled clasps or slides, they will be found to furnish quite a handsome garniture for an otherwise plain bodice.

Gauze ribbons are always effective, and some very stunning little rosettes are manufactured of this delicate material. Spangles seem to confine themselves to these bodice ornaments, and we see beautiful roses, rich shaded leaves and dull black flowers glistening with these brilliant paillettes.

An all-black evening gown, particularly if it be of velvet, is smartly adorned with a knot of flowers or a choux of diamonds studded garnet.

If jewels are not worn in the hair, then an ornament to match the one on the corsage is quite the smartest thing. Great liberty is permitted as to just where this hair decoration shall be placed. Wherever it seems to be the most becoming is the best rule to follow, and even the size and style depend entirely on individual taste.

The Money Bush.

"Proverbs to the contrary notwithstanding, I believe that money does grow on bushes, and that some persons know where the bushes are," said a talkative stranger whom I met in a restaurant, and whose advances I met in good part. "I've been here for three weeks, on my first visit, visiting a son up on Black street, and I have come to the conclusion that some of those bushes are not very far away, though I haven't been able to locate them."

"My boy lets me do as I please, so I take my lunches down town every day and look around a bit. I tell you I see many curious things, and there is really no way of accounting for how lots of people live and have lots of money to spend, unless there are

money bushes and they know where they are."

"I have been playing detective and watching some persons. They are awfully cunning, and there is no tracking them to the bushes, though they go there just the same. These people always dress well, stand around the streets and haunt the saloons, always have a big roll of money in their pockets, and yet they have leisure for twenty-four hours every day."

"I have spotted some of them every day for five weeks, and it is always just the same, plenty of money and no evidence of anything to bring it in. They never tire of hanging around and smoking good cigars, with three meals a day at restaurants, horse races or something of the sort in the afternoon, and then in the evenings, it is a mystery how they get to the bushes without being seen."

"If you will go on the street with me now I will point out seven dozen of these bushes in fifteen minutes. I don't believe that a mortal man knows just where their money comes from. Perhaps they get it in their sleep, and don't know where the bushes are themselves."

"One of them lives with his wife in the fashionable house, and I have watched him as a cat watches a mouse, but it is no use. He is in no visible business, goes to the theatre every night, and you should see the lobsters and wine, and salads, and such stuff that goes up on the table. Then they dress well, and apparently have nothing in the world to worry them. My son says there is an army of just such persons in the city."

"You can't fool me, and I tell you there couldn't be so many such persons if there weren't money bushes around some place. I am going out now and follow this thing up and see if I can't get a pointer on where they grow."

Turning of the Worm.

During the rush hour Friday afternoon a dignified man entered a well-filled Broadway car, and tried to hang on, but the conductor, who was collecting fares, blocked his progress.

"Step lively, there," said the passenger.

"Where you speaking to me?" asked the conductor, elevating his eyebrows.

"Certainly," replied the passenger. "Step forward, so we can get inside. Plenty of room up front."

"If you will attend to your business I will attend to mine," snapped the conductor.

"If you can't take your own medicine better than that you had better try taking the car ahead," answered the passenger. The conductor's reply was lost in the laughter of the passengers.

The Wise Old Fox.

Once upon a time there was an old fox who had accumulated a great deal of property and was taking life with real comfort. One day his three married sons called to him.

"Father," said the eldest son, "wouldn't it be well for you to deed your property to us and believe yourself of the care of it?"

"By doing that," continued the second, "we can avoid all trouble when the sad day comes in which we must part with you."

"And then," went on the third, "you can make your home with us, each in turn, and thus give pleasure to us all."

"Sons," answered the old fox, "it is very kind in you to consider my welfare, but I prefer things as they are. My will is made, and when I am dead you may divide my property equally among you."

Moral—There are times when we have to take the will for the deed.

OUTDOOR DRESS IN THE PRINCESS STYLE OF AMERICAN COLORED
VELVET, TRIMMED WITH DARK-BROWN JACQUETTED RIBBON, APPLICATION
OF ECLAIR, MODEL BY LAFFERIERE

Tricks of Jockeys.

"Riding backward," or "cross motion," of all the jockeys' tricks is the most effective, and at the same time the most difficult of detection. It is a simple trick, consisting simply of throwing the motion of the body out of time with that of the horse, and by the away of his body helping to lift him at every bound.

Another trick practiced by jockeys is called the "leg lock," and when cautiously applied, has more to do with the result of the race than the untutored initiate may think. In effect, it is one jockey holding another back, and this is done by the "leg lock." Two horses are leading the field, one perhaps only a neck ahead of the other.

As they come into the straight they are running close together. The leading jockey sees his chance and draws closer to his opponent, until the horses almost touch. He lets the second gain

on him until the leg of his opponent touches his leg from behind.

This is just what the little rascal wants. Let his opponent win if he can. Every lunge of the second horse pushes the first one ahead, firing itself and easing the flight of the other, until the final spurt, when the horse thus aided easily comes in the winner.

[Tit-Bits.

"There seems to be only one way to boom this book of mine," said the young author, thoughtfully. "I think I'd better die before it comes out."

"All right," said the publisher. "So the author was dead for advertising purposes, and the book made a hit and sold out two editions before anybody knew much about the author."

"You will have to be interviewed on this book," said the publisher.

"How can I?" said the author, wrathfully. "The thing is, I'm dead."—[Washington Times.

DINNER DRESS—SKIRT OF DRAPED EMBROIDERED TULLE,
LOUIS XV. HABIT, CORSAGE OF BROCADED SILK POMPADOUR,
PEARL EMBROIDERIES
MODEL BY REDFERNEVENING DRESS OF IVORY-WHITE TULLE, SPOTTED WITH
CHENILLE AND SPANGLED WITH STRASS, PANELS OF
IVORY-WHITE SATIN, INCORPORATED WITH GUIPURE,
MODEL BY BEER

SALE OF WOMEN'S SUITS AND OUTER GARMENT



Lining Specials.

36 inch percale, all colors, including such as turquoise, pany, maize and dull greens. Soft lustrous quality that you can't duplicate elsewhere at 15c. We can match any color you may have. Our price, per yard, 12c. 36 inch spun glass, highly mercerized finish, every color that is made. A standard 12c quality. Our price, per yard, 20c. Collar canvas; pure linen; gray, natural color or black. Regular 25c grade. Our price, per yard, 20c.

Mercerized Satine. Suitable for linings and separate skirts, navy and white and white, quality that sells regularly at 35c. On sale Monday and Tuesday at, 19c.

Double Faced Silica. Fast black with fancy stripes, full yard wide, regular 25c quality. On sale Monday and Tuesday at, 15c.

Haircloth. Imported French haircloth, gray or black, herringbone or plain weave, 54 inches wide, sold for 50c all over town. On sale Monday and Tuesday, per yard, 39c.

M'KINLEY MEMORIAL FUND.

We are receiving subscriptions for the McKinley Memorial Fund at our Post Office Department. It is a worthy cause and will undoubtedly appeal to every loyal spirited American. The list is growing very rapidly and will be published in a short time. In addition to the subscription list we have installed a "table" box for contributions where amounts ranging from one penny upwards can be deposited to swell this fund.

High-Grade Silks Lowly Priced.

New wash silks; imported corded effects in stripes and checks. A beautiful collection of patterns and colorings. The largest assortment in Los Angeles at Broadway prices, that means the lowest prices in town. These are usually sold at 50c. On sale Monday and Tuesday at, 33c per yard.

Japanese Swivel Silks 48c

A splendid range of colors in the new Japanese swivel silks, these are beautifully corded, woven with silk swivel dot; they will wash nicely; sold elsewhere at 60c. On sale Monday and Tuesday, per yard, 48c.

\$1.39 Black Taffeta at 98c

High grade black taffeta silk, full 24 inches wide, manufactured especially for dressmakers' trade; soft finish and lustrous; guaranteed pure dye; you will know it by the satin selvage; regular \$1.39 value. On sale Monday and Tuesday, per yard, 98c.

60c Black Taffeta Silk 46c

19 inches wide and of pure silk, suitable for separate skirts and trimmings, good value at 60c. On sale Monday and Tuesday, per yard, 46c.

\$1.69 Satin Luxor at \$1.25

This is a very popular material for waists and full costumes reversible; will not muss, and is guaranteed to wear; 24 inches in width; a quality that is usually sold at \$1.69. On sale Monday and Tuesday, per yard, \$1.25.

75c Black Etamine at 48c

Black broadened etamine, the popular fabric for early-spring wear, dust proof, the designs are small, neat effects, regular 75c quality. On sale Monday and Tuesday, per yard, 48c.

75c French Flannels 45c

Handsome French flannels, in brown, gray, pink, lavender, green and royal blue; a popular material for women's waists; a grade that is sold all over town at 75c. On sale Monday and Tuesday, per yard, 45c.

\$1.50 Diagonal Skirting at \$1.19

54-inch diagonal skirting, in handsome shades of brown, castor, gray, royal and garnet, also plain black; this material is sponged and shrunk, and is a regular \$1.50 value. On sale Monday and Tuesday, per yard, \$1.19.

65c Mohair Melrose at 58c.

This is one of the new spring fabrics; is dust proof. It comes 38 inches wide, in a splendid range of colors. Regular 65c value. On sale Monday and Tuesday, at, 58c.

Dress Gingham. High grade imported gingham, colorings, grade that is usually sold at 25c. On sale Monday and Tuesday at, 13 1/2c per yard.

Percales. High grade percales, good ample width, small figures and neat stripes. A grade that is often sold at 13 1/2c. On sale Monday and Tuesday at, 7 1/2c per yard.

Dotted Swiss. A handsome assortment of new equal to the average 15c quality. On sale Monday and Tuesday at, 10c per yard.

Spring Stock of Baby Carriages.

We are now exhibiting the most complete and comprehensive line of Baby Carriages and Go-carts ever displayed in this fair city. These are from the F. A. Whitney Carriage Co. of Leominster, Mass., the most noted manufacturers of these wares in America. Every carriage and cart is sold under the manufacturer's guarantee. Here are a few of the special items:

Baby Carriages \$7.50.

Reed body, varnished, upholstered in Turkish cloth with good cushions. Steel wheels with rubber tires. Bedford cord mattress cushion, enamel finish gears, rubber tire wheel fastener. Foot brake and parasol. Special, Monday and Tuesday, each, \$7.50.

Reclining Go-carts \$9.85.

The body is of reed, varnished, steel wheels with rubber tires. Bedford cord mattress cushion, enamel finish gears, rubber tire wheel fastener. Foot brake and parasol. Special, Monday and Tuesday, each, \$9.85.

Other Carriages and Go-Carts up to \$25.00 Each.

Splendid Shoe Values.

Women's box calf shoes, made with hand-welted soles, narrow shapes, lace or button, a durable, slightly shoe, that sells regularly at \$5.00. On sale Monday and Tuesday, per pair, \$1.98.

Women's golf boots, made of fine Russia calf, genuine hand-welted soles, military heels, medium round toes, 10-inch tops; just the best for wet weather. A splendid \$4.00 value. On sale Monday and Tuesday, per pair, \$1.98.

Women's shoe kids shoes; these are of extra good vici kid, with genuine hand-welted soles, military heels, half-round toes with kid tips; better than the average \$5.00 shoe. On sale Monday and Tuesday, per pair, \$2.48.

Women's shoes of fine soft kid or high grade patent leather; lace or button, solid extension soles, cloth or kid tops; either in the narrow dress lasts or the mannish shapes for street wear. You can't duplicate them for less than \$5.00. Special Monday and Tuesday, per pair, \$1.98.

Misses' shoes of high grade vici kid, oak leather extension soles, lace or button, neat half round toes, kid or patent leather tips; dressy, durable shoes that sell regularly at \$1.75 and \$2.00. Priced for Monday and Tuesday, sizes 11 to 13, \$1.15; sizes 8 1/2 to 11, \$1.15.

Women's oxfords, made of extra fine patent leather with full French heels, genuine hand turned soles, just the thing for evening wear. All sizes, all widths. On sale Monday and Tuesday, per pair, \$1.98.

Men's \$4.00 Shoes \$2.98.

High grade shoes of box calf or vici kid, also patent leather, double extension soles; some light-weight dress shoes in this lot, high grade goods that will equal in appearance and quality any \$4.00 shoes in town; on sale Monday and Tuesday, per pair, \$2.98.

\$3 Shoes at \$1.98.

Men's box calf shoes, with medium round toes, heavy extension soles, goods you can't duplicate for less than \$3.00; special Monday and Tuesday, per pair, \$1.98.

Basement Bargains.

Ten pieces decorated toilet sets; half a dozen different decorations to choose from; sets that are splendid value at \$3.50. On sale Monday and Tuesday, per set, \$2.25.

Covered Chambers, of white ironstone china; the sort that usually sells at 60c. On sale Monday and Tuesday, each, 44c.

Deep Pudding Dishes, holds two quarts, made of best imported white enameled ware; would be cheap at 25c. On sale Monday and Tuesday, each, 19c.

Wash Basins, imported white enameled ware, the sort that sell regularly at 39c. Special Monday and Tuesday, each, 24c.

Steam Cookers—made in three parts, of heavy tin with copper bottom. Sold in some stores at \$1.25. On sale Monday and Tuesday, each, 85c.

Large size Waffle Irons—the kind that sells regularly at \$1.25. Special Monday and Tuesday, each, 89c.

Specials in Hair Goods.

All our switches are made of fine German and French convent cut hair. The prices are less than half what you would pay elsewhere. Note these few:

Good hair switches, fair length and good weight; all washable shades, finished by hand. Good value at \$2.50. Priced for this sale, each, 73c.

Hair switches, of convent cut hair, short and medium stems; good range of colors. Well worth \$2.50. Priced for this sale, each, \$1.47.

Beautiful switches, of high grade imported hair. Short stems, good length, full weight. All the washable colors; really a \$5.50 value. Priced for this sale, each, \$3.00.

Petrie's Murline 25c.

This preparation is warranted to keep the hair in curl from three days to three weeks. Renders the hair soft and fluffy and is absolutely harmless. To introduce this preparation, Monday and Tuesday we will cut and curl ladies' hair free with every bottle of Murline at 25c.

Broadway Department Store

BROADWAY COR FOURTH LOS ANGELES ARTHUR LETTS PROPRIETOR

50c Union Suits 29c. Women's fleece lined union suits, natural gray, high neck, long sleeves, cotton taped neck, button down front, all sizes, regular 50c value. Special Monday and Tuesday, per suit, 29c.

Fine Union Suits 75c. Women's extra heavy fleece lined union suits, jersey ribbed, natural gray, Oneita style. Really a \$1.00 value. On sale Monday and Tuesday at, per suit, 75c.

Wool Union Suits \$1.35. Women's union suits in natural gray or cream color; Oneita style, silk finish, 60 per cent wool; good value at \$1.75. On sale Monday and Tuesday, per suit, \$1.35.

10c Dress Shields 5c. Fine quality stockinette, medium size; regular price 10c; special Monday and Tuesday, per pair, 5c.

10c Dress Stays 5c. Satine covered, fancy stitched, all colors and lengths; regular price 10c; special Monday and Tuesday, per doz, 5c.

Dozen Hooks and Eyes 1 1/2c. Hump hooks and eyes, two dozen on card, black or white, any size you want; regular price 5c; special Monday and Tuesday, per card, 1 1/2c.

5c Sewing Silk 3c. Good quality sewing silk, black or colors; regular price 5c. Special Monday and Tuesday, per spool, 3c.

10c Cube Pins 5c. Black, white or assorted colors; jet heads; good points; regular price 10c. Special Monday and Tuesday, per cube, 5c.

10c Buttons 5c. White pearl buttons, two sizes, fine quality pearl; sell regularly at 5c and 10c. Special Monday and Tuesday, per doz, 5c.

Pantouris \$2.48. The new spring stock of these popular hats have arrived, and go on sale tomorrow; we are showing them in a decidedly new color, called "Damon," also in a handsome shade of pearl; these are of extra grade fur felt, finished with turned edges; equal in style, quality, finish and wear to any \$3.50 hat on the market; sizes for everybody. Our price, each, \$2.48.

Boys' \$1.50 Hats 98c. Golf style, made of pure fur felt, all the new spring colors; you'll see them all over town at \$1.50. Our price, each, 98c.

Zephyr Gingham. Handsome imported zephyr gingham, in stripes and checks, new color schemes, just the thing for shirt waists, regular price 25c. On sale Monday and Tuesday, per yard, 12c.

Dimities. Magnolia dimitie, 1/4 yard wide, in neat small figures, grade that usually sells at 7 1/2c. On sale Monday and Tuesday, per yard, 4c.

Kimona Cloth. Handsome flannellet with mercerized stripes, just the thing for kimonas, wrappers and house dresses; regular price 25c. On sale Monday and Tuesday, per yard, 19c.

Table Linen. 72-inch bleached table damask, some patterns, fine quality, better than the average \$1.50 damask. On sale Monday and Tuesday at, per yard, \$1.

Table Damask. 72-inch double damask, designs, grade that sells regularly at \$2.00. On sale Monday and Tuesday at, per yard, \$1.50.

Cream Damask. Pure linen cream colored damask, full 60 inches wide, very good patterns, superior to the average 75c linen. On sale Monday and Tuesday at, per yard, 50c.

Walters' coats, made of high-grade alpaca, large inside pocket, lined with silk, all sizes; you'll pay \$2.50 for these coats elsewhere. Our price, each, \$1.23.

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MAIL YOUR ORDERS TO US.

People living at a distance can take advantage of our special sales if they are prompt in mailing. Most of the goods advertised in Sunday's papers are on hand and ready for shipment. If you write immediately after reading our Sunday advertisement in most cases your order will be filled. It's the tardy ones who will be disappointed.

Stylish Long Garments, Worth \$12.50, at \$8.75.

Women's raglans, of splendid quality covert cloth; in tans, brown or oxford. Neatly finished with velvet collar and tailor stitching; stylishly cut and substantially made. Seasonable garments that represent splendid values up to \$12.50. Special for Monday and Tuesday, each, \$8.75.

Swell Raglans Reduced from \$17.89 to \$13.50.

Stylish Raglans Reduced from \$16.50 to \$12.50.

Fetehing Raglans Reduced from \$15.00 to \$10.00.

\$12.49 Golf Capes \$8.48

Made of high grade Scotch golf rug, plain centers with plaid edges and plaid linings, high collar with hood or double cape. Stylish, serviceable capes that sell regularly at \$12.49. Special Monday and Tuesday, each \$8.48.

\$20 Golf Capes \$13.50.

Made of heavy imported rug, plaid or plain centers, double capes or strapings of Broadcloth, tailor stitched, some finished with fringe, three-quarter length garments that are particularly comfortable and always in style. Values up to \$20.00. On sale Monday and Tuesday, each \$13.50.

\$4.69 Melton Cape \$2.50.

Women's capes; made of good grade melton; some plain, others allover braided, high rolling collars. The colors are red, castor, tan and black. Good value at \$4.69. On sale Monday and Tuesday, each \$2.50.

Women's Tailor Made Suits \$5.

Made of fair grade homespun, coat effect with or without velvet collar, coats lined with good grade Italian cloth; skirt five-gored flare, bound with braid; color, oxford gray, all sizes; suits that have sold regularly at \$8.50. Special Monday and Tuesday, each \$5.00.

Man Tailored Suits \$10.

Handsome suits of high grade cheviot, covert cloth and Venetians, made in blouse, cotton or coat effects; some trimmed with bands of satin, others with tailor stitching; jackets lined with silk; skirts five-gored flare, or graduating flounce; handsomely tailored suits in tan, blue, brown, gray or black; good ranges of sizes; regular price \$14.50; on sale Monday and Tuesday, per suit, \$10.00.

\$18 Tailor Made Suits \$12.

At this price are stylish suits of cheviot, Venetian, basket cloth; coat and jacket or the popular Norfolk effect; some suits lined throughout with silk, some with satin that reflect the ideas of the famous New York tailors; the colors are black, gray or navy blue; sizes 34 to 38; splendid values up to \$18; on sale Monday and Tuesday, per suit, \$12.00.

\$27.50 Fine Cloth Suits \$17.

In this lot are smart suits of fine broadcloth, cheviot, Venetians or basket weaves; some with effect, others of cotton, coat or the popular dip front; all of these suits lined throughout with silk, some with satin, others with velvet; the colors are tan, blue, brown, gray or black; sizes 34 to 38; splendid values up to \$27.50; on sale Monday and Tuesday, a suit, \$17.50.

Coats for Barbers, Bartenders and Waiters

We carry a complete stock of coats, aprons, etc., for barbers, bartenders and waiters. Every garment absolutely perfect in point of fit, finish and style. Our prices on these goods average from 1/2 to 1 less than prices charged elsewhere for goods of equal merit. Here are a few of our special values:

Plain Duck Coats 98c.

These are made of heavy-weight shrunk duck, cut with square front, finished with turndown collar, three patch pockets, four detachable bone buttons, plain cuffs; equal to any \$1.25 coat in town. Our price, each, 98c.

White Duck Coats \$1.23.

Made of fine quality shrunk duck, round sack style, finished with turndown collar, three patch pockets, four detachable bone buttons, plain cuffs; equal to any \$1.75. Our price each, \$1.23.

Fancy Bar Coats \$1.98.

Made of heavy-weight plain white duck, square front, military collar, front fastened with five military frogs, open cuffs with frog fasteners. You'll pay \$2.50 for a poorer garment in most stores. Our price, each, \$1.98.

Walters' coats, made of high-grade alpaca, large inside pocket, lined with silk, all sizes; you'll pay \$2.50 for these coats elsewhere. Our price, each, \$1.23.

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Continued from Page 1

BY A. SPRING ST.

A. M. Chaffey of Los Angeles was an
unofficial visitor last week.
From London London of Los Angeles

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The Drama Plays, Players and Playhouses. Music and Musicians. Musical News

AT THE THEATERS.

The Los Angeles.
SHAKESPEARE remains at the Los Angeles Theater for half another week. Medjeka and James Ruffin for Frederick Woods, who has long since won the respect and admiration of the public for his fidelity to the legitimate drama. On Monday he will appear in one of his favorite characters, "Blighter, the Mountebank," which will be repeated at the Wednesday matinee. On Tuesday evening "Julius Caesar" will be the bill, and on Wednesday evening the most dramatic of Shakespeare's plays and the greatest of his characters, "King Lear," will be presented. Prominent in the supporting company are Charles D. Herman, Barry Johnston, Antoinette Ashton, Virginia Drew, Trencott, May Wards and Allison Bertie.

The Burbank.
 The favorite, "Old Jed Froudy," will be at the Burbank this week. The business of old Jed and the sturdiness of his character have given him stage life for a decade. Richard Golden not only wrote the part, but he created it and has played it continuously since the first production. He says, however, that this will be his last visit to Los Angeles, that he is preparing something new for next year.

The Orpheum.
 Kara, one of the greatest jugglers in the world, shares the headline at the Orpheum this week with Inland, the Paris mental phenomenon. Arthur

see your old friends, if they don't let you pass?"
 "No, I couldn't get through at all without a pass. It's a fine heat for me, though there are only three theaters where I can act. I shall be among cultivated people, and will not have to act more than once or twice a week. A friend of mine really going over to help him, more money, and actors on good production, but he hardly knows how to put them in and he wants some one to help him in the direction. I'll do that and act occasionally."
 "Do they have traveling companies in Poland, as we have in America?"
 "Well, not the same. The actors go about from one theater to another sometimes, but for the most part they stay in one place. They have just stock companies."
 "Do they have stars?"
 "No, we consider one artist as good as another in Poland. The actors have something to say there, too. We only have performances three times a week."
 "Won't the public come often?"
 "The public will come easily enough, but the actors won't play. They demand a reasonable rest. It's very fatiguing to have to play every night. The audience doesn't seem to care for it. There is no such thing as a music hall."
 "There is another thing, too, that comes from real appreciation of the drama. The audience does not applaud until the close of the act. Did you notice how they broke up my speech to applause after the performance?"
 "There's nothing like that in Poland. People come to the theater for appreciation, not for noise."

Richard Golden, at the Burbank.
 It is to be presented at the Los Angeles Theater the last three days of this week. The first drama in which the great personage of Philip the Second's tragedy by John Dryden, "The Conquest of Granada," which was given at Whitehall in 1666. Over a hundred years was to pass before Philip II and Don Juan of Austria were again to be seen upon the stage. The play was given in 1892 at Covent Garden, when a play called "Don John of Austria" was produced with considerable success.

Miss. Mar.
 There seems likely to be as much interest in the character of Miss. Mar. the French actress and sister of Napoleon, whose story Paul Cresta, the young American playwright, has adapted for Mrs. Langtry's use, as was aroused over that of Miss. de la Motte when the same actress gave her "Diamond Necklace" play last spring. History relates that the future Emperor and the actress first met when Miss. Mar. was still a young girl. She was even then playing children's parts at the Theater Montmartre, and she was the "Little Corporal" became fast friends. Years afterward they met once more, one as the most famous actress, the other as the greatest man in France, and revived their early acquaintance. There is a picturesque little story that Napoleon, after watching Miss. Mar. acting of one of her most famous parts at the Comedie Francaise, sent for her and asked her enthusiastically what she would prefer to have from him as a mark of his admiration of her art. The actress named the Emperor's portrait. "Here," she said, "laughed Napoleon, 'place out of his pocket, 'they say that this is the best likeness of me.'"

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MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

Nordica.
 THE coming musical event of the season (second only in importance to the engagement of the Gruen Company) is unquestionably the appearance here of Mme. Lillian Nordica, who will give one concert only at Simpson Auditorium Tuesday evening.

Personal.
 Miss Cornelia Otis has organized a string orchestra, which will meet every Monday night at Mrs. Gruen's residence. Miss Otis has likewise accepted the position of German teacher in Miss Fierro's school, Pasadena.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.
 A cable dispatch brought the intelligence some ten or more days ago that the next organist of Carnegie Hall, Pittsburgh, would be the Englishman, Edwin H. Lemare. Mr. Lemare was in the United States when Frederick

quick at repartee. At a crowded reception given in her honor upon her return from Europe, one of her admirers said: "You have done more for the Stars and Stripes abroad than our arms did in the war with Spain." The artist answered smilingly: "Thank you, but I did not know any execution was as deadly as all that."

Non-Musical Virtuoso.
 When Kubelik arrived in New York his manager, Mr. Friedman, got up a rather special dinner for him and his party at the Waldorf.

Palmerston in Germany.
 Palmerston, notes the New York Evening Post, continues his triumphal tour in Germany. While taking exception to the Munich Allgemeine Zeitung's declaration that he is "simply incomparable" as a pianist, he is not from being a mere drawing-room pianist, the critic continues, in trying to account for his success. "He is a post of the pianoforte, who gives back the usual level and reveals to his hearers things before hidden, but the same time he has an extraordinary power over the multitude. We feel inclined to say that in Palmerston's playing, the piano is not a mere instrument, but a living being."

Madame Lillian Nordica, at Simpson Auditorium.
 About this opportunity for the people of this city to hear America's favorite artist.

Nevada.
 The following story is told of Mme. Nevada, who sings here on February 11: Emma Nevada has doubtless had a somewhat extended career, but she admits that never before has she felt exactly the same as on last Thanksgiving Day in Boston, where she was to appear in concert in the evening.

Quips and Cries.
 Mrs. "Pat" Campbell's receipts for her two weeks' engagement in Chicago were \$14,000.

Quips and Cries.
 Bronson Howard, the American dramatist, is seriously ill of inflammation of the lungs at Nice, France.

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after the first part, and at the end he was received with a storm of applause, in which the chorus and orchestra joined, as well as the huge audience. The orchestra greeted the happy composer with the inspiring conception called a "Torch (chorus)" and splendid laurel wreath of carmine stars was presented to him. The greatest triumph of the evening was from the singing of the chorus.

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 The

Hale's
Good Goods
107-109 North Spring Street

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Good Goods
107-109 North Spring Street

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Hale's
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Final, Best and Biggest Week Of Hale's January Clearance.

Big Lot of Carpet Samples.

75c Values at 29c.
The whole city is familiar with the sales we have had from time to time on carpet samples. A new lot has come just in time to make a final attraction for the January sale—8000 are here, and they will fairly melt away with the throng of women who will be here to snap them up. Made of the best all wool ingrain, one yard square, the carpet sells at 75c a yard. The samples make the very best and prettiest of rugs. You will have them at 29c each.

900 Carpet Art Squares.

At the start we must ask you to note that the quality is strictly super, all wool. Sometimes a store will say all wool when a careful buyer knows differently. But if you are familiar with merchandise, you will see that these rugs are of a most excellent and superior kind. There is more wear to them, more rich color to them than in art squares ordinarily sold at anything like these prices. Patterns are new and very beautiful. The entire lot of 900 will be closed out the coming week at these reductions.

\$4.00 art squares, 7 1/2 by 9 feet	\$4.90
\$7.50 art squares, size 9 by 12 feet	\$5.90
\$8.00 art squares, size 9 by 12 feet	\$6.90
\$9.00 art squares, size 10 1/2 by 13 feet	\$7.80
\$11.00 art squares, size 10 1/2 by 13 feet	\$9.10

\$1.00 Swiss Curtains 50c Pr.
Here's a wonderful clearance bargain in pretty swiss curtains. They come 5 1/2 yds. long, 38 in. wide, worth \$1.00. Nicely knitted and very neat. One-half the regular price for tomorrow.

\$4.00 Rope Portieres \$2.00.
These are made of heavy spiral cord for a 6 foot opening. They have 22 drop loops with 36 tassels attached, and on each side are long heavy spiral cords with a large adjustable tassel on each. Colorings are rich and most attractive. We can't imagine a house or home where such a portiere would not be a splendid addition to the furnishings.

\$3.75 Portieres \$1.90 Pr.
These are made of beautiful figured tapestry in a satin finish. They come 5 yds. long. It is a portiere that comes to brighten and cheer a whole room with its soft, rich colorings. A choice clearance lot will be closed out tomorrow at \$1.90. Pr.

Clearance Women's Underwear

Most Unusual Values Yet Made.
Most of the cold wet weather is yet to come so that underwear bargains appeal to nearly every one. Of course, we lose on these particular garments, but money lost in this way means healthy business and handsome profit in the months ahead of us.

50c Women's Underwear 25c.
Clearance of women's splendid vests and pairs made of ribbed cotton, extra color, nicely finished. Some of the garments have slight imperfections, but you would not notice them in most cases, unless they were brought to your notice; 50c values at 25c.

\$1.00 Women's Vests 85c.
A clearance of beautiful gray or white ribbed vests made of fine selected wool so soft and comfortable that one would expect to pay for luxury; made with high neck and long sleeves.

\$1.50 Combination Suits 90c.
Clearance of women's gray combination suits. They are made in Oneida style, silk finished in small sizes only. If all sizes were here, we never could afford to sell them below cost.

\$1.50 Women's Pants 75c.
Clearance sale of gray ribbed pants, made of beautiful lamb's wool in a comfortable medium weight. They come in single length, nicely knitted, and just perfection in shape.

\$5 Combination Suits \$3.50.

It is a clear saving of \$1.50 on every suit. You women who seek the very finest and highest grade of underwear have never had an opportunity of so extraordinary a value. It comes in heavy ribbed wool in natural gray. The front is silk finished, made with high neck, long sleeves, and ankle length. It is a superb quality that comfort, health and economy almost compel you to buy.

\$4.00 Combination Suits \$2.75.
These come in a delicate, light blue shade, made of mercerized and wool. They have all the delicacies of the finest silk and wool mixtures while their durability is quite wonderful. In style they come in high neck, long sleeves and ankle length, beautifully silk finished. They are made in the famous Oneida Mills and \$4.00 is the standard price throughout the United States.

\$2.75 Women's Underwear \$1.75.
This comes in natural gray lamb's wool in an elastic ribbed weave. It is a heavy yet comfortable weight and each garment is carefully silk finished with hand crocheted edges. All that we might say would fail to give you half an idea of how beautiful and lovely they are.

40c Women's Drawers 25c.
Another big clearance special in women's underwear. They are neatly hemstitched with cambric lace. Good service, material, and style are all that a woman could ask for. You have been paying 40c, while they last tomorrow, your choice, 25c.

This Tells the Store Secret.

An Honest Store Can Be Honest and Open in Its Method.

Everyone is talking about the Hale January Sale. It's so easy for every woman to understand why we clean out the shelves and counters. Just as a good housewife goes through the home each spring and cleans out the closets, nooks and corners, so the Hale store brings forth every short line, every odd end, every broken assortment, and tosses these away at almost no price at all. It is a loss in one way. It is a big gain in another. Our money has come back to us in the busy past months, our profit has been made, and we must now plan for the money to be made in spring goods. A good, healthy store must have good healthy stocks. Clean shelves, compact lines; nimble dollars are worth twice over the value of clearance goods.

To the individual all these specials are immensely valuable. In many cases the very reason the lines are short or broken is because the values were originally so great, and the goods so desirable. Clearance prices seem therefore the more irresistible.

10,000 Auction-Bought Bedspreads

News for Hotels, Rooming Houses and Homes.

The Particulars Are of Fascinating Interest.

Last week we hinted at the magnitude of this purchase. As a test of how the public would respond we placed on sale several lots of the special purchase. Long before closing time everyone of the hundreds of spreads had been carried away and mail orders from every part of the State poured in.

Tomorrow we will commence the selling of the entire 10,000 purchase. These spreads were bought at auction from a manufacturer at less than the bare cost of making. Hale selling prices are less than any wholesale firm ever obtained. We shall make no distinction between the largest hotel and the smallest family. Every price has been cut so strikingly low that every hotel keeper, every rooming-house manager, every housewife, and hosts of little storekeepers will throng to the sale tomorrow.

There are no spreads of the ordinary flimsy quality. Even the cheapest of them are heavy, firm and good. Read each item.

\$1.25 Spreads \$1.00.
These come 78x86 inches, extra heavy, crocheted in raised Marseilles patterns, and beautifully finished in every respect. It is a spread suited for the most well furnished room, and the clearance price is just what the manufacturer would charge you.

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These come 78x86 inches, extra heavy, crocheted in raised Marseilles patterns, and beautifully finished in every respect. It is a spread suited for the most well furnished room, and the clearance price is just what the manufacturer would charge you.

20,000 Handkerchiefs Purchased at Auction

7000 Were Sold Yesterday.

The fire which necessitated the auction sale of the entire stock of Whites' big Emporium of New England, gave to us 20,000 handkerchiefs in the very newest, finest and most desirable styles at average 40c on the dollar. Handkerchiefs for men, women, children. Handkerchiefs for dress and ornament. Handkerchiefs at 1/2 and 1/3 what you pay everywhere.

You should not skip a single word in the descriptions printed below. Every statement is carefully and thoroughly made so that not the least exaggeration should slip in.

Children's Scenic Handkerchiefs, Worth 10c at 5c.
The little tots will be just carried away with these splendid handkerchiefs; on them are all sorts of scenes that would appeal to a child's fancy; the handkerchiefs are made of an extra fine quality, and the colorings distinct and fast. Never such an offer in Los Angeles.

Men's Bandana Handkerchiefs, Worth 10c at 5c.
These come 21 inches square, navy blue, with white stripes, double breasted, fast colorings, 4c would hardly more than pay for the fine dye.

Men's Japonesette Handkerchiefs, Worth 10c at 5c.
These come in a fine twilled japonet in fancy colored striped borders with fancy figured centers. You wouldn't think it possible that a store would sell such handkerchiefs at 5c. White's Boston price was 10c.

Men's Fancy Handkerchiefs, Worth 25c at 12 1/2c.
In this lot are the most varying and handsome patterns in navy blue, purple, red and in palmy effects. Made of the finest grade of twill, 28 inches square. White's Boston price 13 1/2c.

Women's White Handkerchiefs, Worth 10c at 5c.
300 dozen of the daintiest women's handkerchiefs, with fancy lace embroidered corners, mostly hemstitched, almost beyond one's imagination—such handkerchiefs at 5c.

Men's Cambric Handkerchiefs, Worth 20c at 12 1/2c.
Pure, white, soft cambric handkerchiefs, a most beautiful approach to fine linen, made with a 1-inch hand-drawn hem.

Men's Linone Handkerchiefs, Worth 15c at 10c.
This lot comes in the India linen, with a 1 1/2-inch hem; soft, fine and full size. You'd pay 25c for a linen handkerchief and be well pleased.

Men's Cambric Handkerchiefs, Worth 20c at 12 1/2c.
Pure, white, soft cambric handkerchiefs, a most beautiful approach to fine linen, made with a 1-inch hand-drawn hem.

Biggest Clearance of Black Silk Yet Arranged

We've weeded from the silk department all short pieces of black silks. They are without exception standard beautiful qualities that any woman would be content to buy at the regular retail prices. We propose, however, to place them with the other clearance goods and close them out immediately at a little less than the cost of manufacture. 800 yards are here, all told, so you will not hold us to blame if you come late in the day and find the stock closed out. You know what a throng of buyers respond to a silk sale. If 800 yards were here there would be some disappointments.

\$1.00 Black Silks 67c.
500 yards of black woolly dress, 36 inches wide, per yard.

\$2.00 Black Silks \$1.33.
500 yards of fancy wool waistings, including plain and striped chailies in all colors, embroidered edges and corded effects. Regular 75c and \$1.00, per yard.

Colored Dress Goods.
500 yards of fancy wool waistings, including plain and striped chailies in all colors, embroidered edges and corded effects. Regular 75c and \$1.00, per yard.

Final Clearance of Women's Apparel.

\$12.00 Chevrolet Suits \$6.90

This is made of an excellent quality of all-wool public cloth, made in the latest, most approved styles with tight-fitting, double breasted jacket, reverses faced with plain de sole silk, pretty velvet collar, tastefully trimmed with tailor stitching, satin lined. Skirt is made with the popular graduated flounce. Comes in black only.

\$15 and \$18 Suits \$13.45
Ladies' all-wool venetian cloth suits in pretty shades of tan and oxford gray, made with half tight-fitting double breasted jackets, with satin back and dip front effects. Skirts are made with pretty graduated flounces. Suits are tastefully trimmed with satin bands, well made in every particular.

All \$25.00 Suits \$19.75
In this lot you will find a large number of the choicest creations in a variety of styles. Black cheviot suits, silk lined, made with double breasted jackets, with satin back and dip front effects. Skirts are made with pretty graduated flounces. Suits are tastefully trimmed with satin bands, well made in every particular.

\$6.50 Collarets \$4.95
A beautiful for collarlette made of electric seal, 10-inches deep, high storm collar, long tab down the front, trimmed with light marlin tails. A very serviceable wrap, neatly made, lined throughout with silk.

\$1.50 Wrappers 95c.
Ladies' fawn-colored wrappers in beautiful Persian pattern, made with tight fitting linings to the waist, with trimmings with satin. Dainty ruffles around the yoke, bishop sleeves, come with collars, cuffs, and belts.

Clearance Odds.

Good quality black rubber comb, 7c. Black rubber comb with extra fine finish, worth 20c, for 17c.

Best grade of black rubber comb, sanitary make, 35c.

Very heavy sanitary comb, 50c.

Richard Hudnut's fine tooth powders, assorted colors, 25c.

Combination purses in plain and fancy leathers, leather lined, worth 85c, for 25c.

Combination purses in seal, leather lined, double bottom, 35c.

Black cloth top shopping bags, with long outside purse, 35c.

Black cloth top shopping bags, with large, metal trimmed purse, regular 75c quality for 45c.

Clearance Notions.

Good quality of pearl buttons, all sizes, 5c dozen.

Colored enamel darning eggs, 5c.

\$6.50 Coney Capes \$2.45

Only a few are left of the large assortment of French Coney Capes, and these you can have at the bargain price of \$2.45. You'll find them with high storm collars, well lined and carefully made throughout.

\$3.00 and \$10 Capes \$3.00.
An odd lot of splendid plush capes will be sacrificed at \$3.00. They may be had in different lengths, some of them handsomely trimmed with fur ribbon and martins; others trimmed in ribbon and with silk lined. These are warm, durable capes in which you will find great comfort.

\$6.50 Collarets \$4.95.
A beautiful for collarlette made of electric seal, 10-inches deep, high storm collar, long tab down the front, trimmed with light marlin tails. A very serviceable wrap, neatly made, lined throughout with silk.

\$1.50 Wrappers 95c.
Ladies' fawn-colored wrappers in beautiful Persian pattern, made with tight fitting linings to the waist, with trimmings with satin. Dainty ruffles around the yoke, bishop sleeves, come with collars, cuffs, and belts.

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Clearance Ribbons.

Beautiful taffeta ribbons, suitable for hair; in all shades.

1 inch wide, per yard, 5c.

2 inches wide, per yard, 11c.

3 inches wide, per yard, 15c.

4 inches wide, per yard, 19c.

5 inches wide, per yard, 23c.

6 inches wide, per yard, 27c.

7 inches wide, per yard, 31c.

Clearance Laces.

Pillow case lace in extra fine quality, pretty patterns.

5 1/2 x 9 in. wide, per yard 35c.

9 x 12 in. wide, per yard 35c.

12 x 18 in. wide, per yard 35c.

15 x 22 in. wide, per yard 35c.

18 x 24 in. wide, per yard 35c.

21 x 27 in. wide, per yard 35c.

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255 x 258 in. wide, per yard 35c.

258 x 261 in. wide, per yard 35c.

261 x 264 in. wide, per yard 35c.

264 x 2

ale's
on Spring Street.

RANCE
ATIONS.

ing Flannels 4c.

Crash 10c.

mask Towels 4c.

mask Towels 2c.

Damask yd. 27c.

able Linen 87c.

uckins 45c Doz.

Comforts \$1.00.

ONLY TWO FAVORITES

First Under Wire.

MINI CAPTURES BIG PURSE BY A

HEAD FROM JANICE.

Closest Finish of the Day Comes in

the Last Race When Marcano Sports

Across the Line a Horse Ahead of

Little Fawn.

THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.

SAFETY RACE.

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FITZ READY TO FIGHT.

Assured of Good Money
Win or Lose.

Sharkey in the Ice Box
Leaves Way Clear.

Insiders Say That Lanhy Bob
Will Soon Put His Name
to Articles.

THE DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.
NEW YORK, Jan. 25.—(Exclusive Dispatch.) The latest information regarding the fight between Fitzsimmons and Jeffries is that the match has been practically made, and that the decision of the champion's match with Sharkey was one of the stipulations made by Fitzsimmons. It was said tonight that a representative of the club in San Francisco had offered \$7500 to Fitzsimmons, win or lose, and 25 per cent of the fight's gross receipts in case of a draw, with \$5 per cent of same in case of victory. It was also said that Fitzsimmons and Jeffries had agreed that the gross receipts would amount to \$40,000 or more.

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PEACE OVERTURES FROM THE BOERS.

NOTWITHSTANDING DENIALS THEY HAVE BEEN MADE.

Salisbury and Chamberlain Disposed to Enter Upon Negotiations, but Skeptical Concerning the Authority of the Parties Making the Advances.

THE DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.
LONDON, Jan. 25.—(Exclusive Dispatch.) It is a fact, and not mere rumor, that peace overtures were recently made to the British. Although the European power enjoys still the advantage that the British must decide on extermination or grant independence, and although Balfour said yesterday that no peace proposals had been received from persons professing authority to make them, these overtures have not been left unheeded. The friends of the Boers to arrange a conference for conditional surrender. There is good reason to believe that a tentative tender was made, and that the Colonial Office sent two representatives to Holland in consequence.

Both Salisbury and Chamberlain are disposed to enter upon negotiations, but they are skeptical concerning the credentials, representative authority and good faith of the proposed Boer spokesman.

One man who effectually blocks peace negotiations is Lord Milner, who believes that any concession would be the basis of another Boer dream of an African empire. The entire African colonial element supports Lord Milner, and the government cannot afford to overlook his recommendations. The colonists, who, as alleged, precipitated the war, hold and will exercise a veto on any peace proposition.

THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.
OAKLAND, Jan. 25.—Toby Irwin knocked out "Doc" Flynn in the fourth round of a glove fight tonight in the gymnasium of the Helian Athletic Club. Irwin was the aggressor throughout, and assumed a lead over his opponent from the start.

The fifteen-round bout between Tommy Gilfeather and Willie Smallhead ended in a draw.

The seconds of "Kid" Harris threw up the sponge in the fourth round of his fight with Billy Woods of Los Angeles.

BOWLING TOURNEY.
SAN JOSE TEAM WON.
THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.
SAN JOSE, Jan. 25.—The Garden City and Eagle bowling teams of this city defeated the first and second teams of the Echo Bowling Club of San Francisco in a tournament here this evening. The scores follow: First game, Garden City, 648; Echo, 753. Second game, Garden City, 779; Echo, 787. Third game, Garden City, 812; Echo, 798. Fourth game, Garden City, 811; Echo, 779. Total, Garden City, 3050; Echo, 3117.

CRESCENT CITY SUMMARY.
NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 25.—Crescent City results:
One mile, selling: Ecome won, Sir Florian second, Garret third, time 1:41 1/2.

Three and a half furlongs: Frank Bile won, Computer second, Dark Planet third, time 0:42.

Five and a half furlongs: Maj. Mansir won, Campus second, Admetus third, time 1:27.

Seven furlongs, Cotton Selling Stakes: Starvo won, second, Velma Clark third, time 1:38.

Mile and a sixteenth, handicap: Jesse James won, Beards second, Johnnie McCarty third, time 1:46 1/2.

Six furlongs, Gals Day won, Ante Up second, Echelon third, time 1:14.

Santa Clara won.
SAN JOSE, Jan. 25.—The baseball game between Stanford and Santa Clara College on the grounds of the latter afternoon was won by Santa Clara by a score of 13 to 7.

IOWA MINE DISASTER CAUSED BY A "SCREAMER."

WORST DISASTER OF KIND IN HISTORY OF STATE.

One of the Injured Dies, Swelling the Number of Dead to Twenty-two—General Superintendent Trimball First to Enter After Accident.

THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.
LOST CREEK (Iowa), Jan. 25.—Twenty-one dead bodies were this morning taken from the improvised morgue in shaft No. 2 of the Lost Creek Coal Mining Company of this place, as the result of the worst mine disaster experienced in the history of Iowa. Some of the bodies were mutilated beyond recognition, and could only be identified by articles found in their pockets.

One of the injured died this afternoon. The other ten are suffering, and no additional deaths are anticipated.

The disaster was caused by an explosion of dust ignited by a shot too heavily charged. It proved to be what miners call a "screamer," and the force of the shot, when exploded, instead of knocking down the coal, fired a shot caused much dust, and the flames coming into contact with the dust caused an explosion.

The first man who entered the mine after the accident was James Trimball, the general superintendent. He was eagerly followed by many others, who took their turns in going to the relief of the victims.

The Lost Creek mine, where the accident occurred, is about ten miles south and one mile east of Osage, and three miles northeast of Eddyville. It is owned by the Lost Creek Coal Mining Company.

Laughlin, H. L. Spencer, Jim Trimball, F. E. Green and O. S. Ellis are the chief stockholders. The property has been successfully operated a number of years.

MARVELOUS TALE.
Asserts That Miss Stone is Convinced With Brigands and Living in Village Disguised as a Peasant.

THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.
VIENNA, Jan. 25.—(By Atlantic Cable.) The Politische Correspondenz, a highly reputable paper, publishes a dispatch from Constantinople declaring that the Porte has received serious reports, accusing Miss Stone with complicity in allowing herself to remain a prisoner in order to increase the ransom for her release demanded by the brigands, the bulk of which will go to the committee.

The dispatch says that Miss Stone is at present living in a Bulgarian village, in the disguise of a peasant.

NEARER TO THE CAPTIVES.
THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.
SOFIA, Jan. 25.—The semi-official Bulgarian announce that the American delegates hearing the ransom for Miss Stone, the captive American mission, have arrived at Jannaya, and Miss Stone has been taken to Sofia. The ransom will be released within twenty-four hours after the money is paid.

A proposal has been introduced in both the Norwegian Storting and Swedish Riksdag to appoint a commission to consider the question of a permanent neutrality of the dual monarchy.

Are Quick to See

Good Doctors are Quick to See and Appreciate Real Merit in New Medicines.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are a discovery of the future. They are an unfailing specific in all cases of dyspepsia and indigestion.

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LABOR UNIONS OUT FOR DEMONSTRATION.

SEVENTEEN HUNDRED MEN MARCH ON THE STREETS.

Tedious and Bannermen Procession Moves to the Auditorium, Where Hot and Cold Air Drives People Out—Noisy Cheers for the Herald.

The parade and mass meeting of the labor unions of Los Angeles county last evening proved a mild, peaceable, uninteresting thing, like unseasoned bread.

The procession was tedious, and the speeches drew people out of the hall. The only genuine enthusiasm was displayed in front of the Herald office. There were noisy and continuous cheers for the Herald.

There was really no good reason for such a demonstration for yesterday was not Labor Day nor the anniversary of any great event in the world's history in which laboring men are particularly interested. The managers of the demonstration at first intended it as a hostile movement against those whom they think are their enemies—those who will not kneel to the labor agitators. It had been intended to carry scurrilous banners attacking persons against whom the wrath of the labor "leaders" has for some time been particularly directed, and with this object in view more than a score of such banners had been prepared, regardless of the fact that to carry them would be contrary to the laws of the city.

Anticipating some such outbreak, the authorities prepared for any emergency. Every member of the police force, regular and special, was on duty, and had the leaders of the movement carried out their first intention, they would have been trouble. But the movement was abandoned, and the marchers, convinced that the authorities would not permit a violation of law, the managers promised that the marchers would be carried out of the city.

It had been heralded about the city that there would be nearly three thousand men in line, but only about 1700 men and boys participated in the parade. Nearly all conducted themselves in an orderly manner.

All unions were present. Many of the marchers wore banners. Some of them came from Pasadena and some from San Pedro. The latter place had been expected to send a large contingent, but only a few men came.

The Pasadena turnout was equally disappointing to the managers. The column moved from Sixth and Spring streets. A platoon of police was stationed at No. 10 West Sixth street, and only the regular standards of the unions were borne by the marching order.

At No. 10 West Sixth street, and only the regular standards of the unions were borne by the marching order. The illegal banners had been stored in the rear of an employment agency at No. 10 West Sixth street, and only the regular standards of the unions were borne by the marching order.

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LARGE UNDERTAKING.

Klondike Hill of Los Angeles Will Be Leveled and Prepared for Building Sites—Lot of Earth.

What is known as Klondike Hill, a big mound between Broadway avenue and Boylston street on the east and west, and Fourth and Fifth streets on the south and north, will be leveled and the earth will be used to fill in a large hole near the Van Noy residence on Sixth street. Work will be begun tomorrow by Ramish & Marsh, contractors.

It is estimated that there are 100,000 cubic yards of earth in the pile, which covers an area equal to twenty-three city lots. When the ground is leveled it will be used for building sites.

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GET FULL

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REMOVES OLD OFFICE HOLDINGS.

San Francisco's New Mayor Removes His Authority.

Political Pap Suckers Pled Fidelity to a "Teddy Roosevelt" in the City of Reform.

Between the killing of the Robinson last Monday by the Mission District, and the Thursday in the same locality, causing from office of the City Clerk, Mayor Schmitz, and causing charges and causing San Francisco has certainly eventful week.

It was estimated by some of the political politicians that if Schmitz, the labor candidate elected to the majority of the vote, there would be something in the chronic office of the city clerk, Mayor Schmitz, and causing charges and causing San Francisco has certainly eventful week.

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THE PUBLIC SERVICE

SUMMARY OF THE DAY.

Much interest is felt at the City Hall to the prospective sale of a telephone franchise in the Council chamber tomorrow morning.

Dave Connors refused to allow his case to be made a test for the constitutionality of the State vagrancy law.

The jury in the jail-delivery case against Reyes Hernandez disagreed.

AT THE CITY HALL.

TELEPHONE FRANCHISE RANGING IN BALANCE.

WILL BE SOLD IN THE COUNCIL CHAMBER TOMORROW.

Prevalent rumors that the application of M. Adrian King was made as a speculation—under the franchise City Gets Thirty Free Telephones.

Considerable interest is felt in the sale of the telephone franchise which will be auctioned off in the Council chamber tomorrow morning. The application was first made several months ago by M. Adrian King. Great care was exercised by the Board of Public Works in drafting the notice of sale, in order to bind the purchaser to build the system which is proposed. It is not known that there will be competition for the franchise, but if the Pacific States Telephone and Telegraph Company is convinced that the applicants mean business there may be lively bidding when the concession is offered for sale.

Ever since the first application was made there has been a rumor that the franchise is asked for speculative purposes. Mr. King asserts that the interest which he represents are acting in good faith, and that the telephone system as projected will be constructed in accordance with the terms of the franchise. In several of the eastern cities independent telephone systems have been put in, which have proven profitable investments. Owing to the dissatisfaction with the Bell system now in use here, it is said that eastern capitalists have determined to put in an independent system.

At one time the Federal Trust Company of Chicago and other large eastern houses were investigating the venture, but, whether the same interests are behind the application of Mr. King is not known. To successfully prosecute the ambitious plan outlined by the attorney for Mr. King will require the expenditure of a large amount of capital, and if a substantial bid is made for the franchise it will indicate that a large enterprise is backing the venture.

The term of the franchise is fifty years. Provisions are made for a complete system, which would include and continuously prosecuted to completion within three years. The subsidy will have a capacity to sustain itself. It is provided that the improvement work must require the expenditure of the following sums: In eight months, \$25,000; in twelve months, \$50,000; in eighteen months, \$75,000; in twenty-four months, \$100,000; in thirty-six months, \$125,000.

The city will secure 150 pairs of conductors in the conduit system for the lines of the city and telephone and telegraph. The company will also furnish the city with thirty free telephones.

For business telephones the rate must not exceed \$60 a year, and for residence telephones \$30 a year. Under the Broughton franchise law 2 per cent of the gross receipts will go to the city after five years. A bond of \$25,000 must be filed and the company must guarantee the construction of the system or the franchise will be forfeited.

AT THE COURTHOUSE.

LEGAL ASSISTANCE.

SUDDEN PAUSE IN TESTING THE VAGRANCY LAW.

Dave Connors stops his habeas corpus proceedings just as the petition is about to be heard—No Called It All a Farce.

Vags are still vags—all the vag-ans, to the contrary notwithstanding. The State vagrancy law is as good as ever, and its constitutionality is yet to be tested. That an attack was not made yesterday in all a vag's fault. At the last moment he fell down—Dave Connors, whose name had been withstood, might have gone thundering down the dusty aisle in the public works hall, having delivered his kind from the chain gang and sundry similar afflictions of the vagrant pimps.

But not Connors. He kept hurrying lawyers in the trial of their cases in the criminal court, to be sure that Saturday might be clear for habeas corpus. The petitioner was recently convicted of vagrancy, and is now serving the chain in public works with ball-and-chain attachment. When arrested, he alleged, he had valuable and money on his person aggregating several hundred dollars. The authorities, he was habitually deriving from fallen goods.

To knock out the vagrancy law, A. S. Colyer, Jr., Esq., and H. T. Gordon, Esq., were attorneys for Connors. Yesterday Connors fired his lawyers bodily, and told Judge Smith he didn't care to have his petition presented. And that is why the law was not attacked.

As soon as Attorney Gordon learned of Connors' action, he asked to withdraw from the case, saying to the court, "The defendant has decided to back down and is not known to Mr. Gordon until yesterday morning."

After the case of the city authorities, Messrs. of the vags—spurred of the law he hoped to be helped.

"It is true, Mr. Connors," asked Judge Smith, "that you do not care to have your petition presented."

"Yes," said Connors, with a swagger, and he was immediately remanded to the city hall, where he was told he was being made over his case.

COURTHOUSE NOTES.

BREVITIES MISCELLANEOUS.

SPOOK CASE CONTINUED. Spook to learn the fate of the late Mrs. George Chabro and Maud Chabro, who were to have come up yesterday, were continued on Wednesday. The case is now in the hands of Attorney Earl Rogers in San Francisco.

JURY "HUNG." As to whether Reyes Hernandez passed in steel saws to help Alexander Hernandez break jail, the jury was unable to reach a verdict. Reyes was charged with furnishing the saws by which a jail escape was effected. The case was finished Friday afternoon, but the jury being out after 5 o'clock until yesterday morning, could not agree on a verdict and were discharged.

NEW MINING COMPANY. Stanford Mining and Production Company has incorporated with a capital stock of \$100,000, which will be paid in five years. The company is headed by J. W. Montgomery, Frank S. Hicks, Frank Griffith, M. T. Mack, Frank Mann, D. C. Kuffel, and A. Nixon.

OLIVELAND ESTATES—Oliveland Estates Limited, an incorporated company with a capital stock of \$100,000, which will be paid in five years. The company is headed by J. W. Montgomery, Frank S. Hicks, Frank Griffith, M. T. Mack, Frank Mann, D. C. Kuffel, and A. Nixon.

SUIT ON NOTE. Dorcas A. Carter has brought suit against Verona A. Jackson for \$1000 on a note. The note was given by Jackson to Carter on January 14, 1928, for \$1000.

PETITION FOR LETTERS. Walter S. Jackson has filed a petition for letters of administration on the estate of his father, Walter S. Jackson, who died January 14, 1928, leaving an estate valued at \$1000.

KHAN SARADY'S RUGS. An interesting collection of fine Persian rugs is exhibited at Barker Bros. In Constantinople there are many rug collectors who systematically search for the best and most valuable Persian rugs. Among these is Khan Sarady, who is considered one of the most perserving and enterprising. For the last two years he has been engaged in completing a collection which numbers 72 pieces valued at from \$15 to \$200.

THE CITY OF LOS ANGELES. The city of Los Angeles is now in the process of completing a collection which numbers 72 pieces valued at from \$15 to \$200.

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WOMEN AND THE WEATHER.

ITS EFFECT ON THEM.

BY MARGARET L. REIGOS.

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It is a fact that most women are depressed in cloudy weather. A well-known woman writer says it is because women do not choose their clothes properly; that women should wear bright colors on a cloudy day, something to give cheer to the sombre surroundings. But that this is a mistaken idea is quickly shown by a careful study of the physical condition of the body.

For if you go into the matter carefully you will find that all women are not depressed and gloomy in cloudy weather—it is only a certain class of women; and following it up you will come to the conclusion that women who suffer from some female disorder are subject to this dependency from rainy weather. In other words, the really strong, healthy women are not affected by weather; and if a woman is affected by weather, it is a sure indication that she is sick.

Those women who have some inflammation of the generative organs are most subject to this dependency. It attacks them particularly in the spring time, and causes the sufferer to become too tired and languid to attend to her duties, almost.

The number of women affected in this way is amazing. There is no doubt that half of the women of our country have some disorder of the female organs. Inflammation sets in and attacks the diseased organs much of the vitality of the body, leaving the sufferer weakened and nervous. This may cause her little pain—she may think the pain she suffers natural to all women—but the nervousness and lack of strength almost invariably indicate the presence of feminine troubles. To add to the discomfort, on cloudy days the vitality is still further lowered by the condition of the air we breathe, and the woman is depressed, often to the verge of feeling that life is unbearable.

There is, too, another kind of ailing woman, the woman who always has a cold. She gets it every time the weather changes; she gets it when her house is not evenly heated, as she passes from one room to another. She gets it unless she is bundled up just so whenever she goes out, she gets it from draughts in the house.

Here again you will find that the healthy woman is not troubled. It is the woman whose vitality is low, whose physical condition is not strong enough to throw off the effects of atmospheric changes. It is the woman whose is nervous and anemic, or it is the young girl just starting out in her womanhood, who is pale and thin and listless.

There is no reason why any woman should be continually depressed, or have a cold two-thirds of the time. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will overcome these troubles. Susceptibility to cold and dependency is due to imperfect circulation of the blood. Mrs. Pinkham's medicine acts directly on the nerve centers of the female organism which controls the blood circulation. When a woman's organism is in a perfectly normal and healthy state she is insured against half the ordinary ills which make women so miserable—things which apparently have no relation to female troubles at all, and yet are due to the condition which uterine troubles impose upon the system. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will build up the physical condition of the woman who takes it, because it will cure those female disorders that cause her to become so dependent. The inflammation that is so troublesome will soon disappear.

Mrs. Pinkham has spent many years in studying these matters, and knows well what the female organism needs. Every woman, therefore, may feel certain that health is hers, if she will but avail herself of the sympathy and advice so freely offered, and do as Mrs. Pinkham suggests. Address her at Lynn, Mass. Mrs. Pinkham's medicine has been taken by thousands of women who were nervous and depressed, and the cures reported are marvelous in their nature.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will make every dependent woman strong and healthy, so that her system will immediately throw off any of the bad effects of weather and toil. Let every woman who is dependent, every woman who is nervous or in pain from any disorder of the female organism, try this medicine that has done and is doing so much for women.

PROGRESSIVE SPIRIT ALONG HILL STREET.

PROPERTY OWNERS ORGANIZE TO MAKE IMPROVEMENTS.

Extensive Changes Planned from First to Pine Streets, and League Formed to Push the Work Along—Another Meeting This Week.

The progressive property owners of Hill street, whose holdings are embraced between First and Pine streets, and who have joined hands under the name of the Hill-street Improvement League to widen and better their thoroughfare, met at the Chamber of Commerce yesterday afternoon to perfect a permanent organization.

Jacob Frankenstein was elected president; M. N. Newmark, first vice-president; J. M. Quinn, second vice-president; R. H. Hewitt, secretary, and Mark G. Jones, treasurer.

The report of the Executive Committee, framing a plan for the improvement of Hill street from First to Pine, as published in The Times of Thursday, was read, and, with slight amendments, adopted by the league. The league is to appoint a committee, the president is to appoint, for consideration as to the best way to carry out the work planned. If the property owners hold together long enough, as it now seems they will, the City Council will be requested to widen the street, the owners bearing the cost of the property confiscated; to install an up-to-date sewer system from Second to Seventh streets, to connect with the new system from Seventh street; that the lighting, telephone and telegraph conduits be required to place all wires along the part of Hill street in question underground, and that the street be paved with asphaltum.

The report also recommends that all new buildings erected along the thoroughfare be required to place connecting wires in underground conduits. There was much discussion in the large gathering as to the wisdom of the improvements proposed, and the

benefits to be derived, and some of the more timid property holders rather held back, but the progressive spirit dominated the meeting, and will undoubtedly prevail toward the accomplishment of the improvements.

The question of the change of grade between First and Fourth streets was also discussed among the property holders. The change had no definite decision was reached.

The entire plan will be further discussed at a meeting to be held at the Chamber of Commerce next Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

The class of instruction in horsemanship which was established two years ago under the auspices of the Horsemanship Protective Association at the Veterinary School of the University of Pennsylvania, has just entered upon its third year with forty men, most of whom are blacksmiths. The class will meet three nights a week until spring, by which time it is expected that they will be proficient in their trade. Three noted veterinarians have been selected as instructors this year, viz: Prof. J. Harger and John W. Adams of the university, and Dr. John J. Keene.

Horsemanship will be exhaustively treated both from a theoretical as well as from a practical standpoint, and all parts of a horse's head will be dissected, examined and explained.—(Pennsylvania University Circular.)

Select French-American Dining Parlors. The Olive Cafe, 28 W. Second st., the best French and American diners in the city. Full-course French dinner, which included, \$2.50. American dinner \$2.00. Meals a la carte. Private parties, weddings and banquets catered for.

What Is Comfort Worth?

This is addressed to ruptured people who do not wear a Sweeney Truss.

A truss is your only hope, your only way to keep around and do your work. It is likely to be so for a good many years—perhaps always.

Now wouldn't it be worth a little trouble to spend those years in comfort and to know that your rupture is gradually getting better instead of worse?

There is only one way to answer the question; only one thing for you to do. I have made thousands comfortable and claim I can do it for you; in fact I guarantee to do it.

Put me to the test.

It is time for you to write me about your case, or better still, come in.

W. W. SWEENEY,

Trusses, Braces, Elastic Hosiery and Supporters.

421 South Broadway.

Department of Artificial Limbs and Deformity Braces in charge of J. E. Seely.

Plant factory and fitting equipment in the West.

Good Cheer.

Wines had to be meritorious to win a medal at the Paris Exposition. Our wines were a medal there—and it was the only one awarded to a retail wine dealer in this section of the State. Our wines were also awarded a medal at the Pan-American Exposition. They are winners in every section of the world.

First Table Claret or Riesling, per gallon, from \$50c to \$1.50 according to age.

Sherry, Anglica or Muscat, per gallon, from \$75c to \$1.50 according to age.

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Handsome Bedroom Suites, made of solid oak, French beveled shaped glass, \$25.00 and up.

Mattresses, \$3.98 to \$15; woven wire, cable springs, \$3.00 and up.

We have just received a new line of attractive Carpets, Rugs and Matting, at lowest prices.

You are invited to call and see these goods. We will be pleased to show you, and save you money.

Bordered Rugs Made to Order.

SMITH & ENNIS,

137 South Spring Street.

Just received 400 of the swiftest, handsomest suits produced in New York. It is a lot that we intend to close out exclusively at a mere shade of a profit. The same exclusive air, the same elegant, neat style and fit that all Smith & Ennis clothing has. Black, rich Oxford grays, and the noblest of browns. See the big window display.

These suits compare in every respect to tailor-made suits that you would pay \$25.00 for. Handsome buttonholes, latest shape trousers, cleverly cut jackets. Just see the assortment.

Important Announcement.

THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER ASSOCIATION today makes an announcement of more than ordinary interest. By special arrangements with the publishers of that greatest of all reference works—the Encyclopædia Britannica—we are able to place that king of books within easy reach of every TIMES reader. For more than one hundred years the Encyclopædia Britannica has occupied the foremost rank as a self-educator and work of reference, through its various revisions and additions during that interval. The crowning success now comes in the edition we offer, which is the large type, wide margin

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